THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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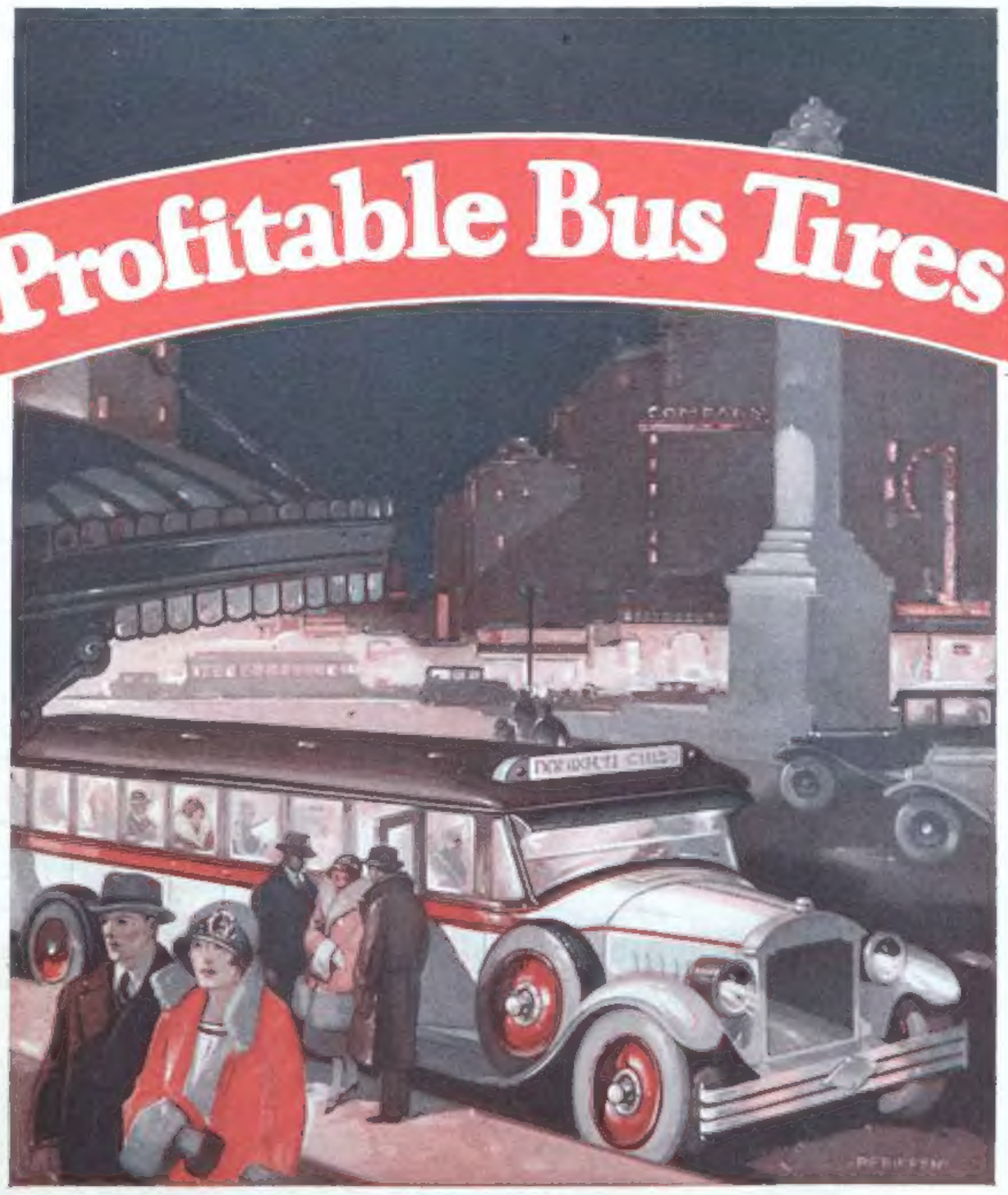

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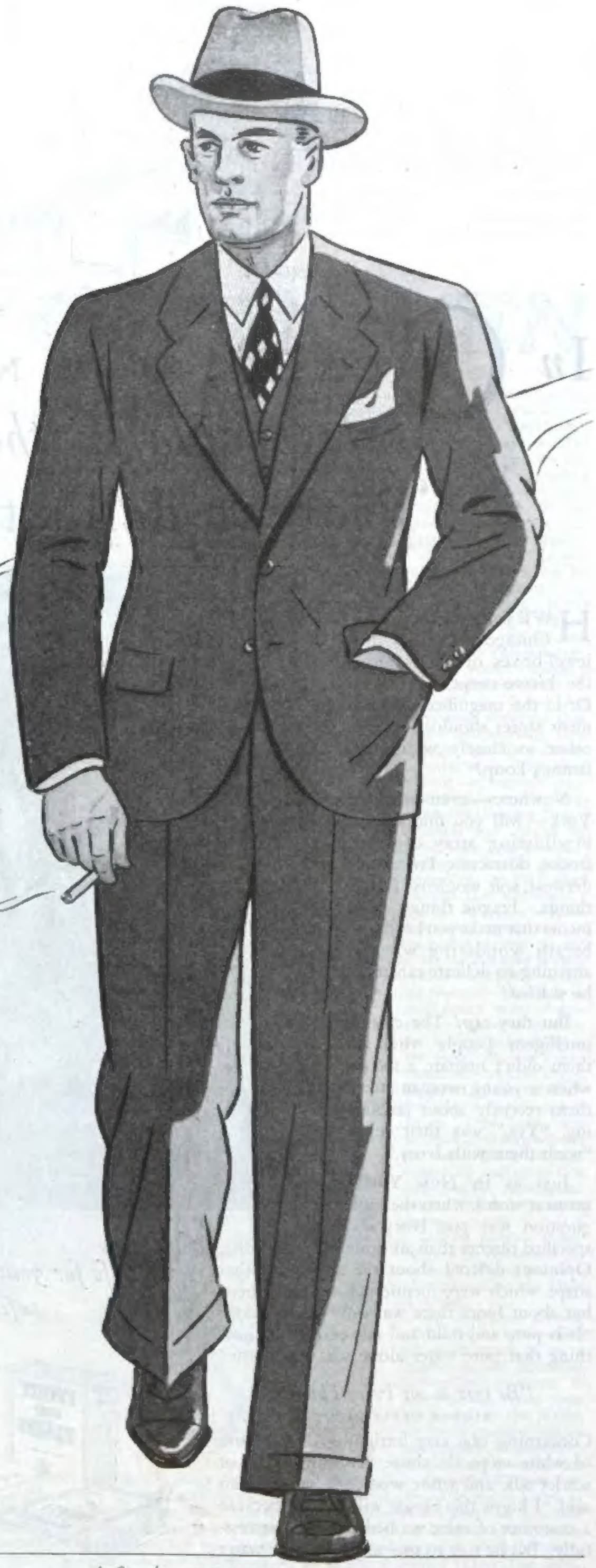

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THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

I REMEMBER how foolish I felt when I first showed up in Guatemala as Ben Murchison's partner and found people taking me for an adventurer too. They soon learned better, of course, except now and then some newcomer like this traveling salesman I met in the American Club in Guatemala City that first rainy season. He sold typewriters or something, this fellow, but he had a romantic mind.

"You know," he confided, along about the third drink, "I always thought Ben Murchison was a sort of myth, like Nick Carter or Deadwood Dick. I lived in New Orleans when I was a kid, and we used to hear about his running guns out of there. Buying gunboats from the navy and running them out right under the nose of secret-service men—that sort of thing. Setting up dictators and knocking them down—too many yarns for any one mortal."

I nodded. I used to feel that way about him too.

"But they tell me he lives right here in the city."

"In the rainy season," I nodded. "At the Hotel Central."

"You know him?"

"Yes," I said, a little amused, thinking how disappointed he'd be if he actually saw Ben Murchison.

"Say, I bet he's a character! They tell me he busted up this last revolution practically single-handed; walked into their council and just wiped it out, him and a young hell-bender named—uh —— Say!" said this traveling man, staring at me, "what did you say your name was? Well, I'll be —— Say, excuse me, but you certainly don't look like a bad actor! I took you for a—a business man!"

"Lumber," I nodded, hissing hastily for the waiter to bring the check. "Export mahogany."

"But—uh—aren't you Buck Pressley?"

"Howard Pressley," I told him. "Buck's my brother. Sort of a rounder, Buck is; always getting into trouble."

And I escaped before some old-timer should come in and call me Buck. That thing was like a nightmare to me for a while. Many a time, those first few months, I woke fighting my blanket, imagining the great weight of Gabriel Zalas on me; feeling the sting of smoke in my nose, seeing the white teeth in Palomar's bearded face as he turned his blade to cut my throat—smiling! Nothing romantic about it, I assure you.

You can imagine how I felt when people tried to talk about it. I, Howard Pressley, a tenderfoot from Milo, Indiana, blundering innocently into a revolutionary junta to speak to Anselmo Palomar, with no excuse on earth except that I'd played chess with him! Blundering into the very thing Ben Murchison had been trying to find out—nobody could have done it but a fool. Nobody, in 1915, dreamed of the threat of submarine bases under the very nose of Uncle Sam.

"'Walked into their council and just wiped it out!'"

Well, how a thing sounds depends on how you tell it. But I know how I felt when I realized what I'd blundered into, like a fool pawn sitting in the middle of the board without a thing on earth behind it. The tight dry feeling in my throat; the way their eyes debated what to do with me—sitting there, that last half minute when Ben Murchison walked calmly in, and I too scared to say a word to warn him of the trap. Unreal. Fire spitting from Ben Murchison's hand; his voice, incredibly calm, compelling my muscles before my mind took in the words—my mind had nothing to do with it, and that's the truth. Flicker and flash and deafening reverberation, and men that moved and fell like shadows in the smoke; Ben Murchison lying on the floor, his mild old face twisted sidewise and his broken cigar still smoldering under his cheek. I thought he was dead; I thought it was his own great calm that kept on fighting. It had nothing to do with me, that queer cold rage in which time flitted by split seconds, crystal clear. Likely that's how it happens with a cornered rat.

Afterward I felt sick and scared enough, I know. I'm not ashamed. I'm not the stuff adventurers are made of, that's all. I was born practical and I can't help caring about my skin.

The memory soon faded into unreality. Oh, I remembered vividly enough! But like a dream; it fitted nowhere into my experience. I had more practical things to think about—selling mahogany, dickering with shipping agents, struggling with transportation in a district without railroads and cut off by thirty miles of jungle from the coast. I had to learn the lumber market from the ground up. In 1915, when I hooked up with Ben Murchison, I didn't know the difference between a wind shake and a growth ring.

One of us had to be practical, and he wasn't. He had one little sawmill and a little local trade, not even trying to export—with a thousand square miles of government timber at his elbow and a friendly president in the chair! It was I who bargained with Don Diego, the grand old man of Guatemala, for our concession in Peten. Don Diego was practical, you may believe; he was willing to take money for mahogany that had been idly growing and rotting for two thousand years.

A rich district, Peten. It gave to Guatemala its ancient Maya name—Quauhtèmatlán, the Place of Trees.

An eerie place till you get used to it. Here, where the silent forest grows, a mighty empire flourished before Christ was born. It has vanished. Only these hummocks in the jungle, the lonely graves of palaces and temples; thousands on thousands of stone blocks, dug up by archæologists to gauge the spread of vanished cities, doorsills of homes that have gone utterly to dust; great monuments carved to the glory of forgotten kings, no man alive who can decipher them. You can ride there for days and never see a human shape. But human eyes see you. Mayas still live there; shy, stupid, docile people, huddled in tiny grass-thatched pueblos, building no more; knowing not even the names of those monstrous gods their fathers prayed to. There is nothing to fear from them. I guess old races, like old men, want peace.

He Liked to Talk, You Know. Many a Quaint Yarn He Spun for Me, First and Last, Sitting There in Front of His Shack at Number 1 Mill

There is nothing to keep you from cutting and shipping mahogany; nothing, that is, but rain—five months a year; ten feet of rain; feet, not inches—and heat and isolation and the jungle that grows as fast as you can cut it, closing your roads as soon as you stop using them. That's why lumbermen have left Peten alone.

Imagine trying to make one little sawmill pay for working in such a place! I sold mahogany and bought other mills—ground hogs, like his; it's cheaper to move your mills than to haul logs. I hired an engineer and cut a cart road out through the tip of British Honduras to the coast at Sabado, shortening the haul; I always meant to build a railroad there some day. Yes, I guess I had a few romantic thoughts myself. I saw the day when Murchison and Pressley should be known as the men who brought civilization again into that vast, mysterious, lonely place where America's oldest civilization was born and lost.

Eh, well! No matter now. I sold mahogany and built up our trade, nursing our New York bank account like a proud mother with a growing child. Ben Murchison should have his fortune yet before he died.

We were a good team, Uncle Ben and I, if I do say it. He knew the tropics; he was a born mechanic and he could handle men; but he hated selling. Made him feel humble, you know. He could never see that it was a science and a game, like chess or anything. If a purchasing agent got haughty with him, he couldn't help taking it personally. He never knew when to walk into a man's office with his hat on; if you're a salesman you know what I mean.

I remember how miserable he was in 1917. He came up to the States—it was the rainy season in Peten, anyway—and I introduced him to the trade; but instead of plugging it, he hung gloomily around the training camp, giving me good advice. He had no heart for business in those days. He'd fought thirty years for other countries, yet here they claimed he was too old to fight for his own! A queer thing, patriotism; some of the most violent Americans I know are men like that, who, as the consul at Guatemala City said of Ben Murchison, would be about as happy in the States as a fish up a tree.

Gloomily, saying good-by, he gave me a little hairless thing out of his pocket.

"That's my rabbit's foot," he said. "It's a good one; been workin' for me ever since I quit railroadin'. No, I want you to have it, Buck. Ain't nothin' goin' to happen to me now."

I never thought of anything happening to him. Maybe I can't explain just why. For one thing, he was tough; he could tramp the legs off me with that relaxed, easy-going stride of his, and seem no tireder than when he started. He never had malaria; immune, I guess. And there was something else, something you felt but couldn't put a name to.

You know, the natives thought his life was charmed. But of course that's nonsense; a man may be lucky—God knows I've been—or he may have the eyes to see what he looks at and the brain to know what to do about it, as Ben Murchison had; yet shoot him in the back and he will die like any other man. I knew Ben Murchison was human. You can't be partners with a man, work and eat and sweat and swear with him, off and on, nearly six years without learning that.

I knew he was old. Even in the tropics, in my time he was already passing into a sort of legend; in New York, where I went to sell our mahogany, once in a great while I'd meet some fellow who remembered having heard of him.

"General Murchison? Is that the same bird we used to read about every time the lid blew off down yonder? I thought he was dead long ago. Didn't I hear he was assassinated or something?"

"He's hard to kill," I'd say. How else could I have put it?

"Well, well, so he has settled down and gone into the lumber business! I bet he finds it tame. But I guess the soldier-of-fortune game is not so good any more, eh? It's a wise man that knows when to cash in and quit."

And you could see how they imagined him, a hard-nosed, swashbuckling adventurer who had made his fortune out of it. I let them think so. It made the name of Murchison & Pressley, Mahogany, stick in their romantic minds.

"You Know Alice in Wonderland?" I Asked Her Awkwardly

How could I have made them see the man he was? This mild-eyed, talkative old fellow with his freckled hands, the hands of a mechanic rather than a killer; his decently shabby black civilian clothes, more like a worn-out storekeeper than a veteran of many wars; the always-frayed stump of a cigar clamped in his mild whimsical old jaw, his always-unbuttoned vest—he wore a vest in deference to native ideas of gentility, unbuttoned in defiance of the same—exposing the slight elderly bulge at his middle and the fact that he wore a belt and suspenders too. Oh, he was comfortably unimpressive to the eye! And yet the thought of him—I can see it now—stood like a background to my worthless life; steady, invulnerable, calm.

II

SOLDIER of fortune! That's a funny phrase anyway. Of course the palmy days were before my time, but I've met a few of the old-timers and I never saw one yet that had a fortune worth the name. Take Captain Ames, of Salvador, stumping around this poor *mesón* he calls, still hopefully, Gran Hotel Americano. Take Barrett, the gun runner; he made big money in his time, but he's broke now, and broken; gray-haired and shaky, with hands that keep eternally brushing at his clothes—a habit he acquired in tropical prisons. Take Johnny Hecht, who was a doctor once; he collected eleven bullet holes and was in a fair way to make it an even dozen when a careless flivver bumped him off.

What led those fellows down the trail of violence? What did they get that paid them in the end? Certainly not fortune.

They're not practical, you know. Take old Ben Murchison. He had a genius for handling men; even the Mayas were not afraid of him, as they are of most white men. He was absolutely square; politicians trusted him, first and last, with millions of pesos; even his enemies knew he kept his word. And what did he have to show for it when he was old? The scars of battle and attempted murder; friends who forgot what they owed him, and enemies who did not forget.

It used to irk me a little, this comic-opera notion of the tropics—palm trees, you know, and dark-eyed señoritas, and revolutions as a sort of outdoor sport. It irks me now to find how much I've got to speak of revolutions. They have nothing to do with what I want to tell. Yet certainly Ben Murchison had been what is called a soldier of fortune. Certainly it was a revolution that made business dull in Mexico back in 1915 and sent me drifting on to Guatemala to stumble into the starting wheels of that Palomar affair; that's what convinced Ben Murchison that somebody ought to keep an eye on me. And it was another —— But no matter now. I won't go into it any more than I have to. I am a trader, not a fighting man.

There was a dark-eyed lady, but I give you my word no palm tree shall appear.

III

OF COURSE palm trees do grow there; you notice them at first. Revolutions do occur. Don Diego, some twenty years president of Guatemala, had a theory that baseball and tennis and football would teach the Latins to abide by their elections, to win or lose and let it go at that; but I don't know. They're individualists. Even Don Diego, one of the finest, gentlest, most terrible old men I ever knew, could see no side of politics but his own.

"I sorrow," he said in that odd English of his—"I sorrow that I must to control the machinnery of election. How can my people express the true will of them? The poor *indios*, they are so many and so es-stupid; they cannot read; they only hear the voices of bad demagogues."

That's all there is to it. If you are in, you are a tyrant, good or bad; if you are out, you are a demagogue and always bad. If you are an optimistic demagogue, you may go through the form of being defeated at the polls—for publicity, you know—issue your *manifiesto* calling on the people to rise against the tyrant, and take hastily to the hills while your friends try the effect of popular sentiment on the army. That's the machinery. If you've guessed wrong, you'd better keep on going. The climate is bad for unsuccessful demagogues.

That's how Don Diego himself had come to power, long ago, when he and Ben Murchison were in their prime; and that's how he met his finish when he got old and lost his grip at last.

Well, no matter. The business needed the rabbit's foot more than I did; but after the war, you remember, everybody was buying pianos and mahogany furniture. The market boomed. I lived at a high run between New York and Guatemala.

"Buck," grumbled Uncle Ben, "what's the sense of bein' in a swivet all the time? It takes two men to see you around here, one to say 'Here he comes,' and another one to say 'There he goes!' Seems like we don't never get a chance to chew the rag no more. All we get to talk about is business."

He liked to talk, you know. Many a quaint yarn he spun for me, first and last, sitting there in front of his shack at Number 1 Mill—the one that had been his before I came to help him make his fortune. Many and many a time, afterward, I remembered. Stars burning red over that little clearing, or the high hard sun of the siesta hour,

when the singing saws were still; only those fragmentary voices from the native quarters, hushed in the vast quiet breathing of the forest; only Gabriel Zalas, that stupid, patient whale of a man, squatting on the doorstep, silent but watchful in case we needed anything; and Ben Murchison talking.

That's how I always think of him. His rawhide chair tipped placidly against the wall, his blue gaze roving through the tops of the mahogany to the sky, seeing for me the things that he remembered.

You know how comfortable you feel with a man who makes you a free gift of his career and his personality? But one of us had to be practical, and he wasn't.

"You're gettin' plumb peaked around the eyes," he argued. "Ain't no sense to it, boy. You don't have to sell all the mahogany there is. You got your trade comin' along in fine shape; why don't you set back now and let it ride?"

But I knew where a good trade rode to when you stopped riding it. I was tired, yes; and I'd very promptly picked up my usual touch of malaria too. But I kept on plugging. Even in the rainy season of 1919, I remember, I didn't loaf much around the Hotel Central in the city with Uncle Ben. I guess I felt a little virtuous about it. I was doing it for him.

That's what I told myself. But there was something else; I can see it now. The old restlessness was riding me again. When I got out of the Army I was glad to get back to Guatemala; but it didn't last. It's a dull business, sawmilling, when you come right down to it. I was tired of struggling with transportation in a district where it rained five months a year. On the Pacific side, now, the rains are short and mild. Don't ask me why. It's so.

I was tired of the Hotel Central; tired of the American Club, where the same ill-assorted, homesick crowd eternally got on one another's nerves; tired of the Club Deportivo, that so-called sports club where the native young bloods pursued the gentlemanly sports of drinking, gambling, *esgrima*—fencing with foils, the time-honored accomplishment of gentlemen—and boasting about women. Concerning women I had little to boast of, and I couldn't get up much interest in fencing. It takes a graceful temperament, I guess.

Ben Murchison disapproved of my membership in the Deportivo.

"Buck," he said, "you ain't playin' politics, are you?"

He couldn't conceive any other reason for associating with natives. "Peon lovers" is the homely old-timers' phrase for Americans who do it from choice. Myself, I wasn't clear in my own mind about it—or anything. Drinking too much, gambling too much, working too much; but what else was there to do?

"I see some right nice gringo girls around here," he said with a fine imitation of a casual air. "How come you never squire none of 'em around? You ain't playin' bear to some señorita somewhere, are you, Buck?"

"No," I said, and let it go at that.

But we were making money; we were beginning to cash in at last. Our New York balance climbed. By 1920 we were shipping all the squared mahogany logs we could handle with mule trucks on jungle roads. Rather listlessly I realized that a narrow-gauge railroad was possible for us now.

Uncle Ben, though, was uneasy about politics. He could read the signs as well as any man alive.

"Better not sink no money," he argued, "in nothin' we can't put in our pockets and run with. Our mills are portable and our shacks ain't worth worryin' about; but a railroad stays put. Better go easy, Buck. Diego's gettin' old. No tellin' what'll happen."

Don Diego was old—older than Ben Murchison. What of it? Any new administration, I figured cynically, would be glad to take our good American dollars for mahogany that nobody else had the energy to go after.

Margarita Constanza Ascension Del Valle

The truth is I'd lived twenty-seven years in Milo, Indiana, before I ever saw the tropics, and I guess I judged things from that viewpoint yet. I knew Ben Murchison had enemies; I'd seen him make a few and he told me about plenty of others. But when I read in a New York paper that a man named Verea had started a rebellion against Don Diego I wasn't much concerned. I didn't know anything about Verea. I'd never mixed in politics but once—involuntarily, and that was finished. Anselmo Palomar was dead. From the hospital windows, that time in 1915, I'd seen Don Diego's soldiers clean up a stray bit of that fiasco. Oh, nothing spectacular; it didn't look very violent, even; just a few half-armed civilians stumbling backward while the soldiers cut them down. They fell and lay quiet on the cobblestones until a cart came and hauled them away. Street cleaners scattered sand on the place and it was finished.

Very thoroughly Don Diego had controlled the machinery in those days.

Now, five years afterward, I learned a thing: Nothing is finished so long as any man remembers.

"It's just about all day, Buck," said Ben Murchison soberly when I got home. "Diego's lost his grip. The same crowd that backed Anselmo Palomar is behind this man Verea; and you know what that means, them hyenas havin' the nerve to stick their heads up. They ain't afraid of the Old Man no more."

"You think they're betting on a sure thing?"

(Continued on Page 126)

I Stamped on the Hand That Held the Revolver and Snatched it Up—I Didn't Want Him to Shoot Me Before I Could Get Him to Listen to Reason

MAIL-ORDER LEGISLATION

By Kenneth L. Roberts

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE history of the world, as is well known to large numbers of people, is divided into several prominent eras or ages, such as the Jurassic age, the paleolithic age, the neolithic age, the Pleistocene age, and so on. Some people, of course, deny this. They not only deny it, but they are so vehement and violent in their denial that they have made a great burning cause out of it.

One of the reasons for this lies in the fact that the present era is an era of causes—great, sacred, passionate causes that sweep through entire communities and mighty gatherings and conventions like tidal waves or prairie fires, and fill everyone that they touch with a blind and insatiable craving to kick someone in the shins.

Consequently there is a belief in many quarters that influential clubs and societies all over the United States should address resolutions and petitions to their senators and congressmen, as soon as the names of the senators and congressmen can be learned, urging upon them the advisability of designating the present period of American history as the causic age, or age of causes.

There are many Americans of fairly advanced age whose lives, until a comparatively recent date, have never been touched by any great cause except that of the Armenian and the Turk.

Things have changed with lightning-like rapidity, however, since the dawn of the twentieth century and the birth of the nasty and nefarious trusts, big business, the interests, and similar rowdy children of America's prosperity; and nowadays almost everyone who pretends to be anyone is participating in at least one, and frequently in several, extremely important causes.

An Epidemic of Causitis

INFORMATION concerning these causes is handed to all available persons from time to time by Washington representatives who know everything about any number of pet causes.

Above all else, incidentally, they know how to keep the causes before the people with sufficient prominence to continue drawing a combined remuneration that not only would have settled the entire Armenian question in the days before the causic age, but would have been sufficient to buy up the entire Balkan Peninsula at the low real-estate prices that obtained in Europe during the Victorian age.

There are, of course, a great many millions of American people who are not interested in causes; but they are the people who cannot be reached by Washington representatives whose business it is to supply causes to anyone who is willing to accept them, and to create a spirit of acceptance in anyone who has an aversion to causes.

Usually the persons who cannot be thus reached are the persons who do not belong to clubs or organizations of any sort.

Anyone who belongs to a club or an organization can usually be reached by any able Washington cause representative, and can generally be induced to hold pronounced opinions about causes concerning which he knows very little—to say nothing of causes concerning which he knows nothing whatsoever.

The importance of great sacred causes in the business of the Government of the United States has reached such proportions that efforts are being made to start a movement that will get practically all of the 110,000,000 American people enrolled in clubs or organizations of one sort or another. When this has been done and the Washington cause representatives set to work to get a cause enacted into law, according to the interesting habit that they have so impressively developed during the causic age, they will be able to fill a given senator's or congressman's office so full of telegrams and letters that the senator or congressman will have to sit out in the hall if he wishes to transact any business.

As things stand at present, the Washington cause representatives have access to only a small portion of the American people—some 17,000,000, according to Washington's political experts and other equally unreliable sources of information.

This small portion is divided into a thousand groups who are interesting themselves in a thousand different causes, and each cause is both supported and opposed with excessive violence.

Notwithstanding these divisions in the already small portion of the American people who can be induced by Washington's cause representatives to carry on a fight for or against any given cause, it has been stated repeatedly by intelligent United States senators—and there are some of them, in spite of the disrepute into which the United States Senate has fallen—that during the last two sessions of the Congress of the United States not one law has been written on the statute books of the nation that has not been passed as a result of the persistent and deafening yapping of the comparatively few people who made a great, sacred cause out of it.

To understand the reasons for the awe-inspiring growth of cause supporters and cause representatives, and for the magnificent unfolding of the causic age to a fruition period in which no law can come into being unless the moving spirit of a great burning cause deigns to wave his wand, one must regard for a moment the brain-numbing velocity with which the United States has passed from a republic to one of the greatest bureaucracies that the world has ever seen.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the United States was a republic. The different towns, cities and states of the United States took care of themselves and their citizens in a moderately successful manner and the different departments of the Federal Government, like the Departments of State, War, Navy, Treasury, Agriculture, and what not, swept up the crumbs that were left over at the not unreasonable annual cost of slightly under $500,000,000.

As for outside bureaus and commissions, there were only three of them—Civil Service, Interstate Commerce and the Smithsonian. The cost of running the first two was some $800,000 a year, and the last was supported by private endowment.

Bureaus and More Bureaus

A QUARTER century now slips by. Large hips, rat-supported pompadours and the bident corsets give way to young ladies devoid of hips, petticoats and back hair. These shrinkages, however, have been the exact opposite to what has happened to the Government of the United States, which has grown so puffy and overdressed that it looks like the queen mother of a Northern European kingdom.

Instead of taking care of themselves, the different towns, cities and states of the United States have thrown themselves with piteous sobs upon the ample bosom of the mother government, and the mother government has obligingly consented to comfort and assist and cuddle them and their citizens in every possible way.

Almost every activity in which the humblest American citizen engages is controlled or supervised by a bureau or a commission in Washington.

Only the schools, so far, are free from interference and regulation by Washington bureaus; and since the supervision of the schools by the Federal Government has become one of the great burning causes of the causic era, it is not unlikely that the long, prehensile, inquisitive nose of the Federal Government will soon be stuck firmly and irremovably into all the schools in the land.

There are boards and bureaus and commissions in Washington for the investigation, regulation and assistance of every known activity in the United States, to say nothing of hundreds of activities that are known to nobody except those that are doing the investigating.

If THE SATURDAY EVENING POST devoted an article each week to the work of a different Washington bureau, out of those now existing, the series would be finished around the year 1989; and by that time so many new nose-sticking bureaus would have come into existence that an explanation of their duties would require another article a week for the next fifty or sixty years.

Those bureaucrats and admirers of bureaucracies who are inclined to murmur against what may seem to them to be an exaggeration in these statements are requested to call on the Bureau of the Budget for the increased costs of the governmental departments, with their countless bureaus.

Instead of costing slightly under $500,000,000 a year by the time the quarter century had elapsed, they had soared or zoomed gracefully to a position where their annual cost amounted to nearly $2,500,000,000. In place of the three great commissions that existed outside of the departments in 1900 there were twenty-seven; and the expense of running them, instead of being slightly over $800,000, was slightly over $650,000,000.

Five minutes should, at this juncture, be taken out for prayerful contemplation of these figures.

A Cause in Each and Every Building

IF, AFTER this, it is an exaggeration to say that bureaus and commissions of the United States are increasing to an extent never before known in the world's history, and that they are sticking their noses into every activity of the American people, then it is an equal exaggeration to say that the number of automobiles in America is increasing each year.

As more and more trades, professions, businesses and activities are investigated, regulated and interfered with by Washington bureaus and commissions, so is Washington more and more the Mecca for the great causes that hope for more attention from bureaus or that demand less attention from bureaus or that ardently desire the formation of more bureaus.

Scarcely a train enters Washington without disgorging the representative of a new and unheard-of organization that is anxious to get behind some great big cause which will mean money in its pocket or money out of the pockets of its competitors and enemies.

Every office building in Washington harbors from a half dozen to a half hundred representatives of burning, vital causes that are trying to get taxes removed from themselves and attached to someone else; or get something for nothing that would otherwise have to be paid for; or get the tariff removed from something in which they are interested and increased on something in which someone else is interested; or get a law passed establishing a bureau or commission that will prevent them from losing money in ordinary business risks; or get a bureau formed that will provide pleasing jobs and large salaries for certain persons who are incapable of earning a living—including themselves—or help in promoting some great curative movement that will not only create several big, soul-stirring bureaus but that will result in laws to stop farm troubles, coughs, colds and snowstorms and other natural phenomena that can no more be changed or affected by laws than the temperature or the height of the tide or the velocity of the wind can be affected by laws.

Nearly every trade, profession, fad, business, union, trust and league in America has established national headquarters in Washington; and from these headquarters, day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, pour telegrams and bulletins that instruct the members of their respective organizations as to exactly when their particular great, sacred causes come up for consideration before the House or the Senate and what steps they shall take to insure the success or the downfall of each cause.

These headquarters are of varying sizes and degrees of importance, from those that are sufficiently grand and powerful to own their own buildings, down to those that have grand names and titles but merely represent a means of livelihood for decayed legislators, shyster lawyers and suspicious characters who claim a knowledge of legislation, procedure and public officials which they don't possess.

There is the gleaming white-marble temple of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, staring across the elms of Jackson Square to the portico of the White House, and housing the representatives of all the business men of the United States. The American Federation of Labor building shelters the representatives of the nation's labor unions, who busy themselves in watching with hawklike eyes for the encroachments of Wall Street and the pestiferous predatory interests.

All the pacifist organizations have Washington headquarters, and all the great women's clubs, and numerous organizations to encourage the breaking down of the prohibition law, and the great and powerful Anti-Saloon League to uphold it, and various pro-immigration and anti-immigration societies, and large numbers of farm organizations—some of which represent farmers and some of which represent anyone that is willing to part with the requisite amount of money—and the soldiers and sailors of the Great War and nearly every other war ever fought—with the possible exception of those fought prior to the Wars of the Roses—and the bankers and the wholesale grocers and the canners and the Boy and Girl Scouts and the railroads and the packers and the coal-mine owners and the copper-mine owners and the owners of railway stocks and the drug manufacturers and the engineers and the steamship lines and the public accountants and the automobile owners and the Friends of Greece and the cone manufacturers and the crushed-stone people and the fertilizer manufacturers and the Portland-cement makers and the lime people and the lumber people and the butter-and-egg men, and so on and so forth, by the hundreds.

The Loudest Voice Wins

IN THE collecting of names of organizations that exist in Washington for the sole purpose of watching the progress of causes in which their employers are interested, or ought to be interested, or expect to be interested, I accumulated a list that, if printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in agate type—which is about one half the size of the type in which this article is printed—would fill between three and a half and four columns of the same size as the one in which these words appear. This, if one stops to think it over, is what is known in the so-called sunny South as right smart of a list.

As a result of the toil and the warning outcries of these Washington cause representatives, the voice of the American people is heard resounding raucously and imperiously

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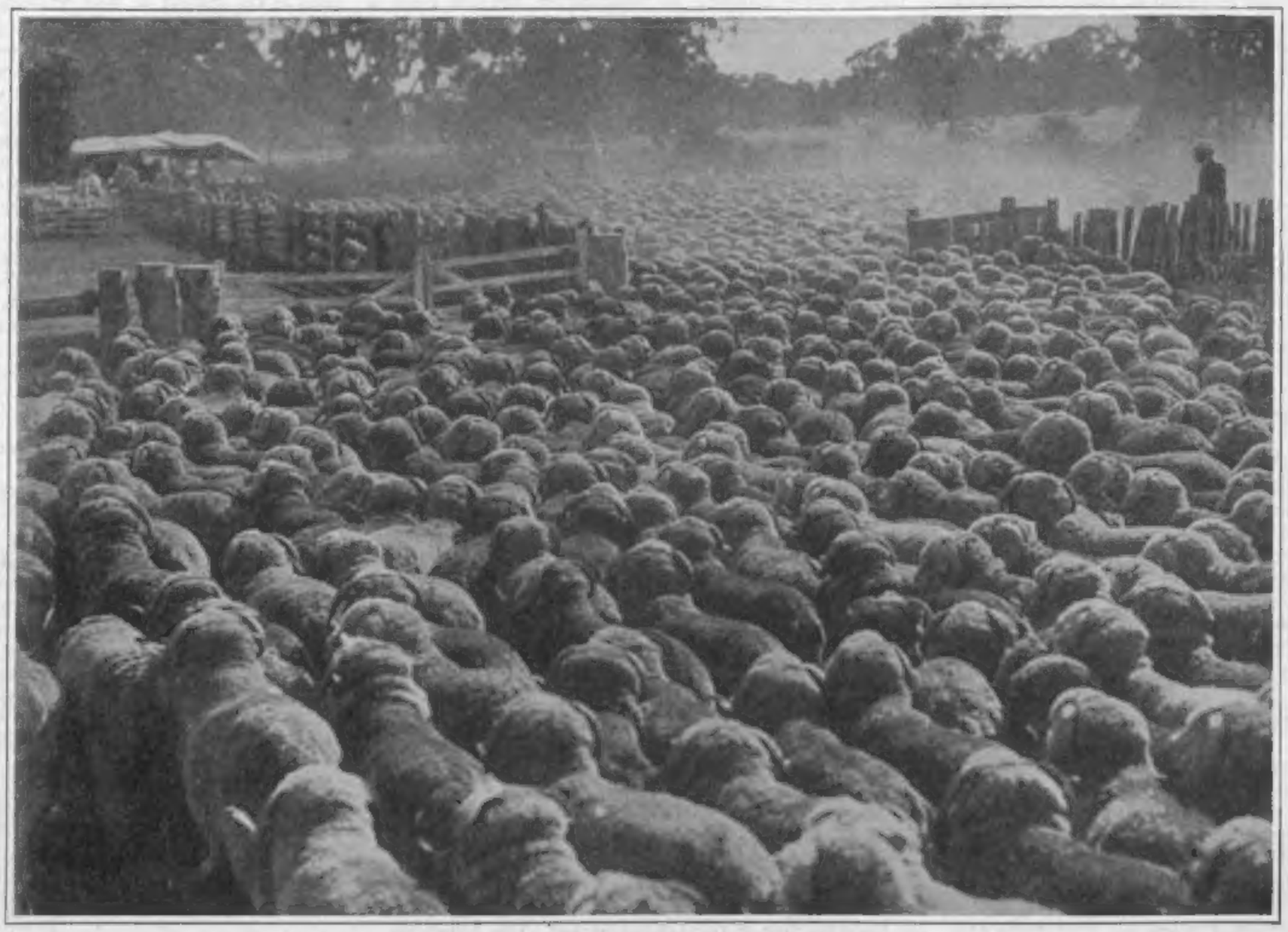
There are Thousands of Different Causes, All Supported or Opposed With Excessive Violence

A Country That Imports Trouble

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



Drafting Rams on Boaroke Station, Riverina District, New South Wales, Australia

A SMILING young Queenslander, name of Dodds, who was quartered near me on the Ventura, came along the deck one morning, after we had been plugging down toward the equator from Honolulu two or three days, and asked, "Would you like to see the bugs?"

"Bugs?" I repeated dully. "Bugs? What do you mean—bugs? New passengers?"

"Very new," he told me. "Some of them were born only last night."

"Born last night?" The young man amazed me.

"Certainly. Stacks and stacks of them."

I remonstrated with him gently. "My son," I said, "do not josh me. This is a lovely morning, and peaceful. Go and find somebody else to spoof. Besides, I am busy just now perfecting my great plan to put gyroscopes on the flying fishes in order to stabilize them so they can remain indefinitely in the air, thus enabling them to escape the rapacious monsters that pursue them in the vasty deep, and giving added joy to the bored passengers who have nothing else to look at in these waters. Brush by."

"But," he persisted, "I mean what I say. Come along and have a look."

Under the Spreading Cactus Plants

SURE that I was letting myself in for a sell of some kind, I climbed with him to the top deck. He waved his hand over a considerable colony of what looked to be rabbit hutches, each hut provided with four handles, and all clustered about the funnel and giving the top deck quite an air of settlement. It looked like a neat little village of houses for dwarfs.

"There you are," he said. "There is my bug factory. Have a look."

"Wait a minute," I insisted. "Let's get this straight. What kind of bugs, and what for, and whence and whither?"

"Cactus bugs."

"I may be dumb," I told him, "but that brief explanation doesn't help me a bit. What are cactus bugs and what are you going to do with them?"

He told me the story. Years ago, he did not know how many, some settler or traveler in Queensland, perhaps with an eye for the exotic in plants, or thinking to perk up some forthcoming garden with a border of the spiny things, or merely as a curiosity—somebody, anyhow, or something—brought in a few sprigs of that cactus familiarly known as prickly pear. Nor is it known whether the cactus was planted, or thrown away, or how it reached the land. The known fact is that in some way the cactus sprigs got their toes into the friendly soil of tropical Queensland.

Whereupon the cactus gave three whoops of joy and began to spread. No one paid any attention to it at first. Rum-looking thing it was, quite a novelty in its way. None of it ever seen in Australia before. Came from America, they said, where there was plenty of it on the hot and arid lands. No such growth in Australia, thank heaven. No earthly use to man or beast.

All the cactus desired was to be let alone. It had found a congenial home. It spread. It spread and spread. It kept on spreading. After a time the Queensland farmers and station men—they call ranches stations out there—took notice. The cactus was encroaching on the grazing land and the plow land. It was encroaching by leaps and bounds, by acres and acres, by miles and miles. They tried to confine it. They tried to exterminate it. The cactus wasn't having any, thank you. They might as well, with their methods, have tried to dip up the Pacific Ocean. The settlers couldn't cut it down, couldn't blight it, couldn't stop it. The cactus gave them the spiny laugh and continued to spread.

"Queensland is a large state," the bug man continued. "It has, in round numbers, 670,000 square miles of territory. Today a large section of this land is covered with this cactus, and much of the land covered is arable land. The cactus is spreading rapidly in every direction.

"Unless we can stop it, it will eventually cover a much vaster portion of our domain. It is not an indigenous plant. It was brought in. We have discovered that this variety came originally from two keys off the coast of Florida. How it ever got here we do not know, but it got here. We imported it, or something, or somebody imported it for us, and now we've got to get rid of it. It is the greatest pest we have."

Fighting Pest With Pest

SO DODDS had been in America for eighteen months, studying the cactus on our waste places, and in Mexico and in South America, seeking for a pest that would destroy the pest. He had found a bug that eats the pulpy part of the cactus leaves, lays its eggs therein and produces other bugs that eat and lay their eggs, and he was bringing back a few million of these bugs, and their progeny born from day to day, with a view of propagating them by the billion and turning them loose on the Australian cactus.

"We can't expect to propagate enough bugs to eat all the cactus," he said, "but if we can get enough to eat avenues in these countless acres of land that are now solidly covered with the cactus we will have done something, for these avenues will enable men to get in among the cactus, which they cannot penetrate now, and perhaps destroy it or retard it. As it is now, the cactus presents a solid spiny front for miles and miles, and there is no way of getting under it or over it or around it or within it.

"And to think," he said sadly, as he began to potter about among his hutches, "it isn't an indigenous plant! It is not native to Australia. There was none of it there until we imported it."

"Like the rabbits?"

"Exactly. Some early settler thought it would be nice to have a few rabbits, and he brought some out. Australia is peculiarly adapted to rabbits, for those original rabbits

PHOTOS, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

The Australian Fleet in Farm Cove, Sydney Harbor

have now multiplied to trillions, and they are an enormous pest, costing us great sums in destroyed agricultural products. Like the foxes also. Some English johnny wanted to ride to hounds in Australia. We had no foxes, so he brought out a few. Now the foxes are as big a pest, and as expensive, as the rabbits. They have multiplied into a fox infinity that costs us other enormous sums every year. The blowfly that is such a pest to the sheepmen did not originate in Australia. It is another pernicious outsider."

A Happy Hunting Ground for Pests

THAT seems to be a national characteristic with the Australians—importing trouble. They have begun to grow cotton up in Queensland, and it would not be surprising to hear that some pet-loving digger has imported a few pairs of boll weevils to make things cheery around the house, with consequent fell results to the cotton. Of course, the Australian authorities, having learned their lesson, put the utmost restrictions on the bringing in of plants and bugs, and so on, but the chances are that some blighter will sneak in a few boll weevils when they are not looking, and that the boll weevils will flourish in their new home. Pests seem to like it in Australia. They wax strong and exceedingly pestiferous.

The Circular Quay, Sydney

There are the labor agitator and the Red, for example. Australia is the happy haven for them, and they had just done a little job of importing, when I was there last fall, that brought Australia up standing and did vast harm to that harassed country. They imported the British seamen's strike. This was not an Australian strike at all. In fact, it was not a legitimate British strike, for it was not countenanced by the British Seamen's Union; but none the less the Australian agitators imported it and tied up Australian and British shipping in Australian ports in a manner that cost Australia vast sums for lost markets for produce, for deterioration, for disarrangement of regular sources of distribution, for crippled service, for loss of interest earning on capital invested in cargoes, for special insurance and in many other ways. At one time, when I was there, there were between seventy and eighty ships tied up in Australian ports, and the losses to the commonwealth, in commerce, business, transportation, to say nothing of the breaches of peace by the rioting, were many thousands of pounds sterling a day.

The Australian strike was an artificial one. It brought about a general election, wherein the Prime Minister, Mr. Bruce, went to the country on the broad question of the domination of Australia by such forces as these, which he won satisfactorily at the polling in November. The strike was lost, after four months of disaster to Australian and British commerce.

It was, primarily, it is claimed by those who know the intents and purposes of it, a Red-engineered attack at Great Britain, and not a legitimate wage dispute; because, when Australian and British ships were tied up at the docks or moored idle in the harbors, German ships, Greek ships, Scandinavian ships, Dutch ships, on which the rates of pay are not nearly so high as they were on the striking ships, came and went constantly, and took in their bottoms the Australian products that should have been carried in Australian and British bottoms.

This is a specific instance of the tendency of Australia to go outside her own great territory and drag in troubles, and of the disastrous complaisance to communist and other sinister influences that are working out there, first, for the communization of Australia and second, for the destruction of the British Empire. Although Bruce and the Conservatives won this latest election, several men who know things Australian told me when I was there that no matter whether Bruce won or not, in November, there was sure to be a Federal Labor government within a few years—two or three, they said.

White Shorthorn Cattle, Australia

The Way of the Politician

NOW a Labor government over there can mean whatever it is made to mean. It may mean a government by the Labor Party along radical but not destructive lines, or it may mean exactly the opposite. Five out of six of the states comprising the Australian commonwealth are now ruled by Labor governments of various degrees of radicalism. The government of Queensland is furthest under the control of the professional labor agitators. When I was there this government surrendered unconditionally to demands made in a railway strike—the railways are state-owned in Australia—and gave the extremists everything they asked. The fear in Australia is not of a Federal Labor government, *per se*, but of a Federal Labor government dominated by the labor agitators who are, in turn, supported by labor unions in which the Reds are working ceaselessly and efficiently, and with a power of disintegration of the true principles of labor unionism and a change of them to communism that is already noticeable, and may be dangerous in the future.

Labor troubles are a chronic part of the politics of Australia, and labor agitators and their creeds, demands, threats and domination are constantly to be reckoned with. Australian politicians are no different from any other politicians. What they are looking for is power, and what they are willing to give for votes to get them that power is anything that is asked by any organization that commands votes. That isn't a unique position for politicians to take. It is universal. It applies in the United States, in England—everywhere where there is suffrage. The difficulty with the Australian political situation is that the demands on the Australian politicians come from

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A Scene on the Hawkes River, New South Wales

ORDEAL BY WATER

Janet Enlarged Her Condemnation of Motorboats as a Class. She Said Rebelliously, "There's Always Something to Fix About Them"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"SHE'S a pretty little thing," Mrs. Hart conceded in a faintly resentful tone. "But I don't know much else about her."

Mr. Hart said nothing. He was a man not easily ruffled, and he sat now at ease, his half-closed eyes resting gently on the scene before them. The veranda overhung the water: the lake lay blue and deeper blue where little gusts of wind played across its surface, breaking occasionally into flashes of white foam; and beyond, rising to meet the blue of the sky, the lesser mountains reared their heads. Ossipee, from this point of view, like nothing so much as a crocodile sprawled asleep upon the strand; and Red Hill to the north; and between the two, a blue spire against the further blue, Chocorua's stark dome. Mr. Hart liked to sit here and watch the changing play of shadow across the green flanks of Ossipee, and he refused to be concerned; but Mrs. Hart was obviously disturbed in her mind.

"And she's as dainty as she can be," she continued, thinking aloud, expecting no reply. "Of course, Lin's my son, but I must say it's a wonder to me what she sees in him."

"It's barely possible," Mr. Hart suggested in a tone of dry amusement, "that she may have seen him with his face clean. He has such hours."

Mrs. Hart lifted her eyes from the petit point upon which she was engaged and looked over the veranda rail down toward the boathouse below them. The Hellwinder lay there along the wharf. The hatch above her engine was open, and in this open hatch Lin's blond head appeared, and an ear smudged with black grease.

"Lin!" she called. "Oh, Lin!"

The young man, without rising, looked up toward her, only his eyes and brow rising above the coamings of the hatch. By the movements of his head, jerking to and fro, it was apparent that his hands were still engaged at some task about the engine.

"It's time you started, Lin," she told him. "It's nearly half-past one."

His head dropped out of sight again without reply, and Mrs. Hart sighed.

"Maybe having her here will make him keep himself clean. Maybe we'll see something of him once in a while."

Her husband smiled under his mustache. "More likely to see less," he predicted, "with two attractions competing for his time."

"I've been worried about them," Mrs. Hart confessed. "For one thing, she's Western. Oh, nice, of course; but Lin's a New Englander. And she's only seen him when he was dressed up, you might say. I don't know what she'll do when she sees the way he really is."

"Lin's all right," Mr. Hart protested. He was always quick to defend his son, even against Mrs. Hart. "And she's a sensible girl, isn't she?"

"Well, he's a trial to any woman," Mrs. Hart insisted. "You'd think a motorboat was the most important thing in the world. But I thought I'd ask her to visit us and if they're not suited to each other they'll find it out. She might as well see what he's like now as later."

"Better, perhaps," Mr. Hart agreed. He was silent for a moment, lighting a fresh cigar, affecting unconcern. But when he rose to toss his match into the lake he in turn called to his son, "Oh, Lin!" And when Lin's eyes once more appeared above the hatch coamings, he echoed Mrs. Hart's warning "Time you started, Lin."

Lin ducked out of sight once more, and Mrs. Hart said, "There, you see! He didn't even hear you. You could tell that by the look in his eyes."

Mr. Hart chuckled. "Guess you needn't worry, ma."

Below them, Lin stood up at last, climbed back into the driving seat and closed the hatches. He looked toward the house and seemed to see them for the first time.

"What time is it?" he called.

"After half past," Mr. Hart replied.

"Half past?" Lin echoed in consternation. "Say, why didn't you tell me?" He stepped upon the starter and the grind of the engine and then the deafening roar of the exhaust drowned any retort they might have attempted. For a moment the boat lay beside the wharf, quivering with the racket and stress of her racing motor; then he shut off the ignition and stepped out to loose the lines and jumped back into the boat again. Once more the engine roared, and as he eased in the reverse the exhaust became irregular, the cylinders hitting erratically as he backed out into the open lake and swung to turn. When he straightened out upon his course at last he waved his hand to the two on the veranda; and the explosions steadied and became regular as the Hellwinder leaped upon her way.

"It's going to be a little hard on both of them," Mrs. Hart prophesied as the boat passed out of sight. "I'm afraid they'll have a difficult time."

"It's going to be hard on us," Mr. Hart corrected. "We've got to live with them."

Mrs. Hart seemed not to hear; her attention was following the diminishing sound of the Hellwinder's race down the lake. The explosions had become spasmodic, and she said resentfully, "There, he's fooling with the engine again." Then, as the exhaust quickened into a purring rhythm once more, she relaxed her posture. "No, he's gone on." And she added a moment later, "I do hope he gets to the train on time."

When her train slowed for the station at Weirs the girl in question, Janet Trundy, was conscious of a certain tightening in her throat, a suggestion of nervousness. She had in the nature of things seen a good deal of Lin; but she had met Mrs. Hart only once and Mr. Hart not at all, and the approaching visit was vaguely terrifying. She tried to laugh at her own uneasiness, and while the porter brushed her she hummed under her breath:

"John took me round to see his mother ——"

But in spite of this, when the train stopped and she followed the porter down the aisle she was trembling rather desperately; and when she descended the steps she was blind with excitement, so that it was some little time before she realized that Lin was not there. She had half expected that Mr. and Mrs. Hart would come with him to meet her; but there was no one there, not even Lin.

There were a great many other people crowding around, so she stood still where she was till the train pulled out and the crowd thinned and she was left in conspicuous isolation; but still Lin did not find her. At last she took her bag and walked along the platform till she could see the landing below, and she tried to discover Lin in some one of the boats moored there, all confusingly alike to her unaccustomed eyes. But there was no Lin.

A baggage truck passed her and she was reassured by the sight of her trunk; and three boys in party-colored sweaters stopped to look at her, and made indirect remarks meant for her to hear. She was amused, but managed not to smile. Then they moved away and she began to worry again; and she checked up in her memory and made sure that she had come on the right day and on the right train and to the right place. So at last—she had waited an hour or more, and it was hot and dirty and uncomfortable on the station platform—she decided that Lin was not coming and that she must take care of herself as best she could.

She considered telephoning, and with this in mind consulted authority in the person of the station agent. That harassed gentleman looked at her with some curiosity. He told her there was no telephone on Mr. Hart's island.

"But Lin's due here this afternoon," he explained. "We've got some express for them—meat from Boston."

She smiled and said emphatically, "He's due here to meet me."

And he studied her frankly and then replied, "Guess he's had trouble with his boat or he'd have been here."

She felt this to be vaguely complimentary, but also it led her to worry about Lin.

"You don't think anything's happened to him?" she inquired, smiling as though to explain that she was really not in the least afraid.

The other chuckled. "He's all right. But I'd hire you a boat if I was you."

It had not occurred to her that this was possible, and she was immensely relieved. Under his direction she presently discovered a boatman who would take her to the island, and when he went up to get her trunk she called after him, "There's some express for the Harts. We might as well take that too."

He nodded. He was a stumpy little man in an old straw hat and blue overalls, and his boat had an air of ruin about it. But Janet was not critical. The boatman presently returned with trunk and express upon one of the baggage trucks and loaded them into the boat. Janet he bade sit beside him in front, and when she was settled he gave her a rubber blanket.

"Pull that over you," he said, "in case we get a little spray."

While she obeyed he cast off the lines, then turned over the engine by hand and they moved away.

Their course lay, Janet perceived, directly across the lake toward an opening between two islands. The engine was noisy, but it was also businesslike, and they made what seemed to her a pleasant speed. Once or twice the boatman leaned forward to do something to the engine, but at last he seemed to be satisfied with its performance and relaxed in his seat and spat over the side.

"You expecting Lin to meet you, was you?" he asked.

Janet nodded. "Yes, I expected him. Probably his boat broke down."

"He was down here yesterday," the other told her. "He said then his timing gears was bothering him. Wouldn't wonder if they'd let go on him. Hellwinder's pretty near twenty year old now, and about all he's ever had done to her is a starter put in."

"That's the name of his boat, isn't it?" Janet agreed, trying to appear intelligent

"Used to be the fastest boat on the lake," the man explained. "There's half a dozen can beat her now, but I'd take her for a long run. She'll nearly always go. Lin knows her too. Had her since he was a boy. He was always a hand at fixing motorboats. I can remember one night when he wan't over twelve seeing him fix up a boat that got stuck down off Bear. Man and four women in that boat, and they'd have stayed out all night if Lin hadn't come along." He added parenthetically, "And it a-raining hard too."

"We must watch for him," Janet suggested. "He may need help now."

The boatman nodded. "I'm a-watching," he replied. "Lin's helped out a lot of folks in his time," he continued, "getting them off a rock or diving for an anchor or something. Swims like a fish. I've heard tell he stayed under water two minutes once to see if he could."

"You know him well?" Janet inquired.

"Used to work over that way," the other agreed. "Lin knows everybody around the lake. He's a right common man. I guess his father's wuth all of a million dollars, but Lin acts like he wan't anybody." He cocked an ear toward his engine, muttered under his breath, "A mite thin," and leaned forward to make some adjustment hidden from Janet's eyes.

"Thin?" she repeated, wondering if he meant Lin.

"Needle valve," he explained cryptically; and then added, "There's Lin now, over toward the Witches." And he swung his craft. They had just passed between the islands; and ahead, at some distance, Janet saw a long, low, mahogany-colored motorboat drifting with the wind, no sign of life aboard her. "That's the Hellwinder," he explained.

"I don't see Lin," Janet protested, a little fearful.

"He's down out of sight, working on her," the man said reassuringly.

"Do you think he's all right?"

"Oh, he's always all right." He swung to make a circle and so slid alongside the other boat and shut off his own engine, holding the two craft together. Janet, leaning across behind him, looked into the Hellwinder and had a glimpse of a blackened face and two eyes in the gloom under the deck in front of the engine. The boatman said cheerfully, "Matter, Lin? Need any help?"

"Timing gears let go," Lin explained in a dull voice. "I had to retime her. Pretty near done now."

"Got your girl here," the man explained. "Want I should take her on over?"

Lin seemed struck by this. "Who?" he repeated in an abstracted way. "Oh, hello, Janet!" he exclaimed then, and came crawling painfully over the engine and stood up, a figure of grease and oil, to face her.

Janet held out her hands to him. "Hello, Lin!"

The boatman chuckled. "He'll get you all over grease, miss," he warned. "She was worried about you, Lin," he explained, and laughed at this as a jest

"I'm all right," Lin assured her, putting his hands behind him. "Only oily. What time is it? Did I keep you waiting?"

Janet shook her head. "It was all right," she declared.

"I can give you a tow," the boatman offered.

"I've just got the wires to fix now," Lin replied. "You can take Miss Trundy on, if you want, and the stuff there."

"I'd rather stay with you, Lin," Janet suggested, suddenly afraid to meet Lin's father and mother without Lin's support. "If you don't mind."

"That's all right," he agreed. "Climb over. Hold the boat, will you, Jim? Mind taking the trunk over?"

"Guess you'll beat me," the other commented as Janet made the transfer from one boat to another. Under her weight the Hellwinder rolled alarmingly and she had to clutch the gunwale to keep from falling. The other boat drifted away, and Lin watched while the boatman started his engine, and Janet watched Lin.

She asked uncertainly, "Are you all right, Lin? You look—pale."

"Kind of close under the deck," he said in a dull tone. "Say, I'm sorry you had to wait."

"You couldn't help it if the boat wouldn't run," she reassured him.

That touched Lin's pride. "Oh, the Hellwinder will always run," he protested. "But she didn't sound just right." His attention reverted to the engine "I'll fix those wires," he muttered, and climbed forward into the bow.

"You mean you could have come on?" Janet asked gently, looking after him.

"Oh, yes, but she wasn't hitting right," he explained, and sank fathoms deep in his business forward there.

Janet watched him for a moment with a curiously twisted little smile; and once she seemed about to speak, and there was a suggestion of pique in her eye. But in the end she held her silence and decided to sit down. There were in the Hellwinder three seats, running from side to side, and Janet, moving gingerly so as not to tip the unstable boat, sat down on the middle one. She rested her elbows on the back of the seat in front of her and watched Lin, and now and then he looked up and caught her eye. When he did so she always smiled, but Lin did not smile. His eyes were glazed, and sometimes his mouth twisted to one side as he twisted with his pliers on the fastening of some reluctant wire. She perceived, with mingled feelings, that he had forgotten she was there.

He presently emerged, crawling over the engine toward her, wiping his hands on a piece of waste which, if it did not clean them, at least made their general hue uniformly dark.

(Continued on Page 149)

"Well, I'm Not Going to Marry a Man That Will Leave Me on Our Honeymoon to Fix a Motorboat, Lin"

HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS

"Boys," Began Mr. Gerrard, "I Got a Good Story for You. It's Got to Do With This Sap"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IT WAS the Five-Star-Final-Night-Wall-Street-Closing-Complete-Sports-Special-Absolutely-Extra editions of the afternoon papers that carried the first stories. "Thwarted Love," ran the headlines, "Drives Broadway Butterfly to Suicide." Then, lest the feebler-witted readers fail to grasp the situation from so few words, smaller headlines essayed elucidation: "Broadway Butterfly Driven to Suicide by Thwarted Love." Accordingly, many people gathered the impression that a former chorus girl had killed herself.

These first stories, however, were incorrect in more than one particular. The fact is not, of course, unprecedented. But in this case a definite correction had to be made of at least one of the errors. As it turned out, happily enough for the lady, she was not dead. Instead of scoring a bull's-eye, the bullet had been able to do no better than render its target *hors de combat* for three days.

At the end of that time Miss Frankie Gerrard rallied long enough to take a spoonful of nourishment and give out five interviews. Eventually, if you must know, she recovered.

There were, too, other errors in those first stories, just as there were, in fact, misapprehensions in all the accounts until Miss Gerrard returned to consciousness and the reporters, and so cleared up the points in question.

II

AT NOON of the day that was still to see Miss Gerrard stop a bullet, in Goosch's Delicatessen, which is about two reels and a stagger off Broadway, the establishment's only clerk, an anxious-looking stripling, sat tipped idly back in the rest chair, his hands in his apron pockets and his eyes resting reflectively on the spread middle pages of the Daily Pictorial in his lap.

There, displayed prominently among other triumphs of the camera, was the picture of a handsome, rather *dégagé* young man staring truculently out at the reader. Beneath was this legend:

"Poisoned Love! Oscar Welt, 25, (above) picturesque young plumber-Don Juan, love prize in struggle between two beautiful women; Miss Lydia Nidia, silver sheet luminary (right); and Miss Bertha Garfunkle, home girl (left). Miss Garfunkle is under arrest charged with sending box of poisoned marshmallows to noted rival. Story on Page 7."

Mr. Goosch's only clerk studied this exhibit long and thoughtfully. If—if only—if only the name of the handsome, rather *dégagé* young love prize had been Owen Gollop, 21, (above) picturesque young delicatessen clerk-Don Juan. If—if only —— He sighed.

Business was slow. The day was drowsy. Mr. Goosch's Owen Gollop allowed his eyes to close once or twice, and he sat as though asleep. Then, presently, waking, he lifted his gaze to the bare space of wall above the advertisement for Schmidt's Salami. He gazed steadily at it, apparently transfixed from within, until at length a dreamy smile softened the natural anxiety of his expression.

He seemed to see, somehow, the wide steps and doors of the county court, and himself springing lightly from a great limousine and striding gracefully, vigorously, across the sidewalk. He saw himself, somehow, as a little larger, better knit in figure, more prepossessing than he actually was. Too, he wore a better suit, a modest gray, perfectly tailored of excellent material, and a soft hat set with a rakish flair—the distinguishing marks of a love prize. Occupied mentally with weighty matters, he scarcely noticed the score or more of loungers who were gathered to stare curiously at one for whose love women were prepared to slay one another with poisoned marshmallows.

Then, as he reached the steps, a girl, a beautiful, fragile child, daintily trim and businesslike, as a young woman reporter should be, caught his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Gollop! I'm from the Daily Pictorial. Would you mind posing for just a wee minute for our photographers?" He laughed amusedly. "Ah, you ladies and gentlemen of the press! You are ubiquitous, I sometimes believe." The young woman coaxed prettily. "Just a teeny wee minute, Mr. Gollop!" He was pleasant and courteous but unmoved. "My dear young woman, I am really in a very great ——" But he was being drawn willy-nilly to the cameras. "Well, well, well!" in good-humored acknowledgment that there must be certain prices one must pay for being in the public eye. "The American press—it is the most fascinating institution in the world, I fancy."

A half dozen black boxes were aimed at him. "This way, Mr. Gollop! This way, please!" "Take off your hat, Mr. Gollop!" "Mr. Gollop, smile, Mr. Gollop!" "This way, Mr. Gollop!"

The young woman reporter patted his hand slyly. "I think this is very sweet of you, Mr. Gollop." She smiled half wistfully at him, and then suddenly something resembling sadness came into her eyes. Her voice came to him in a whisper. "Now," she murmured, "after seeing you, after talking to you, after looking into your eyes, I—I think I understand it all." Then her eyes closed, she swayed slightly, and, alarmed, he caught her. "My child, you are faint!" He felt a convulsive clutch at his arm, caught the echo of a half-choked sob, and then: "It is nothing—to you!" Releasing herself, she stepped quickly back among her friends.

He strode away, sad regret in his eyes. "Poor, poor child!" Faintly he heard comments: "He's a regular guy, isn't he?" "Yes, sir, a man's man, and yet the prince of cavaliers!" "Don't you just adore him!" He took the steps three at a leap.

Then, somehow, Mr. Goosch's only clerk saw in the bare space of wall above Schmidt's Salami the court room, crowded, and himself striding in the door precisely at the proper moment. A rising murmur of voices, whispers, curious stares, a stirring commotion, as he was recognized as the innocent cause of this tragic event. A grave nod from the judge, respectful greetings from counsel surrounding the table at which sat a heavily veiled woman, obviously young and beautiful, and then ——

"Mr. Gollop"—an attorney addressed the witness sympathetically—"do you love Miss Nidia?"

A tense silence, and quietly but firmly: "Yes, I do."

"Mr. Gollop"—the attorney regretfully gouged into the witness' very heart—"did you ever love Miss Garfunkle?"

The court room was suddenly quiet, with an electric silence, tense

"Cheese."

Mr. Goosch's clerk looked up, painfully annoyed at the interruption of his meditations.

"Cheese," the man repeated mildly—"Camembert cheese. Gimme," he said, "a wedge of Camembert cheese."

The meditator laid his Daily Pictorial down resentfully and waited on the scoundrel in wounded silence. Then, the money rung up, he returned to the rest chair and to the wall above Schmidt's Salami.

The court room held its breath. The witness clenched the arms of the chair. His eyes closed. Then, so very, very softly, so very tremulously, in tones that were the spent cries of a tortured butterfly, the reply:

"No—no, I did not—I did not love Bertha Garfunkle. I am—I am sorry."

A dramatic, deathlike silence, then pandemonium! Hats were thrown aloft, women cheered and cried at the same time, men shouted themselves hoarse: "Gollop! Gollop! Gollop!"

And himself, he knew not how, in the arms of the beautiful veiled woman, with "Thank God, my Ownie!" murmured, in a half-smothered sob of relief and happiness, against his chest

"Order!" roared the judge. "Order in the court!"

The picture faded.

Ownie stirred blissfully, dropped his eyes to the spread middle pages of the Daily Pictorial in his lap and drew a deep breath. If—if only—if only the handsome, rather *dégagé* young love prize had been Owen Gollop! He sighed again and then stared thoughtfully through the open door toward Broadway; toward Broadway, where everybody that passed had some distinction or another, had been singled out one time or another for mention, honorably or dishonorably, in the newspapers. That one was a celebrated actor, that one a correspondent; another had been arrested as King of the Bootleggers; a fourth was a bookmaker known to the police; a fifth was a noted dramatic critic; and so on and so on—all somebodies, somebodies to the newspapers.

"Well, Uncle Remus!"

The mistaken literary allusion was not uncharacteristic of the fresh young girl who stood in the door of Goosch's Delicatessen looking down with faint amusement at Ownie Gollop. If a hazy notion that Uncle Remus was the fellow who slept for twenty years in the Catskills had ever

affected her unchallenged talents as waitress in the Hotel de Luxe Tea Shoppe, the fact had not been noted. Wherefore, she was happy in this ignorance.

"I suppose you're going to tell me," went on Nancy Telfair, for such indeed was her name, "that you haven't given me a ring because business's been so rushing."

"Nancy"—straightening himself in the chair—"Mr. Goosch's had me trotting ——"

"And I suppose," Nancy continued, less in anger than in sarcasm, "you're going to tell me you haven't been spending your spare moments mooning around that middle-aged chorus girl's door."

"Miss Gerrard," he replied with some dignity, "is a former member of the Follies ensemble."

"So's her old daughter. That baby hasn't been spry enough for a chorus job since Ziegfeld was in rompers. She was a forty-niner, that baby was!"

"I know nothing of her age," Ownie responded. "I know only that she is a lady."

"Slay me, if it ain't my little boy friend!"

Now this remark came neither from Mr. Goosch's Ownie nor from Ownie's Nancy, but from a radiant arrival who stood beaming in the door frame.

"And," she added coyly, "his girl friend!"

"Speaking of the she-devil ——" remarked Nancy.

For there, you might say, was a lady! Her hair reflected the gold of ten thousand noonday suns, as likewise did two of her teeth. Her face was of the rarest alabaster, tinted with the juice of maraschino cherries. Her eyebrows were strokes of Beardsley's finest crayon; her mouth a scarlet slash; her eyes two counterfeits that humiliated the most splendid of the stars. Her clothes and perfume, every last quart of it, had been bought on Broadway.

"Miss Gerrard!"

"It ain't nobody else but!" acknowledged the radiant lady, who knew her slang as well as the next one. "But I'm jealous!" She shook a roguish forefinger at him. "Yes, indeedy! I'm jealous!"

"Miss Gerrard!"

The lady turned to Nancy. "Isn't he adorable when he blushes?" she demanded. "And he's always blushing!" To Ownie: "But this is how you treat me, is it? The minute my back is turned, off with another woman! You little scalawag, you!"

"Miss Gerrard!"

"No, no! You can't explain! You just don't love me, that's all! You're a philanderer, and you've broken my heart. . . . Did you deliver my groceries?"

"No—yes—no. I sent a boy with them; I couldn't deliver them myself. I explained—I sent a note."

"A note?"

"Yes, a note. I—I'd told you I'd bring them myself. I wanted to explain why I hadn't kept my word of honor."

Miss Gerrard's brilliant eyes softened. "Your word of honor," she repeated rather slowly. "You wanted to keep your word of honor." She smiled queerly first at him and then at Nancy. "Ownie," she said more quietly, "you're a dear, sweet boy—the dearest, sweetest I know. But"—and then she raised her eyebrows ominously—"you can't deceive me any more. You do not love me; you love her! And I, Ownie, because I love you, I give you up—to her—to the other woman, forever!"

A broad wink for Nancy, and Miss Gerrard, gorgeously aromatic with some of the stoutest musk known to science, clutched the door—a second-act exit.

"I go!" she cried.

"Miss Gerrard!"

"What? What now?"

"Anchovies," he replied. "I put in some extra anchovies—extra anchovies."

"The kiss," said Miss Gerrard, who was no surer of historical matters than Miss Telfair, "of Judith. And this," she added, kissing her hand to him, "in return—the last we shall ever know."

And then she was gone.

Ownie turned slowly to Nancy. "She loves," he explained, simply, "anchovies."

"She would!" commented Nancy, as though anchovies were spinach or hashish!

III

IF WHAT developed during the next half hour seems a bit abrupt, one can only say that it could not possibly be more startling to a reader than it was to Ownie Gollop

He had, after all, counted on no more than a few minutes of chat with Nancy, a few sales of ham on rye, the passing of a few celebrities, and the return of Mr. Goosch to ask how was everything. He had not, for one thing, counted on Miss Telfair's mention of Miss Gerrard. That was out of the order of things, and Ownie had never regarded things that were out of the order of things as possible in his life. Which will give just a faint idea of the kind of person Ownie was.

He was explaining to Nancy again, for the dozenth time, that Miss Gerrard was not a bum, which truly she was not, and that she had been a member of the Follies ensemble, which truly she had been, though in what year was not a question tastefully to be asked, when into Goosch's Delicatessen rushed a young man out of the order of things.

"Is your name," he demanded, "Ownie, or Owen?"

"Owen," replied Ownie. "My name is Owen."

"Last name?"

"Gollop."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Well," soliloquized the young man, "I'd never have guessed it in a thousand years. Did you know Miss Frankie Gerrard, of 167 West Forty-something Street?"

"Why, yes. What ——"

"Did you love her?"

"Why, no. We were just friends."

"That," responded the young man, rushing out again, "is what they all say."

Somewhat confused, Ownie stared after the laconic caller. Then he turned to Nancy.

"That," he said, "is funny"

"If anything terrible has happened to her," replied Nancy, "it will be a lot funnier."

Meditatively, he selected a couple of pretzels and began to nibble on them. Outside the door, unnoticed by him, a sandwich man and a chauffeur off duty had stopped to peer through the door at him curiously. Presently they were joined by a small boy and another innocent bystander.

"That," said the chauffeur, "is him"

Gently, at that moment, the chauffeur was thrust to one side and the hasty young caller of before, together with another male of the same stripe, entered Goosch's again.

"Mr. Gollop," said the original, "this man is from the Daily Pictorial. He ——"

"From the Daily Pictorial!"

For ten seconds Ownie stood stock-still, waiting for one of his nerve centers to resume operation.

"Yes. He ——"

In his turn, then, the original himself made way for another, a large and ruddy policeman.

"Anybody here," demanded the policeman, "named Ownie?"

"Yes yes. My name's Ownie, or Owen. I'm just called ——"

"Owen what?"

"Gollop."

"What."

"Gollop."

"Well," said the policeman, "I won't argue with you about it. Come with me."

"But, I say, what—what is it?"

Nancy touched his arm. "Go ahead, dear," she said, "and—and I hope it all turns out for the worst."

Ownie caught the Daily Pictorial man's arm feverishly. "Come with us," he begged him. "Keep close; don't lose us!" Then he accompanied the policeman.

He did not ask again what was the matter. His thoughts were too confused. Nor did the policeman speak again save to utter, with a distinct note of wonder in his voice, the name Gollop. His reflections on it appeared to leave him likewise speechless.

Halfway down the block they entered a door and climbed a single flight of stairs to the small apartment Ownie knew so well from many visits with his delivery basket. Another policeman opened the door, and inside they found two extremely plain plain-clothes officers

"You don't mean to tell me this is him!" exclaimed the door guard.

"Believe it or not," replied the escort.

Ownie began to sweat.

"Certainly doesn't look like it," commented one of the plain-clothes men cryptically.

"Drug-store blondes," explained the other, "have funny tastes." He motioned to Ownie's escort. "In there," he said, pointing to the bedroom door. "Take him in."

Then, suddenly, Ownie chilled. A cold horror seized him. The feeling of bewilderment and distress disappeared, and he was frightened—of he knew not what. Behind that door lay—what? He trembled as he advanced slowly; and then, somehow, it was open, he was staring in, and a moan escaped him. Miss Frankie Gerrard stretched, face up, eyes closed, on the floor, a pistol clasped loosely in her right hand.

The grinning mouth of a dark-red wound gaped above her right ear, and around it the solar gold of her tresses had been drained into dank and melancholy ropes. The face that had been warranted Egyptian alabaster was now soft chamois. It was now, with its mask of life lowered, the face of a woman approximately aged thirty-seven years, four months and fifteen days.

"Frankie!"

Unconsciously, the name poised on his lips, the name by which he had always thought of her.

And then, nerves drawn taut with emotion, he was on his knees at her side, tears beaded on his cheeks,

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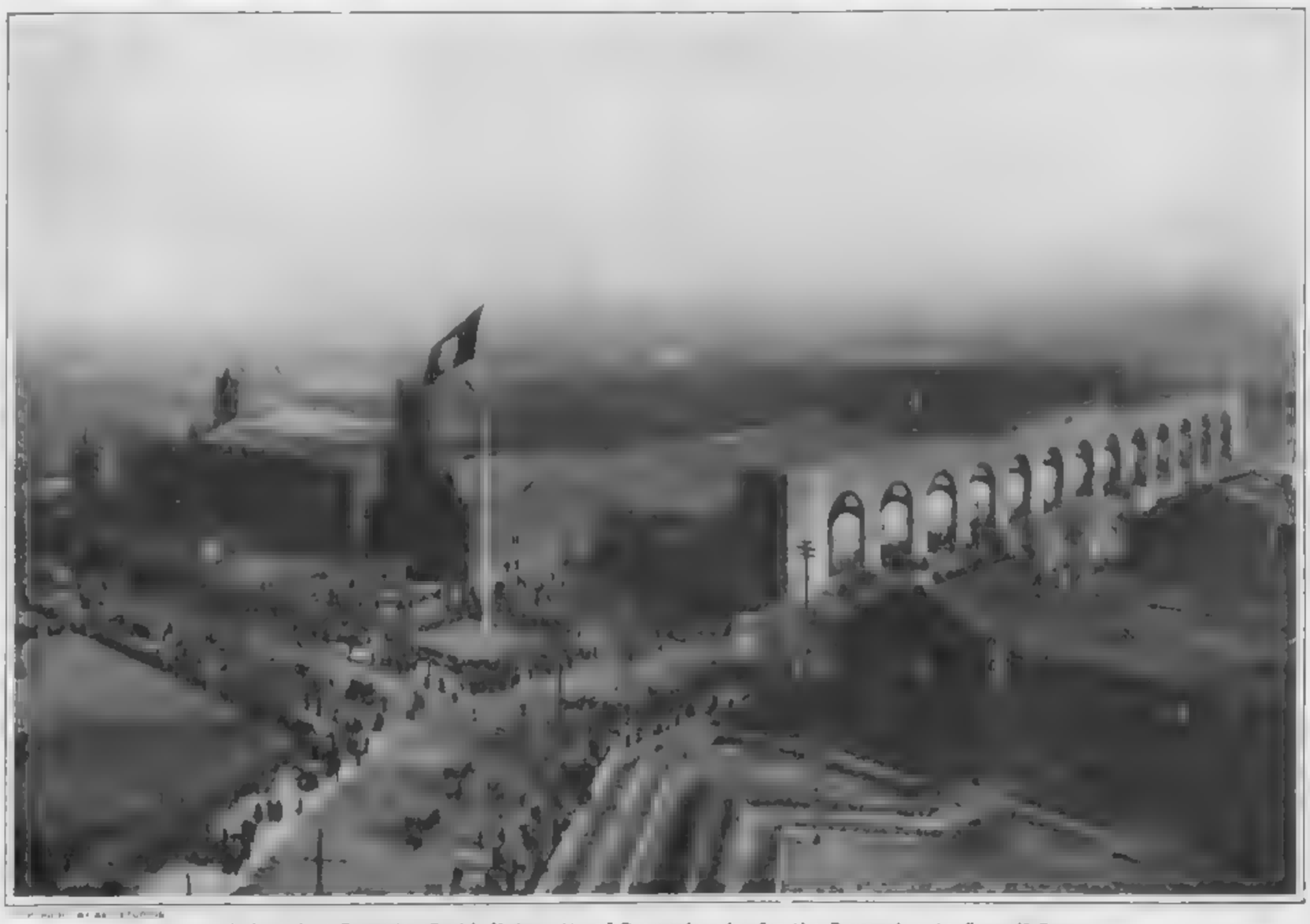
"But This is How You Treat Me, is It? The Minute My Back is Turned, Off With Another Woman! You Little Scalawag, You!"

COLLEGE SPORTS: THEIR COST AND WORTH — By Forrest Crissey

DID YOU SEE THE GAME?

HOW many million dollars a year it costs the fans of America to answer in the affirmative the familiar question, "Did you see the game?" will never be definitely known, but it is millions. And that goes for amateur games alone.

Recently in the club car of the Congressional Limited, I started something by raising this question of the total cost of seeing the games. World Court talk instantly ceased. The debate settled only one thing: That greater interest can be aroused in almost any gathering of men of affairs in America by proposing the questions of how much we pay for our amateur sports, and whether the investment is a good one, than the President has ever been able to stir up by his program of economy.



A Crowd at Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania, for the Pennsylvania-Cornell Game

Another interesting revelation was that the average college alumnus has only the vaguest ideas regarding the size of the gate receipts enjoyed by his alma mater and how those receipts are expended. When I remarked that I wondered what relation the gate receipts of any big game bore to the total expenditures of those who saw the game, instantly the debaters drew their pencils and began figuring.

A Washington capitalist, an alumnus of Princeton, ventured that the total incidental expenditure was probably ten times the amount of the gate receipts.

"Too high!" declared another. "The attendance of undergraduates who don't have to travel is very large."

The Price of Victory

"I WAS an undergraduate once," remarked still another debater, "and I certainly traveled some on the occasion of several big games at our stadium, even if I didn't have to buy railroad tickets. Take it from me, the cost of the tickets on those occasions was a mighty small part of my game expenditures. And the price of victory hasn't dropped since my college days. I can prove it by my son."

Everybody laughed, and then the Washington capitalist remarked: "Well, I'm forced to raise my estimate. Take the Yale-Princeton game. I've figured up only the sure items; total, ninety dollars. That includes nothing whatever for celebrating, as I don't celebrate. Tickets for my wife and myself cost six dollars; the remainder of the ninety dollars was spent for incidentals. Hundreds of men at every big game travel hundreds of miles to see the battle on the home grid; hundreds, also, spend ten dollars to my one. I think the total expenditure of the fans of this country for seeing a season's games is at least fifteen times that of the gate receipts."

"Anyhow," remarked a banker, "that total must be a very respectable figure. Wonder what they spend it for and if anybody checks 'em up."

The splendid total of America's gate receipts from competitive amateur sports probably will remain a matter of speculation. Certainly my efforts at assembling the figures from which to compute it compel that conclusion. Possibly the total gate receipts for all games, big and little, are $5,000,000. Some universities and colleges apparently consider their athletic income and disbursements as sacred state secrets. The fact that this attitude obtains is far more interesting and significant than would be the figures themselves. One motive for such concealment is a desire to direct public attention to affairs of scholarship and away from matters of sport and recreation. Another is overemphasis on football by the press.

Washington Crew Winning the Annual Pacific Coast Rowing Championship From California

Coaching

STILL another reason for this reticence may in some instances be that the expenditures for expert coaching talent have been rather too lavish to gain the approval of hard-headed taxpayers and of parent patrons. However, a sufficient number of universities and colleges have freely exposed the details of their athletic incomes and disbursements to afford a representative showing, one from which each reader may make his own calculations. Probably some faculty members feel that the huge football income should not be monopolized by athletics, but should be devoted in part to improving the institution's output in scholarship.

The University of Pennsylvania is an excellent example of a big university which has pushed its athletic activities to a high plane and is willing to give a full public account of its stewardship. Pennsylvania believes that thorough and systematic physical education is a necessity for its undergraduates, not a luxury. No man can get his degree from this university unless he has taken a regular course of athletic training, which in all cases includes learning to swim. When physical education was made compulsory at Pennsylvania its athletic facilities were found to be entirely inadequate to accommodate the activities of the thousands of students thus forced into training.

The assignment of athletic facilities to so great a body of students is about as complex a job, at Pennsylvania, as that of a train dispatcher. The graduate manager has to be up on his toes and stepping fast throughout the college year. This situation has compelled marked increase of athletic facilities. For example, since 1922 the university has built Franklin Field stadium, worth $1,200,000 today, although its actual cost was

The Finish of a Yale-Harvard Boat Race at New London

$875,000. Of this debt $375,000 has already been retired by the proceeds of competitive athletics. When the double decking of the stadium is completed it will accommodate 83,500 spectators, or 20,500 more

The gate receipts have also provided several other expensive facilities, including an elaborate boathouse and equipment, making it possible for 400 students to row. Five athletic fields besides Franklin Field have been built, at an expense of about $30,000, and twenty additional tennis courts. The river-field house has lockers and facilities for 1000 men and women. The improvement of the banks of the Schuylkill has transformed them into a region of rare beauty.

A View of the University of Illinois Memorial Stadium, a Gift From Students, Alumni and Friends of the University

Football's Burdens

THEN there is the gymnasium, which cost $1,250,000. High-pressure demand for construction funds on the gate receipts at Pennsylvania! But building is only part of the burden which the big Pennsylvania football games shoulder. Current expenses call for heavy outlay. Pennsylvania's football coach receives a salary of $10,000 a year, and the two assistant coaches divide an equal sum. However, remember that virtually all these coaches work as athletic instructors throughout the year. There are only two men on the physical-instruction staff who are not graduates of Pennsylvania. Competitive athletics are under the control of the council on athletics, appointed by the board of trustees—three trustees, three faculty members, three alumni and three undergraduates.

Mr. Sidney E. Hutchinson, chairman of the council, emphasizes that the pay received by Pennsylvania coaches covers all-the-year work as athletic instructors and is not in excess of salaries paid by other large Eastern universities. The incidental expenses of operating in the big-game football business are almost unbelievably large. It costs about $1200 to clean up the grounds after a game. Here, as in every other university, Father Football is the provider for the whole family of athletic activities. Pennsylvania's football profit for the 1924 season was $330,729.75.

Here are a few of the outstanding items in the loss column:

Baseball	$15,176.30	Soccer	$ 8,390.85
Basketball tournament	136.79	Swimming	4,647.05
Boxing	2,794.04	Tennis	1,772.97
Fencing	1,773.16	Tennis courts	845.47
Golf	1,464.63	Track	22,715.76
Gym team	2,294.82	Training table	29,055.54
Lacrosse	3,481.80	Wrestling	4,459.12
Rowing	36,574.51	Premium on bonds redeemed	2,500.00

The entire athletic receipts for the year amounted to $818,217, the expenditures were $730,729, the total profit $391,883, the total losses $304,395, leaving a profit balance of $87,488. Quite some business!

In contrast, now consider a small Eastern college rather remotely situated and somewhat difficult of access. Despite its locational handicaps, Dartmouth has built up rich athletic traditions. In 1924 its financial harvest from competitive athletics amounted to about $170,000. Here again we find football the family provider—virtually the only college sport which paid a profit. It supported the other sports maintained for keeping the undergraduates physically fit, affording them agreeable recreation and fusing the recreational enthusiasms of about 2000 young men into a rich and peppy mixture justly famous as the Dartmouth spirit.

Max Norton, Dartmouth's graduate manager, shows the conventional coyness of his kind in answering my question as to the salary which his college pays its head coach.

"Not greater than that paid a full professor," is his reply.

The Fellowship Bred by Collective Fun

THE head of the athletic activities of any university finds himself the target of two opposing streams of pressure. The undergraduates, the alumni and probably many of the board of trustees urge the development of a winning team; on the other hand, there is evidently a strong pressure of faculty sentiment against paying the market price for the expert coaching talent capable of selecting and developing such a team. Evidently this rule of tactics is the result: Tell it to the trustees and alumni—they're good sports—but keep it dark from the faculty and the public. Salary-limiting agreements made by some of the large universities are holding the coaching-expense situation somewhat in check.

Amateur athletics, with its high ideals, offers the most unsuitable field in the world for the introduction of either timid or indirect tactics of administration. Since the World War the feeling of the general public has experienced an almost overwhelming change regarding the value of amateur athletics as a part of college life. Parents of the present and prospective crops of undergraduates, with rare exceptions, no longer hold to the old idea that a well-balanced college course can be compounded of 99 per cent pure scholarship effort and 1 per cent of recreational activity.

Few university presidents are closer to their students than Max Mason, the new governing official of the University of Chicago.

(Continued on Page 62

Thomson, of Dartmouth, Establishing a World's Record in High Hurdles, Franklin Field, 1920

MR. AND MRS. GILDERSLEEVE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

HARRIET told me about them at luncheon—about their taking the house next door, and the purpose to which it was to be consecrated. "We are to have," said Harriet, "a love nest right next to us this summer." And she looked out of the window into the bough of our apple tree, where some robins had built a nest, where occasionally a fringe of small clumsy heads could be seen, in whose interest Harriet crept up at intervals with bread crumbs and hard-boiled egg.

"A love nest! My dear Harriet, that word—in our modern news sheets—has at times a most unhappy significance."

"This," said Harriet, "is not that kind. It's a young married couple—married just one year—a Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve. She is just twenty; he is twenty-two. I remember reading about their wedding. She was Miss Marjorie McCoy. Her mother is dead. Her father was that Irish contractor, over in Summerlea, who got so rich right after the war—you remember, the one who died winter before last. He is an orphan, too—the boy, I mean—with even more money. They're both from these new get-rich-quick families you hear of. Of course they would have to be—rich, I mean—to lease a house like this one. But I'm so glad to have someone next door again, and especially people like these: young and newly wedded and with all their happy plans. Alma French told me. Alma says they are—expecting."

"Expecting?" I set down my cup of coffee. "Expecting what?"

"You dummy!" Harriet looked at those robins again. "You dumb dummy!" she said softly. Harriet is always completely frank, as becomes one's own sister; but, reared under a Victorian tradition, she has certain reticences, even in her own family.

"Anyhow," she added, "I am going to buy some pale-pink wool and new needles and begin something right away."

A Strange Pair—an Iron-Gray Pedant, a Wan-Faced Child in Her Long Fleecy White Cloak

"Oh"—I found myself somewhat agitated—"you don't mean to say, Harriet, that people with a tribe of children are coming in here to settle, to overrun this place, crawl through these hedges and generally raise Cain under my window all day. I came here for peace, remember that. You seem to forget my agonies at Overdale, next door to the Parmenteer family."

I shall never forget. I am fifty-five and of somewhat settled habits. I may say also that I am a writer—on classical subjects. Yes, just in case you may recall the matter, I am that Thomas Boswick Coswell who wrote Greek Roots of Modern Culture, Science Under Plato, The Greeks As Biologists, and so on, and the house at Overdale openly designated by the agent as Fern Lodge had been privately christened by myself as Author's Hell.

Harriet gave me a dark look. "I don't know how you can use the term 'tribe of children,' Thomas; even science, I think, would not go so far. And I am sure there can be nothing really disturbing in having a sweet young couple living next door, beginning the romance of married life"—Harriet is a spinster—"and preparing for the greatest event in family life the molding of a new soul, a new individuality. 'Suffer,'" added Harriet firmly, "'the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

By her suffused and sentimental face—Harriet was born to be a mother—I knew that in just a minute that family of robins outside would receive fresh overtures. I knew also a suspicion that had never been downed—that Harriet had not been entirely disaffected in the matter of the Parmenteer children and my sufferings, in the matter of giving them sundry cakes and sweets and spending moneys wherewith they dealt with a certain green ice-cream wagon that daily raised a hideous clangor of bell in my neighborhood, and especially on that occasion when the Parmenteers removed my freshly dry-cleaned panama from our own veranda and filled it with fishing worms, together with moist portions of the adhering environment. I confess that I escaped now to my study in some anxiety.

The Aldriches, who owned the place next door, were in Europe for a year. They might as well have been at home, for any difference their absence had made in these few weeks. Middle-aged people of retiring habits, one was hardly aware of their presence.

My study window—my desk—raking their driveway had brought me in six months' residence here no slightest element of confusion or disturbance. But I recalled now having seen several times in the past few days a large gray truck standing before the back door of the adjacent house, and yesterday a yellow van. Inevitably, with new people coming in, there must be some bustle and confusion incident to arrival. Inevitably, when those people were young, not tempered by maturity to that poise life presently teaches all of us, there might be social changes in the landscape before me which very possibly I might find annoying. Little did I dream what change!

I looked about my study. My environment, like that of anyone, expresses to some extent my taste and personality. The room I write in, small, dim brown, is shelved to hold my many volumes of precious research, that classic lore in which I love to dabble. The walls above contain many stigmata bearing equally on my favorite Greek research—a framed case of Attic coins, a small amphora—original—from Pompeii, a framed parchment containing the original Hippocratic oath, beginning, you remember, "I swear by Apollo the Healer, and Æsculapius and Hygeia and Panacea," and so on; a group photograph of the Greek faculty of Curricula University; another, in skullcap, of my friend Professor Dummel, of Berlin; a bust of Aristotle and—my father!

My father is, of course, not early Greek. Early American—1840—my father hangs above my desk, with his wedding raiment and his bride. It was his likeness, framed in dim garnet velvet, which now a little ameliorated my harsh feelings concerning Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve. My father, a bridegroom of twenty, in thick square black beard and thick square black trousers, with a wife of eighteen on one arm, the other thrusting into his bosom, turned stern and challenging eyes upon me now, as who should say:

"What right have you to criticize the eternal processes of man's living? Who are you to interpose your puny comfort and aspirations before the mighty forces of eternal Nature?" I felt the rebuke not unreasonable.

My father, a man of twenty here, setting foot on the highway of life, was at thirty a banker and the parent of eleven children; at forty, a grandfather; and at my present age covered with local honors and with a progeny about him like unto Abraham's. Beside him, I, a lean and empty bachelor, the author of a half dozen books of research, made but a poor showing on the humanities.

Not that I am wholly to blame. There was once a most dear sweet young lady for a period in my life. Her name I shall not, of course, divulge, but we were very close to each other. With not any of the arts of an Egeria, nor the face of a Helen or Sappho, she was yet very winsome and lovely resembling, I thought, a small white pansy. Had death not intervened—for I suppose the heavenly gardens

must be freshened of their pansies from time to time—I might by now —— But I digress.

"I am wrong," I said, "and I will admit it. There is plenty of room for us both—for myself and my new treatise, and for this young lad and his lass of a wife. Let us dwell together in peace."

I was interrupted by a scream so piercing, so curdling, beneath my window, that I stopped, transfixed. It was not, however, human. As my shocked heart resumed its normal pacing, a very long, low, brilliantly green car—like a huge shining cucumber—shot up the drive next door, jerked to a full stop at the door and began emitting a steady hoarse foghorn wailing, interrupted only by a celebrative series of choking squawks. And intuition spoke.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve have come," said I.

Eight figures leaped from the car and charged the house. I would not a moment before have believed that any private conveyance—anything less than a public bus—could have compressed so tightly—it was a two-seat sport type—so many human beings, particularly of so active a nature. For upon touching the ground, all of them fell into a series of violent exercises. They ran about in circles or leaped and danced exaggeratedly; they clapped one another's backs and threw pieces of baggage—of which also the car discharged a quantity—about on the ground. The while all of them talked and laughed at once, producing a shrill cacophony that recalled to my mind the Frogs of Aristophanes.

They were, I saw, all very young and evenly divided as to sex, and they wore extremely brightly colored clothes. I noted a purple—not unlike that Tyrian hue whose secret is now lost, but which probably came from a shellfish. I saw a strange hot bright red I had found once in pottery at Siena; and undiluted raw chromes and greens, together with sharply juxtaposed masses of black, intended no doubt as designs, but bearing no relation to any true academic forms—to wit, the Greek key, the guilloche, the egg and dart.

The episode did not last long. A maid came out—not in the least like Mrs. Aldrich's maids, elderly Scotch, solid. She was young and I should say pretty, with remarkably short gray skirts. She took up some of the bags, the rest were snatched in any manner, and the whole moving, shrieking mass—the composition reminded me of an orgiastic frieze—fell—I can think of no other word—through the door and the world grew still.

But not for long. Hardly had I seated myself, summoning my dazed faculties to my allotted task, when my own doorbell rang sharply. It was Elsie's afternoon out, and Harriet seemed to have disappeared. I rose and attended to it myself. On the doorstep stood one of the young women out of that group next door—the Tyrian-purple one. She wore a small round hat pulled almost to a blinding point down upon her face, oddly accenting her eyes, just visible. They were, I saw, a very bright clear blue, and the two colors—the blue and the purple—made a combination that was on the whole not displeasing. I noted that she had some freckles on her cheeks, which were wholesome and warm colored, but that her mouth was of a hue I have never seen before in a human face. Her hair, what I could perceive, was cut across her cheeks, the ends curling out and dipped apparently in bronze. Then she said in a voice that was husky and low, rather like a youth's:

"I—uh—I'd like to see—uh—someone of the people in this house. I think they said the name's Cogswell. Could I—uh—see this Mr. Cogswell?"

I looked at her over the tops of my spectacles.

"I am Professor Coswell," I said. "Will you step in?"

She stepped in, following me across the hall to our living room, where she stood a moment with her hands on the back of a chair.

"I—uh—maybe you know who I am already. I'm Mrs. Gildersleeve from next door. We've just rented that house, and that's what I want to say. I've got to make a complaint, Mr. Cogswell. It's about your dog. He got through the hedge yesterday and bit our bootlegger on the shin—before he got in all our Scotch. You may have seen a gray truck? Well, anyhow, he won't come back—our bootlegger, I mean—and we're going to be short. And let me tell you it'll get Bill Gildersleeve in anybody's back hair if we go short, the way things are in our crowd. . . . But what we're going to do now, I don't know. He was the best in Summerlea—that bootlegger. He always seryed papa and he only came over here as a favor. I don't believe there's anyone here in Wychgate that's got the real stuff in wet goods—unless"—she paused and looked at me directly—"unless you can get your man to supply us."

II

I DO not recall what I said. I am not sure that I said anything. I believe I motioned to a chair, and Mrs. Gildersleeve sat down.

Not to waste time, I suppose, she took from her pocket a gold box containing a mirror from which she drew a gold pencil and began to write rapidly upon her lips, underscoring many of her words. When she had written her sanguinary message to her liking she sighed, replaced the box and looked at me.

"You know," she said, "I don't give a hang about this hooch. I wouldn't care if I never saw another case as long as I live. It's done enough dirty work in my family, with papa going blind as an owl every so often, and my brother about ninety-proof most of the time. But Bill will have it. Not that he's so bad about it personally—for his own use. But if you want to keep in with our crowd you've got to hand it out or be a crape hanger. Anyhow, I couldn't hold Bill here in Wychgate without any, and I've got to hold him. So that's the only reason it worries me.

"You see, we've got to quiet down anyhow; that's why I came here. When I heard what it was like, I said to myself, 'That's the place for me and Bill—maybe I can hold him there.' On account of next October, you see; on account of the little new kid booked for the Gildersleeve family." *(Continued on Page 168)*

I Was Considerably Mauled and Winded, and it Took Me a Certain Time to Extricate Myself From the Band of Revelers

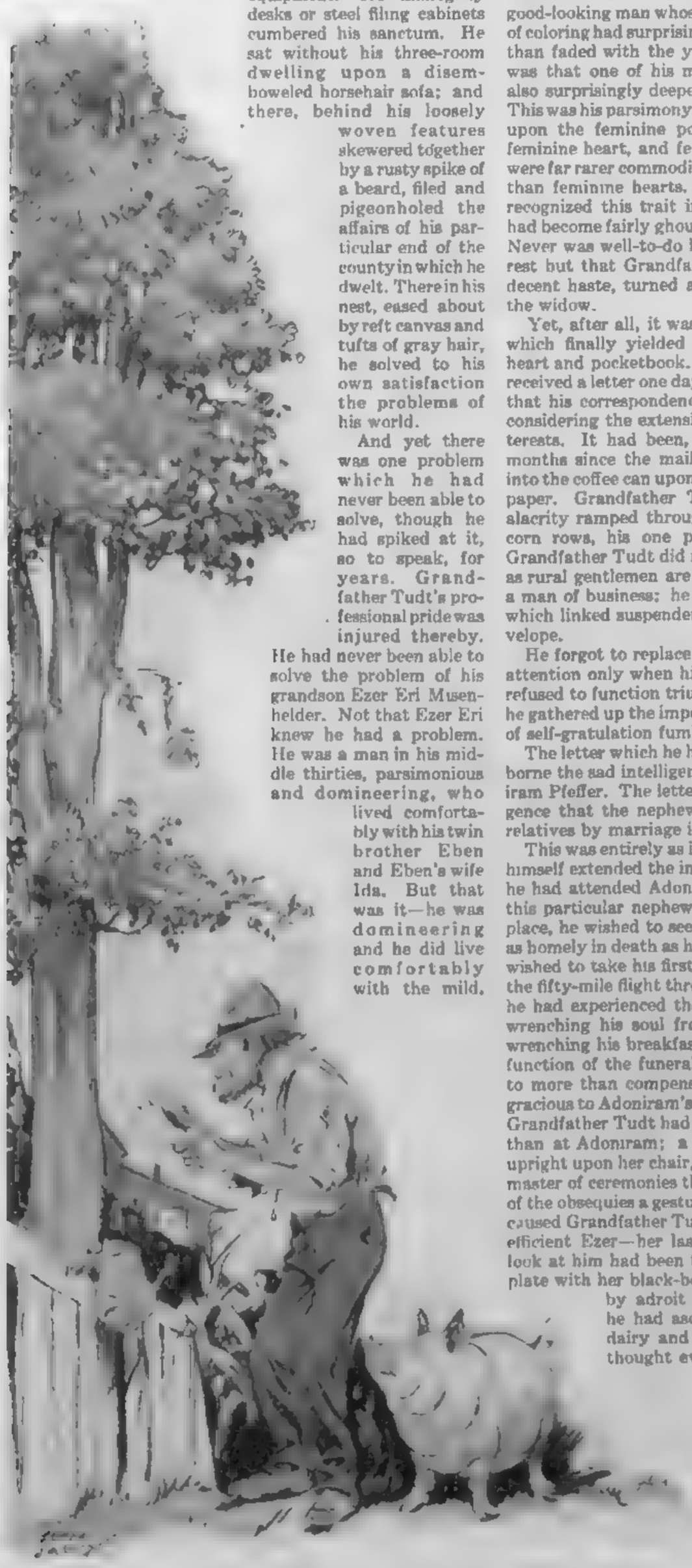
A DAIRY BY THE HORNS

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

GRANDFATHER Eri Tudt was a business man of large interests. Not that he had any business of his own; but his interests were large, nevertheless, comprising as they did the affairs of everyone of whom he had ever heard. Grandfather Tudt had no need of the mere externals of business equipment. No mahogany desks or steel filing cabinets cumbered his sanctum. He sat without his three-room dwelling upon a disemboweled horsehair sofa; and there, behind his loosely woven features skewered together by a rusty spike of a beard, filed and pigeonholed the affairs of his particular end of the county in which he dwelt. There in his nest, eased about by reft canvas and tufts of gray hair, he solved to his own satisfaction the problems of his world.

And yet there was one problem which he had never been able to solve, though he had spiked at it, so to speak, for years. Grandfather Tudt's professional pride was injured thereby. He had never been able to solve the problem of his grandson Ezer Eri Musenhelder. Not that Ezer Eri knew he had a problem. He was a man in his middle thirties, parsimonious and domineering, who lived comfortably with his twin brother Eben and Eben's wife Ida. But that was it—he was domineering and he did live comfortably with the mild, amiable couple. The comfort extended neither to Eben nor his wife, and certainly not to Grandfather Tudt, squinting down upon the Musenhelder ménage from the slope of his forty acres adjoining.



He Extracted From His Middle the Nail Which Linked Suspenders to Trousers and Deftly Slit the Envelope

The obvious solution, of course, was matrimony; and this might have been accomplished an unaccountable number of times, for Ezer was a large, good-looking man whose youthful freshness of coloring had surprisingly deepened rather than faded with the years. The difficulty was that one of his mental qualities had also surprisingly deepened with the years. This was his parsimony. Ezer looked rather upon the feminine pocketbook than the feminine heart, and feminine pocketbooks were far rarer commodities in Yings County than feminine hearts. Grandfather Tudt recognized this trait in his grandson and had become fairly ghoulish in consequence. Never was well-to-do burgher laid to final rest but that Grandfather Tudt, with indecent haste, turned appraising eye upon the widow.

Yet, after all, it was not Yings County which finally yielded the combination of heart and pocketbook. Grandfather Tudt received a letter one day. It cannot be said that his correspondence was burdensome, considering the extensive nature of his interests. It had been, to be exact, seven months since the mail carrier had thrust into the coffee can upon the gatepost aught save the weekly paper. Grandfather Tudt rose with alacrity and with alacrity ramped through the pleasant weeds between his corn rows, his one pig Joshua ramping along behind. Grandfather Tudt did not stand figuring out the postmark as rural gentlemen are supposed in like case to do; he was a man of business; he extracted from his middle the nail which linked suspenders to trousers and deftly slit the envelope.

He forgot to replace the nail. This was forced upon his attention only when his triumphantly returning footsteps refused to function triumphantly or otherwise. Even then he gathered up the impeding garment vaguely and in excess of self-gratulation fumbled toward his seat.

The letter which he had received seven months prior had borne the sad intelligence of the death of a nephew, Adoniram Pfeffer. The letter just received bore the glad intelligence that the nephew's widow was coming to visit her relatives by marriage in Yings County.

This was entirely as it should be. Grandfather Tudt had himself extended the invitation. Impelled by two reasons, he had attended Adoniram's funeral, though he had seen this particular nephew but thrice in his life. In the first place, he wished to see if Adoniram could possibly appear as homely in death as he had in life; in the second place, he wished to take his first ride upon a train. The memory of the fifty-mile flight through space was a harrowing one, for he had experienced the illusion that the iron demon was wrenching his soul from his body, whereas it was only wrenching his breakfast from his stomach; but the social function of the funeral had been sufficiently entertaining to more than compensate. Death had been surprisingly gracious to Adoniram's rough-hewn features; but, after all, Grandfather Tudt had looked rather at Adoniram's widow than at Adoniram; a good-looking young woman poised upright upon her chair, she had seemed rather a competent master of ceremonies than the chief mourner. At the close of the obsequies a gesture of hers, slight but significant, had caused Grandfather Tudt's mind to flit for a moment to the efficient Ezer—her last act for Adoniram after her final look at him had been to flick a bit of dust from his coffin plate with her black-bordered handkerchief. Later, when by adroit questioning among the neighbors he had ascertained that she owned a sizable dairy and a flock of Angora goats, he had thought even more inevitably of Ezer—Ezer believed that the chief end of man was to own a dairy.

Accordingly, Grandfather Tudt had, so to speak, taken the dairy by the horns; he had extended a handsome invitation to the widow, cannily suggesting in deference to a period of mourning that by the end of six months the year's crops would be harvested and an opportune season for visiting would then ensue.

"But He Might Mebbe Make Middling Pickle"

Seven months had now passed, the crops were harvested and Grandfather Tudt stood among the pleasantly moldering tin cans in his front yard felicitously fingering the widow's acceptance. Joshua grunted dismally and hoisted a question mark of a tail. Grandfather Tudt laughed vigorously and, as was his custom, communed aloud with the prophet. "I guess anyhow not!" His gaze swept proprietarily toward his slant-walled dwelling, his only sanctuary in the world from cleanliness and efficiency. "We ain't ever leaving no female scrubbing brushes come around here."

With such nonchalance might the original Adam have assured the first porcine creature ere he fell into that momentous sleep during which he suffered a major operation. Grandfather Tudt was not asleep at that moment, but he was mercifully unconscious that though he might retain all his ribs during the following days, he was not to retain his Edenic peace of mind. Joshua, on the other hand, remained transfixed to the spot, shaking his head prophetically.

Grandfather Tudt was seventy-one, looked sixty-one and felt seventeen. At the close of day he went leaping as a hart to the home of his twin grandsons.

Eben Eri, as usual, was still busy; he was grinding a scythe. Ezer Eri, as usual, was telling him how to do it. Ida, Eben's wife, came to the door, untying her apron. Small, golden white and stiffly starched, she slipped to a seat upon the doorstep and gazed with her calm, pleasant eyes at Grandfather Tudt.

"So she's coming fur to visit you," concluded Grandfather Tudt.

"Visit us?" Ezer's tilted chair legs struck the ground with a thud. "What's she visitin' us fur? We ain't wanting no stranger females around, eatin' strange meals off of us."

Eben, slower of speech, stopped the grindstone and looked at his wife.

"Yes, what's she comin' here fur? We wasn't ever relations with her."

"She might, mebbe, look down on us, a furriner from the town that way," sighed Ida.

Ezer searched his grandparent suspiciously.

"It's somepun ain't plain on the surface here. Answer me up now! At your age you ain't makin' up to some woman, was you?"

Grandfather Tudt raked his grandson with a knowing eye.

"No, I ain't leaving my forty acres to nothing by marriage till a while yet," he reassured dryly. "But, to be sure, if you ain't wanting a good-looking widow with a dairy and a crowd of them goats with the stylish hairs at and a cemetery lot running around with an iron fence and—well, and the dear knows what—what I am saying, if you ain't wanting such a rich and stylish visitor—a widow, mind you, with her man gone dead on her—I guess I could put her up mebbe."

Silence. Eben glanced at his wife. She glanced at him. Both their glances flew to Grandfather Tudt. In that

moment covert conspiracy was born. All three of the conspirators looked at Ezer. He was rasping the inside of his pipe with a meditative forefinger.

"A dairy, heh? Well"—he slowly filled the pipe—"now you went to work and inwited her a'ready, I guess we got to leave her come."

Eben released the grindstone into buoyant whir.

"Yes, I guess anyhow."

"I guess!" Ida clasped her little hands and laughed.

Mrs. Pfeffer came. Grandfather Tudt had not overestimated her charms. She was large and firmly molded; she stood and moved purposefully. Her ears were finely shaped and lay close against her strong black hair. Her eyes were as round as a camera lens and as swift in action; between clicks of the lids they picked up every detail within focus and absorbed it. Sometimes without smiling she seemed to smile; at such times she was accustomed to stand in meditative silence, elbow cupped in palm, screwing and unscrewing a pivot tooth. She spoke only when she had something to say; she was even disconcertingly reticent about her own affairs; yet she was the sort of whom one was always aware even in her silence. But, after all, the feature which best epitomized Mrs. Lena Pfeffer was her least conspicuous; it was her nose. It was a well-proportioned nose, but its profile showed it slightly arched along its ridge and slightly dipping at its end. The combination of that arch and that dip has founded many an empire and administered its affairs with efficiency and dispatch.

Even before she had alighted from the spring wagon which had conveyed her and her tightly roped trunk from the station, she had quietly remarked:

"You'd ought to set your waterin' trought more closer to your barn. It would save your steps for you. And then till it comes winter it wouldn't tromp such mud underfeet."

Ezer gazed at her, opened his mouth and closed it again. Indeed, that became his habitual reaction to the widow's frequent suggestions during the days which ensued. The tyrannical Ezer, who had always arranged all details without question from anyone, found himself going about ineptly opening and shutting his mouth. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, Mrs. Pfeffer's ideas were invariably so efficient that they drew his breath; and in the second place, by the time he got it again, her round eyes would be absorbed with something quite different.

"Outen that light!" she directed the first evening when Ida set the lamp as usual in the middle of the supper table. "You ain't needful fur it. Take and shove the table underneath that there one onto the wall. Them kind with the tin plates behind go easier on the oil."

"But the table ain't ever set anywheres but here," fluttered Ida.

By the time the words were out of her mouth the table had been pushed beneath the lamp with the tin reflector. The widow's arms were as strong as her mind.

"Nothing's where it used to was," little Ida confided to Grandfather Tudt three days later. "It ain't my house no more. Ach, my, it's like some such wind had come scritchin' through it. And you can't say nothing. She has got always her reasons by her."

"She helps anyway," suggested Grandfather Tudt.

"Ach, my, I guess she anyhow does!" sighed Ida. "Till the noon dishes is away, we are ready to set. But I ain't ever one to stay settin'. I want to keep on a-cleaning the day through, and it ain't nothing yet to clean. And she laughs still and she says oncet where she is beginning onto the barn till next week."

Grandfather Tudt glanced apprehensively toward his own dwelling, tilted crookedly against the afternoon sky. It looked frail and defenseless.

"Keep her into the house if youse otherwise kin!" he pleaded. "If she gits as fur as the barn a'ready, it's no saying how fur she'll spread. But see here! How's Ezer takin' her? Was he, just to say, making up to her any which way?"

Ida flushed delicately. She was not used to the ways of conspiracy.

"No, I'd hardly think he was, just to say, taking notice to her"—her hands worried her apron "but he sets and gapes on her a-plenty. And he's a-trying always to make her say if she's got a dairy or what. And the worst of it is," she added with apparent irrelevance, "a body likes her. She makes always so pleasant. And Ezer now—well, he appreciates himself so wonderful. S-ah!"

Toward them came Mrs. Pfeffer in long easy strides. She snatched an apple from a limb and bit into it strongly. Grandfather Tudt clutched his coat about him as though he too were about to be snatched.

"Oh-ho!" she cried gayly in her rich voice. "Don't go hiding it up! I seen a'ready where it ain't no buttons onto your shirt. Leave me see now. When kin I work it in? The barn ——" She cupped her elbow and began to unscrew her pivot tooth. "You live up there, ain't you? That little house a-teeterin' onto that pasture—that weedy pasture?"

Grandfather Tudt shook his head, nodded his head and backed into the gooseberry hedge. Indeed, if Gabriel had trumpeted to him in warning blast that his immaculate Martha, dead these twenty years, was due to rise and come toward him clanking broom and dust pan as of yore, his misery could not have been more profound. His breath puffed from him as though he had been struck in the midriff. But her absorbing gaze had roved from him to the apple, to the tree from which she had plucked it, to the small orchard.

"It's time fur to box these here apples."

"But we ain't ever boxing them," protested Ida. "We just let them so. It ain't enough fur to bother with. Sometimes we dry them and sometimes ——"

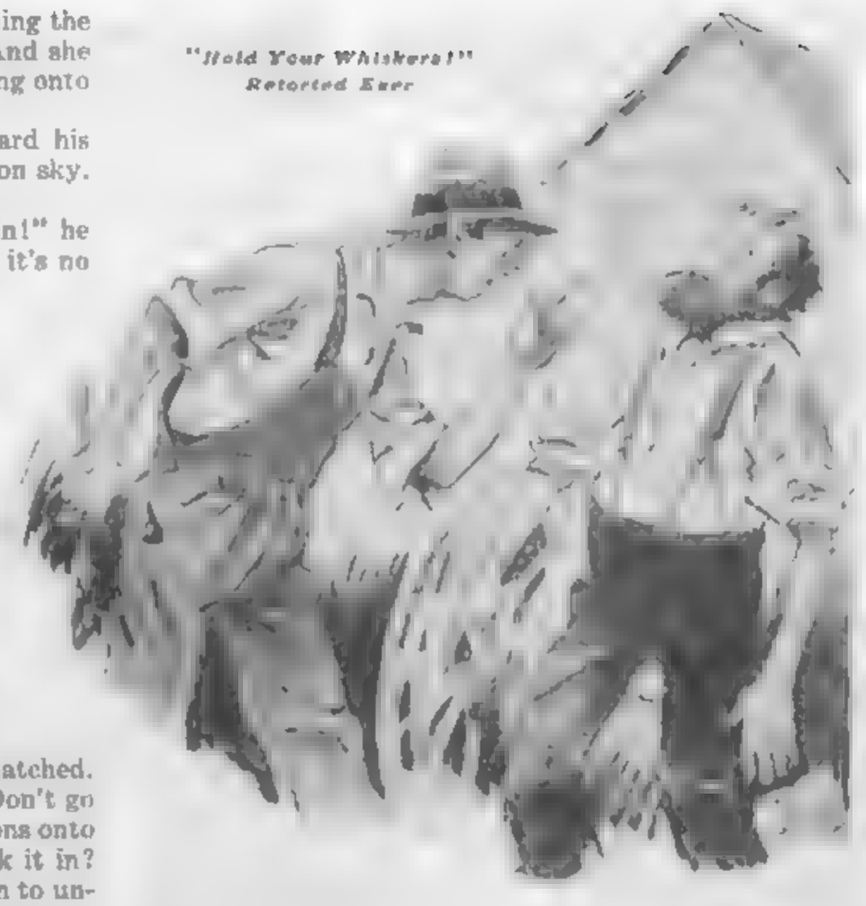
"This year is scarce of apples and you'll git more for them by the box," decided Mrs. Pfeffer. "It's either forty-five or either fifty boxes onto those trees; yes, I make no doubt, fifty. Dry the culls, of course." Her eye again lit with absorbing interest upon Grandfather Tudt. "It ain't any way fur you to do—live alone that way."

"But I ain't alone," chattered Eri. "I got Joshua and I got—well, some such others."

"Who's Joshua? Your hand, of course." She laughed deeply. "I would bet now he ain't any buttons onto his shirt either. Ain't so?"

"No," cried the demoralized Eri; "of course he ain't. To be sure, he ain't. But he's only a ——"

"I thought so! Well, I'll be seeing after both your shirts when I git to youse. Where would we git the boxes fur these apples now?"



"Hold Your Whiskers!" Retorted Ezer

"But see here!" squeaked Grandfather Tudt in a frenzy of terror. "Youse can't be wisting a feller where's a man that way! It wouldn't make moral; no, nur religious."

Mrs. Pfeffer neatly trimmed the core of the apple, while her black eyes above it looked down upon the loosely woven features knotting now in consternation. She aimed the core accurately at a sparrow.

"That's right too," she said. She was not smiling, though she looked as though she were. "I was forgetting to remember how young you was a'ready, grampop. And then, to be sure there's Joshua. . . . But these apples now. What's to hinder Ezer helpin' me pick these here whiles you make with the culls? He's strong. And, my, ain't he a looker? So pretty complected like what he is! It wonders me some woman ain't got him a'ready."

"Plenty enough wants him!" burst forth Grandfather Tudt with surprising volume considering his recent scarcity of breath. "And the female where stands up with him to say yes will be gitting someping aside his looks too. She'll be gitting a hunert acres of good bottom land."

It was neat. It was opportune. It was seed sown in good season. Grandfather Tudt took himself off, hugging his small frame in gratulation. He had accomplished much during the short conversation. Most important of all, of course, he had saved his own premises from threatened broom and dust pan. And he had definitely set the stage for Ezer—set it, so to speak, with the hundred bottom acres and an indefinite chorus of ladies in waiting. Not that Grandfather Tudt expressed himself in terms of the drama; he was thinking rather vaguely in terms of propinquity as he harried about in search of Ezer. Propinquity had turned the matrimonial scrubbing brush upon himself fifty years before; in fact ever since propinquity had wrought its first marvels in the Garden of Eden, it had been the most effective marriage broker known to the human race. And apples now. If Grandfather Tudt had pressed the analogy,

(Continued on Page 98)

Grandfather Tudt Smote His Breast After the Manner of the Mourners of Old

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

Midsummer at Stonehenge

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

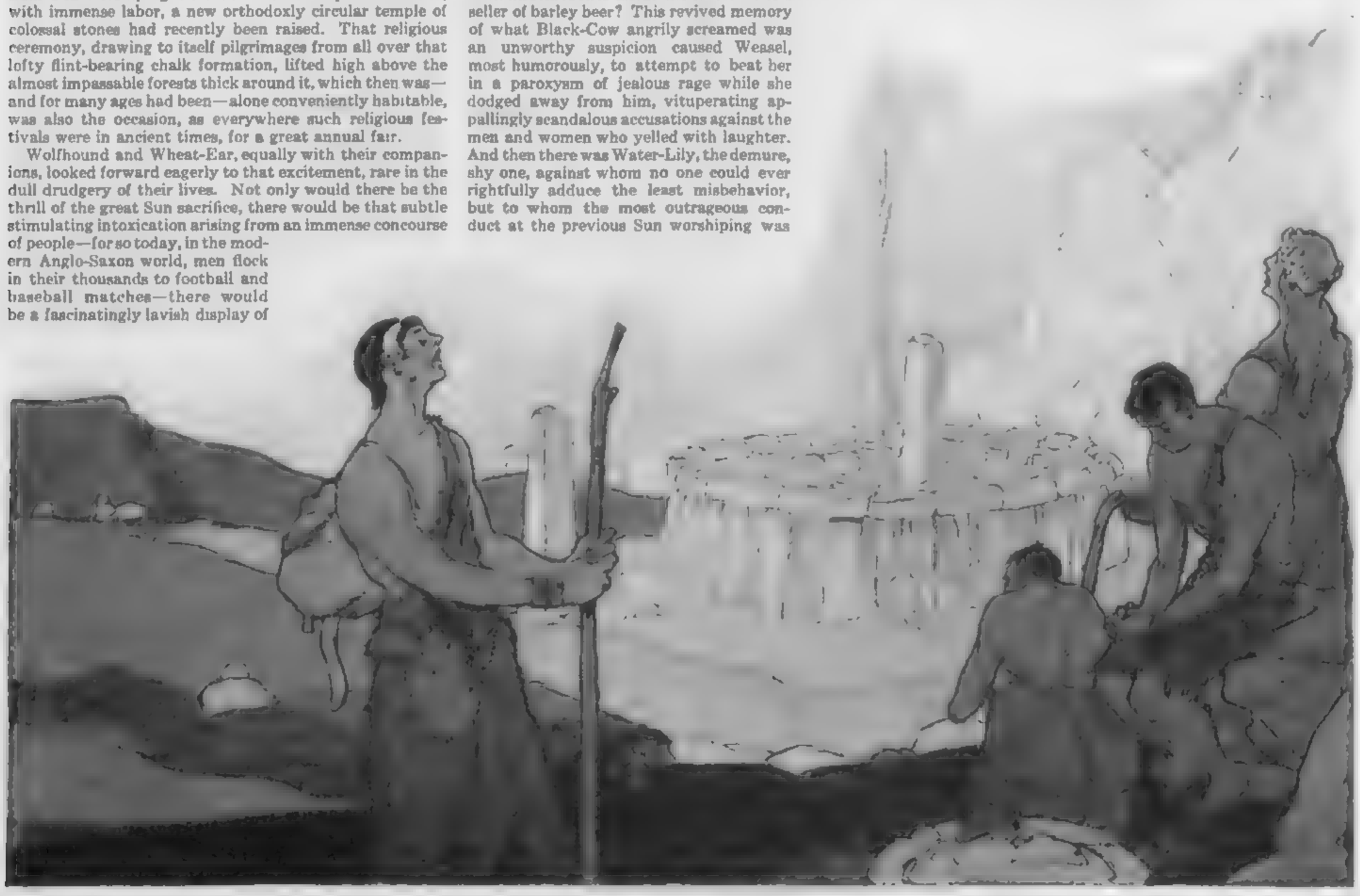
WOLFHOUND, the cattleman, driving before him a selection from his herd, and Wheat-Ear, his wife, trudged cheerfully in the long straggling procession of men, women, children and animals which followed the deep-worn track over the swelling, treeless, chalk downs. For so many thousands of years had those tracks been trodden by so many myriads of feet, that even now, after the lapse of nearly four thousand subsequent years, they may instantly be recognized by their excessively hard surface where the turf grows thin. Away on either side, clearly distinguishable in the bright early morning sunshine, other similar processions moved across those bare uplands, converging on a point that was still far distant. They, like the noisily merry train where Wolfhound and his wife sang with fresh young voices, had also that morning issued from their great hilltop fortresses, protected by chalk embankments of colossal height and cunning complexity, wherein not only they but their cattle had been sheltered from the dangers of the night. Only within the last generation or two had those mighty walls been heaped up. A new menace had added itself to that of the fierce packs of wolves, swarming in the low-level forests, against which for many centuries the unwalled hillside platforms, raised too high and too steeply for the upward-leaping wolf to reach, had given their cattle adequate security. Of late years a strange and formidable people, coming from across the narrow seas to the eastward, had harried in swift and terrible raids this primitive skin-clad folk who lived peacefully and industriously under the divine if alien theocracy of the sacred Children of the Sun. It was, however, a menace not for the moment imminent—thanks to its last hard-fought repulse, five years back—and neither Wolfhound nor Wheat-Ear gave any thought to it as they pursued their way happily over those abruptly elevated chalk downs which are the skeletal frame of Southern England, stretching northeastward from Dorsetshire to Salisbury Plain and thence dividing into three great ridges thrust far into Norfolk, Kent and Sussex. They and those other processions were journeying toward the great annual Sun worshiping on that vast nodal plateau where, with immense labor, a new orthodoxly circular temple of colossal stones had recently been raised. That religious ceremony, drawing to itself pilgrimages from all over that lofty flint-bearing chalk formation, lifted high above the almost impassable forests thick around it, which then was—and for many ages had been—alone conveniently habitable, was also the occasion, as everywhere such religious festivals were in ancient times, for a great annual fair.

Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear, equally with their companions, looked forward eagerly to that excitement, rare in the dull drudgery of their lives. Not only would there be the thrill of the great Sun sacrifice, there would be that subtle stimulating intoxication arising from an immense concourse of people—for so today, in the modern Anglo-Saxon world, men flock in their thousands to football and baseball matches—there would be a fascinatingly lavish display of all sorts of tempting and unheard-of novelties brought from unknown lands; there would be feastings and drinkings and love-makings; there would be who knew what of unexpected experience or adventure. As, under that already hot summer sun, they drove before them the cattle destined for the great market, carried on their heads or on a few pack ponies the skillfully homemade commodities they hoped to exchange for jet or amber or good bead money, they laughed and joked together crudely—and, it must be confessed, coarsely; their sense of humor reacting only to its most primitive stimulus.

There was, for example, Round-Paunch—as with many others, his doubtless prettier original designation had long ago been forgotten in a nickname derived from a physical characteristic. At last year's Sun worshiping Round-Paunch had succumbed to the attractions of some strange-looking foreign dancer women and had been discovered by his outraged spouse lying face downward in the mud, intoxicated to an insensibility impervious to her blows and kicks, and completely stripped of every article of value. He was now reminded of the occurrence, with a variorum commentary of suppositions as to what had really happened to him which goaded him to a highly amusing fury and which finally provoked his wife to unite with him, in shrill virago wrath, for his defense. There was also Black-Cow, the good-looking, strappingly built young wife of Weasel, the thin, squint-eyed, lame flint knapper. She also was reminded of an episode in her domestic history, with a realistic wit which exasperated her to furious *tu quoque* retaliations. For had she not been seen slipping surreptitiously into the long hut of the Sun-priest novices that time her morose husband was quarrelsomely gambling with knucklebones inside the skin tent of a seller of barley beer? This revived memory of what Black-Cow angrily screamed was an unworthy suspicion caused Weasel, most humorously, to attempt to beat her in a paroxysm of jealous rage while she dodged away from him, vituperating appallingly scandalous accusations against the men and women who yelled with laughter. And then there was Water-Lily, the demure, shy one, against whom no one could ever rightfully adduce the least misbehavior, but to whom the most outrageous conduct at the previous Sun worshiping was now gleefully imputed, though she protested vehemently, ludicrously at the point of tears.

So they went on, joyously, mile after mile over the bare downs shimmering in the heat haze of the summer sun, in just such an interchange of primitively ribald jocularities as pass between a string of African negroes padding along to one of their great jungle-surrounded fairs in this present year of grace. Wheat-Ear was earnestly recommended to keep a sharp eye on Wolfhound, he was exactly the sort of lad to run off with one of those fortune-telling women. And Wolfhound was similarly warned to keep a vigilant watch over his wife; not only were those Sun priests terrible fellows, but there were all manner of jugglers and tumblers to be feared, not to mention the strange-looking traders who came from beyond the sea and who were unscrupulous corrupters of morals.

Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear smiled at one another in a happy mutual confidence. Not long had they been wedded. They had been betrothed at last winter's fire festival, when they had leaped hand in hand together through the flames and smoke of the fiercely hot pyre. And they had been married, leaping together once more through the flames, amid the acclamations of the tribe at the spring fire festival, on the eve of the day when—a date regulated by the all-wise Sun priest—the cattle were released from their winter inclosures on the hilltop. On that occasion, the terrified cattle had also been driven through the flames, to make them one with the fire god high in the sky and thus immune to pestilence and the ravages of the wolves that were so accursedly numerous in the low-lying adjacent forest. Very happy were Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear together in the newness of their wedded bliss. Their conical hut of skin-covered poles, in the village of such congregated within the colossal gleaming-white chalk walls of the settlement, was to them a transfigured temple of miraculous felicity, of the strange and inexhaustible ecstasy of mutual love. They kept it quite uncommonly clean, vied with one another in bringing wild flowers—she from the narrow hillside terraces of plowland where she hoed the

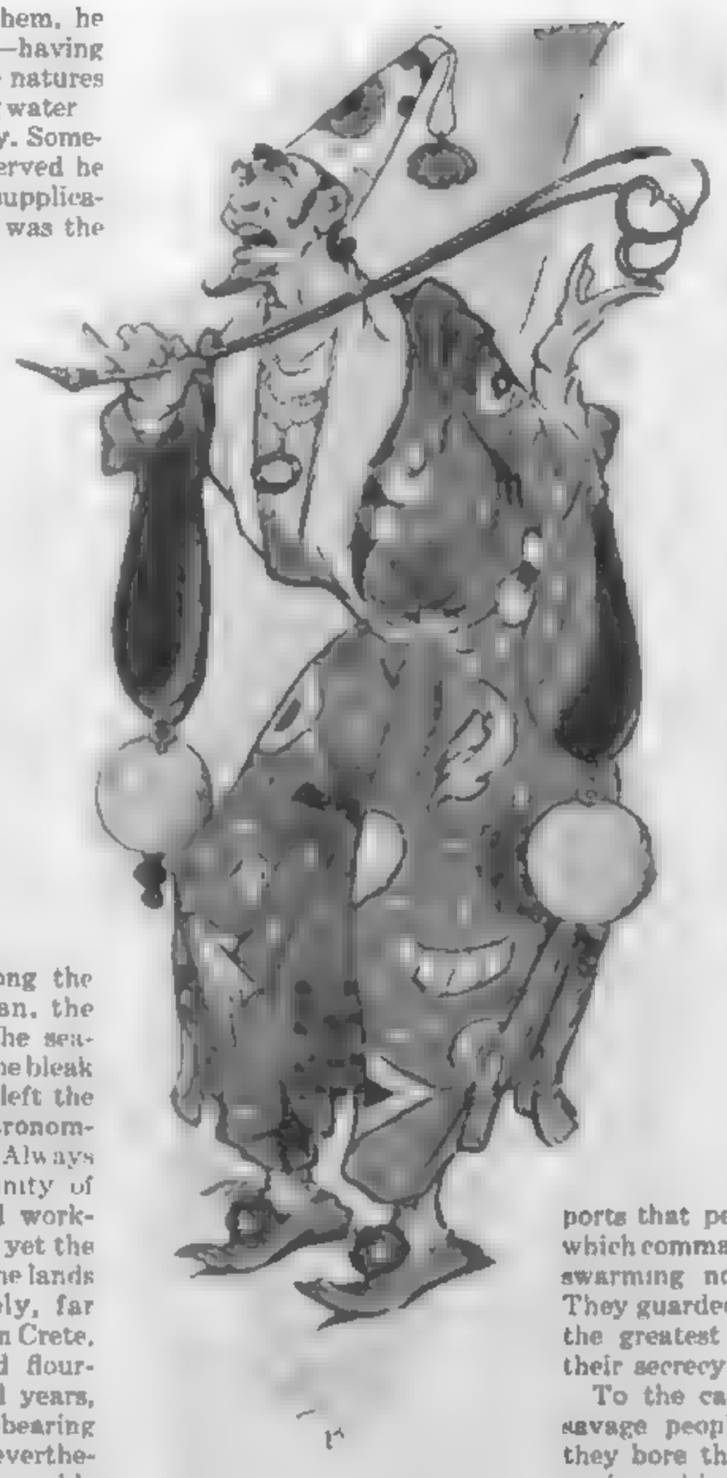


In the Center of That Far-Stretching Agglomeration of Huts and Tents Gleaming in

corn, he from the low-lying cattle pastures cleared from the woodland—wherewith to decorate it, each in delightful surprise for the other. Robustly youthful she was, with strong, straight, bare limbs issuing from her short skin tunic, with honest eyes in a face freckled by constant exposure to the weather. And he was athletically muscular—could he not wrestle with his own cattle, throw them to the ground with a powerful cunning twist on their long almost straight horns?—candid and pleasing in his primitive simplicity of soul. Very happy they were as, for the first time as a wedded couple, they journeyed together to the excitement of the great Sun worshiping, feeling in that bright morning that all the world was happy too.

Nevertheless, despite those other distant processions trailing across the bare downs, by no means all the world was going to the fair. On the great bowlder-strewn stretches to either side of them they could see the spearmen-guarded slave gangs at work. Some, in crude white gashes of freshly excavated chalk, were digging the shafts of flint mines, where, twenty feet down, they would toil crouchingly and perilously in the low radiating galleries to extract the precious silex. Others were laboring at the alluvial deposits of tin ore and gold left strewn by past glacial periods all over this rough and elevated land. You will look as vainly for those metals there today as you would in those prehistoric gold fields worked for ages by the ancient Egyptians. None of that tin ore was smelted in the country, nor did Wolfhound have any idea of such a process or know what ultimately became of it. The peculiar black stone which the superior Sun people were so eager to find, and which the slave gangs bore back each day in the great heavy lumps they smashed from the rock, passed out of his knowledge when the slave porters hoisted to their shoulders the poles of the stretchers on which it was heaped and wound their way in long procession down to the distant sea. Thither, to a like mysterious destination, also went the yellow metal washed and sieved from the pay dirt by other miserable slaves. Very sacred was that metal, participating of the nature of the Sun God himself, and fearsomely taboo for any but the Sun people—themselves all sublimely kin to the luminary—to possess. Wolfhound, a free man and no slave, would have shrunk with superstitious horror from the touch of it.

To Wolfhound and his joyous fellow travelers these surrounding activities were too familiar to merit even a passing thought. Slaves were slaves. As for the exalted Sun people, whom he and his like docilely and superstitiously obeyed, he was content to regard them as incomprehensibly mysterious, as untouchable incarnations of that almighty Sun God whom they had taught his own remote ancestors to worship with appropriate ceremony. Nevertheless, privately, on no account to be discovered to them, he cherished certain other gods—having the more comfortably intimate natures of stone, or tree, or rare running water of even more primitive antiquity. Sometimes, too, when safely unobserved he would make not inefficacious supplications to the wise old bull who was the leader of the herd, and was surely also himself a god. Already for many centuries, perhaps even for more than a thousand years—although he had no conception of such a period of time the Sun people had been established in the land where one of their sublime race was a god-incarnate king.



A Dealer in Magic Charms

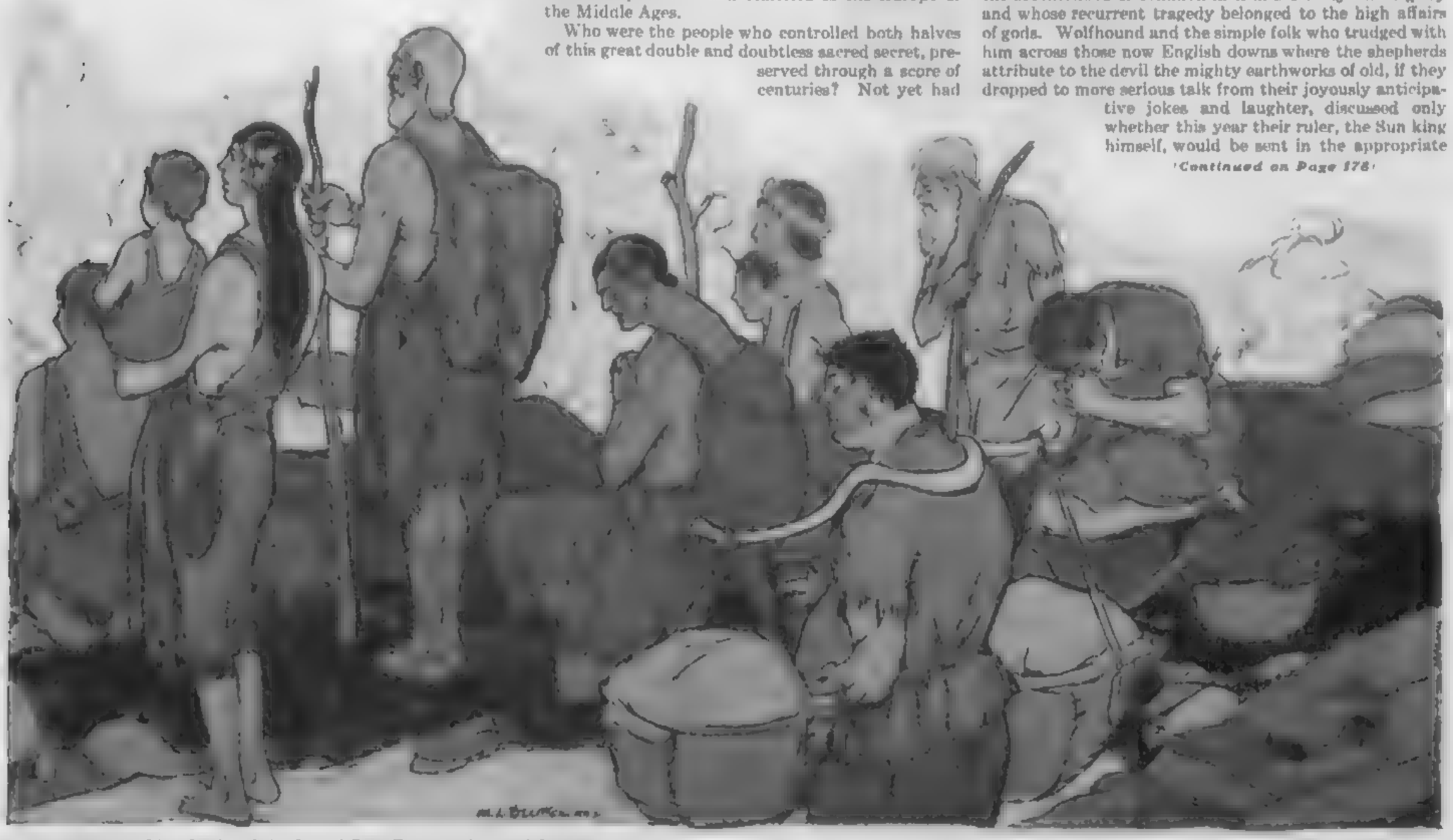
From time immemorial these people had set the local folk searching for the peculiar black rocks, for the grains of sun metal, which they valued so highly and which they dispatched none knew whither.

Mysterious they were to him, and hardly less mysterious are they to us. Who were these people who, from India to Scandinavia, on a route that is a sea route along the coasts of the Mediterranean, the westward coast of France, the sea-encompassed land of Britain, the bleak islands of the Hebrides, have left the megalithic temples of their astronomically scientific sun worship? Always those temples are in the vicinity of ancient alluvial tin and gold workings. They sought for metals, yet the use of metals was unknown in the lands they dominated. Conversely, far away, in Babylonia, in Egypt, in Crete, bronze-using civilizations had flourished already for a thousand years, but to them the distant tin-bearing Atlantic islands, whence, nevertheless, came to them that indispensable 10 per cent alloy which converts soft copper into hard enduring bronze, were as utterly unknown and unsuspected as was America to the Europe of the Middle Ages.

Who were the people who controlled both halves of this great double and doubtless sacred secret, preserved through a score of centuries? Not yet had appeared those Phœnicians who later were to found Sidon and Tyre and in their turn, for hundreds of years, to keep inviolate the inherited or spied-out secret of the sea route to the tin islands—not until after the fall of the ancient Cretan sea empire were their ships to become the common carriers of the Mediterranean world, nor did they ever do more than trade precariously on the coasts where their then-vanished predecessors had established a despotic theocracy comparable only to those of Egypt and Peru. The hypothesis of a lost Atlantis, which would explain many enigmas of that far-distant past, is today as scientifically unpopular as was the belief in the real existence of Troy until Doctor Schliemann dug it up and revealed it as an incontrovertible fact. Whencesoever they came, it is at least certain that these mysterious Children of the Sun maintained, for many centuries, mid-route entrepôts in the vicinity of Cadiz and on the coast of Portugal, whither their little crude ore-laden ships came from the stormy north, and whence they departed again to Crete, to Egypt, to the primitive Syrian ports that pertained to Babylonia, to Troy which commanded the Dardanelles gate to the swarming nomad tribes on the Black Sea. They guarded with amazing fidelity perhaps the greatest secret ever kept by man, and their secrecy still envelops them.

To the cattle-raising, agricultural, semi-savage people over whom they held sway they bore the same relation as to their Peruvian subjects did the curiously similar Inca race of three thousand years later. They were a divine fact, beyond impious question, divorced from the brotherhood of common men in a destiny whose glory and whose recurrent tragedy belonged to the high affairs of gods. Wolfhound and the simple folk who trudged with him across those now English downs where the shepherds attribute to the devil the mighty earthworks of old, if they dropped to more serious talk from their joyously anticipative jokes and laughter, discussed only whether this year their ruler, the Sun king himself, would be sent in the appropriate

(Continued on Page 178)



the Sun Rose the Thin Smoke of the Sacred Fire, Twisting Skyward From the Altar

NAME YOUR POISON, GENTS

By Walton Green

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IF YOU happen to see a truckload of barrels on a city street, with only one full layer of barrels standing properly on end, and with a scattered lot of barrels lying sideways on top of the first tier, it is a fair chance that the truck is wrong and that the barrels contain bootleg alcohol on its way to a cooking plant.

The reason for that is this: Most bootleg plants are surreptitious and temporary affairs, necessarily without loading platforms or mechanical hoists. Now it's fairly easy to hand-hoist and upend the first tier of barrels, but the second layer has to be started as soon as the first two rows of the first tier are in position, because the eight-foot lift from the ground to the second tier can't be negotiated without a hoist. Hence the presumption of guilt against the otherwise lusty-looking truck whose top layer of barrels is obviously abbreviated.

It was just such an invitingly uneven truckload that caught the facile notice of a pair of New York hijackers one fine spring evening. The time was several years ago—before the better minds in the big bootleg rings had begun to organize their counter-hijacker system of guerrilla gangs—before the day when the lesser crooks who prey on the greater crooks had begun to specialize in either hijacking or shaking down. It was, in short, before the present era of intelligent subdivision of criminal effort, and our two friends were merely cruising about town looking for any kind of trouble with money in it.

They were in a touring car, proceeding leisurely up Broadway, when they spotted a tarpaulin-covered truck whose half-filled top layer under the canvas plainly spelled barrels, and bootleg loading at that. In a traffic jam, they got close enough to get a glimpse under a corner of the 'paulin. Barrels lots of 'em—and pasted all over with coveted red labels denoting pure alcohol! There were only two men on the truck and nervous-looking guys at that.

At this point our free-lance gentry definitely became hijackers for the rest of the day. They dropped back discreetly in their car, and then, very carefully, very patiently and very skillfully, they trailed the alcohol truck four miles uptown and over to an East Side thoroughfare. Occasionally the truck driver would look back quickly—not long enough to discover the fact that he was being trailed, but quite enough to advertise two things—that he was a crook and that he was an amateur crook.

Lost: One Truck and One Fur Coat

FINALLY the truckmen pulled their crowning bone. They stopped the truck, got out and walked back half a block to a barber shop and proceeded to buy themselves shaves. Our hijacker friends just naturally drove bang up in front of the barber shop, where the driver developed sudden motor trouble and raced his engine, while his pal walked coolly ahead and drove the alcohol truck away under cover of the din.

Later they met at their garage, unloaded the truck, drove it out and abandoned it for the police to find. They had thirty-seven barrels of grain alcohol, at the then market price of fifteen dollars a gallon. They could do nothing more that evening except telephone and arrange for the sale of the alcohol, delivery to be made next day at noon. Then they parted for the night, Crook Number One to celebrate and Crook Number Two to repair to the bosom of his family.

Crook Number Two was named—well, let us say, Andrew Weiss. It is a pleasure to touch for a moment on the sterling domestic side of Andrew's character. He did not celebrate. On the contrary, he went straight home and told his wife to go down to La Chance Frères in the morning and buy that $4800 fur coat she wanted. Then he went to bed and slept the sleep of the fearless in heart.

The next morning Mrs. Andy hurried over to Fifth Avenue and ordered the coat sent home, while Andrew proceeded to the garage to meet his buyers and to close the title, as the lawyers would say. The buyers were on hand, and the *money* was on hand in those nice, old, dirty, unidentifiable grands so dear to the hearts of crookdom—and the barrels were opened and sampled. They contained wood alcohol.

Most of Our Thirsty Millions, Most of Our Drinking Classes, Take Their Booze as They Find It, With Sublime Confidence in the Protective Power of a Label

Now the low-down on the story is this: The truck drivers—an amateurish pair, as we have seen, but ingenious—had bought their secondhand truck on notes, and the notes were about to fall due. So they stole the wood alcohol off a Brooklyn pier, stole a handful of red grain-alcohol labels and arranged to deliver the murderous shipment to a certain cutting plant run by a gang of credulous and avaricious foreigners. The town where the plant was located was notoriously a sucker town—it was around this time that wood alcohol from an embalmer in a near-by city killed a dozen people in that vicinity—and our trucking friends figured on reaching town in the small hours of the morning, when it would be impossible for the buyers to take samples and have the stuff analyzed. They would allay suspicion by leaving their truck as security, get their money and blow.

The plan was fine, and it might have worked—had they only possessed the common-sense courage to park their truck in front of the barber shop. As it was, they lost their truck, La Chance Frères lost the sale of a fur coat and Mrs. Andy lost confidence in her husband's business judgment. But some people in the town did not lose their lives.

All this occurred, of course, in the earlier days of prohibition, when the gentle trade of public poisoning was in its infancy, when methods were crude and markets credulous, when death as well as dollars lurked in every barrel of supposed alcohol. Nowadays there are still sporadic outputs of wood alcohol, to be sure; but with the vastly increasing supply of semidenatured alcohol, the criminal necessity for resorting to completely poisonous mixtures is fortunately growing less and less. There is far less immediately deadly whisky on the market and far more slow poison; the process is gradual and homeopathic, so to speak, rather than acute. In the early days a few leading alcoholics in the several strata of our social structure took it upon themselves to die dramatically or go blind in defense of a principle or in response to a craving. Nowadays all our best little drinkers are cheerfully offering their brains and their stomachs and their kidneys and various other innards in a brave attempt to determine the breaking point of the human system under cumulative poison.

Now, of course—unless you agree with those who maintain that alcohol is a poison *per se*—it would be absurd exaggeration to say that all liquor which is being consumed in America is an active poison. In truth, probably far less than 1 per cent at the bottom of the scale is deadly poison, while certainly less than 1 per cent at the top of the scale is genuine liquor. All the rest, all the great 98 per cent middle bulk, is more or less poisonous, more or less adulterated, and therefore rather more than less injurious to human beings.

A Matter of Degree

THE pathetic thing about it is that the average drinker regards poisonous liquor as the normal child regards death—he thinks it happens to everyone except himself! But the government chemists know that each average drinker takes into his system ninety-nine impure and harmful drinks for every genuine drink that he imbibes. There is no question of the fact of poison—it is a matter of degree only.

Now these statements are admittedly general; and as a sapient Frenchman once remarked, "All generalizations are untrue—including this one!" So let us go a little further into detail. Very recently the government field chemists were directed to answer a questionnaire on the character of the samples of seized liquors which come to their laboratories for analysis. There are twenty-two field laboratories, corresponding to the twenty-two prohibition administrative districts in the continental United States. Reports have been received from thirteen out of the twenty-two, and these thirteen are so distributed as to give a pretty fair picture of conditions at the moment of writing. The questionnaire asked for the percentages of U. S. Pharmacopœia whisky, synthetic whisky with a pure alcohol base, true Scotch, fake Scotch, fake gin, spirits made from specially denatured alcohol, wood-alcohol concoctions, and so on, which had been found in all samples seized.

The first return is from that staid center of alcoholic density, good old Philadelphia. Our chemist reports 1.5 per cent of genuine spirits of all sorts, 6 per cent synthetic gin, 4 per cent denatured-alcohol mixtures, and 20 per cent moonshine. But—and here Philadelphia tops the list for the country—69 per cent of all samples analyzed was synthetic whisky made from alcohol, 63 per cent of it pure alcohol at that. It is not for nothing that Philadelphia is the premier industrial-alcohol city. You have one and a half chances out of a hundred to get a genuine drink in Philadelphia.

From here we take a long jump to the limpid shores of the Pacific. The government man in San Francisco admits 8 per cent of genuine whisky; which, by the way, is the best report next to Buffalo, and eight times greater than the average

It Becomes Advisable to Give the Case Goods the Appearance of Having Stood a Hard Sea Voyage

of genuine stuff the country over. But he is a gloomy chap in spite of relatively good liquor surroundings. Says he:

"Not more than three or four samples of Scotch have been received which I would consider genuine aged whisky." And as for gin: "I believe we have not had a single sample of genuine imported gin this year."

He reports 62 per cent of jackass brandy, which is a sort of California carry-all term embracing both moonshine and the third-rail whisky of the Eastern States. On this subject he is positively morose:

"The term 'jackass brandy,' as used locally, includes brandy and corn whisky, distilled wine and all kinds of spirits made in illicit stills. Comparatively small amounts of pure and denatured alcohol are used, although the use of specially denatured alcohol has increased considerably within the last year."

Eight chances out of a hundred to get a real drink in San Francisco.

The man in Southern California is also something of a pessimist, though he boasts a very creditable 3.5 per cent of real stuff.

"In my opinion," says he, "10 per cent of the distilled spirits made in California contain wood alcohol in very minute quantities. The chief poisons from jackass brandy and moonshine products in this district are fusel oil, metal salts and a poison similar to ptomaine poisoning, coming from distilled spirits made from a mash consisting chiefly of rotten fruits."

Three and a half pure drinks out of a hundred in Los Angeles!

So far our record of genuine liquor is excellent—way above the average of 1 per cent. But we've got to work back from the sunny land that seems to have more than its fair share of safety. Our next stop is St. Louis.

St. Louis is a little depressing. The government man there says that he found only ten or twelve instances of genuine aged-in-the-wood liquor out of the 5000 samples analyzed:

"On the basis of 5000 liquor samples examined during the past calendar year, you can readily see that the percentage of this class -aged-in-the-wood spirits- is almost negligible, or three-tenths of 1 per cent."

No, the St. Louis record is bad; of all returns received, it ranks lowest in genuine liquor. Apparently in St. Louis you have just three chances out of 1000 of getting a really good old-time drink.

Pittsburgh is no better. Says the administrator in that district:

"Checking over the distilled spirits analyzed by our chemist, I find only three samples out of each 1000 to be genuine whisky."

Checking Up on Evil Spirits

PITTSBURGH and St. Louis seem to be running neck and neck in the graveyard stakes.

There's a reason. The farther inland you get, the farther you are removed from the coast line and border supply of smuggled stuff. It's a matter of geographical infiltration. The penetration of imported liquor becomes less and less, whilst the percentage of artificial substitutes shows a corresponding rise.

That being so, let us try a city on the northeastern border. From Buffalo comes an excellent report—a very cheering one after those dismal figures from the interior. If you must drink, go to Buffalo. The Buffalo chemist reports 12 per cent genuine whisky out of all samples examined—which is better than San Francisco and Los Angeles put together, and far and away better than any other city which has yet sent in its returns.

That's what comes of living on an international lake with nothing but an imaginary line between you and the real stuff. The fact that even Buffalo has 88 per cent of synthetic or moonshine or rotgut or worse, should be no deterrent to the earnest seeker.

And now for New York. New York, the greatest and wealthiest city in the world, the biggest producer and consumer of alcohol in the whole land, the center of most of the bootleg brains and money in America. New York, blasé and sophisticated, the original wise-guy city of the world, the great urban sponge waiting to absorb every genuine drop that trickles in from Rum Row.

Yes, New York is all these things. And by virtue of this geographical, financial and alcoholic eminence New York might reasonably be expected to command a fair share of the best in booze. Not so. For, after all is said and done, New York is the biggest boob town of all time. It is only fair to add that New York never denies this. Give ear for a time to the report of the government chemist in New York:

"With reference to saloons, speak-easies and cabarets, I would say that 95 per cent of the rye, Scotch and gin samples are synthetic products and that 85 per cent of the alcohol used in preparing them is recovered denatured alcohol, leaving a possibility of the other 10 per cent being prepared with straight alcohol."

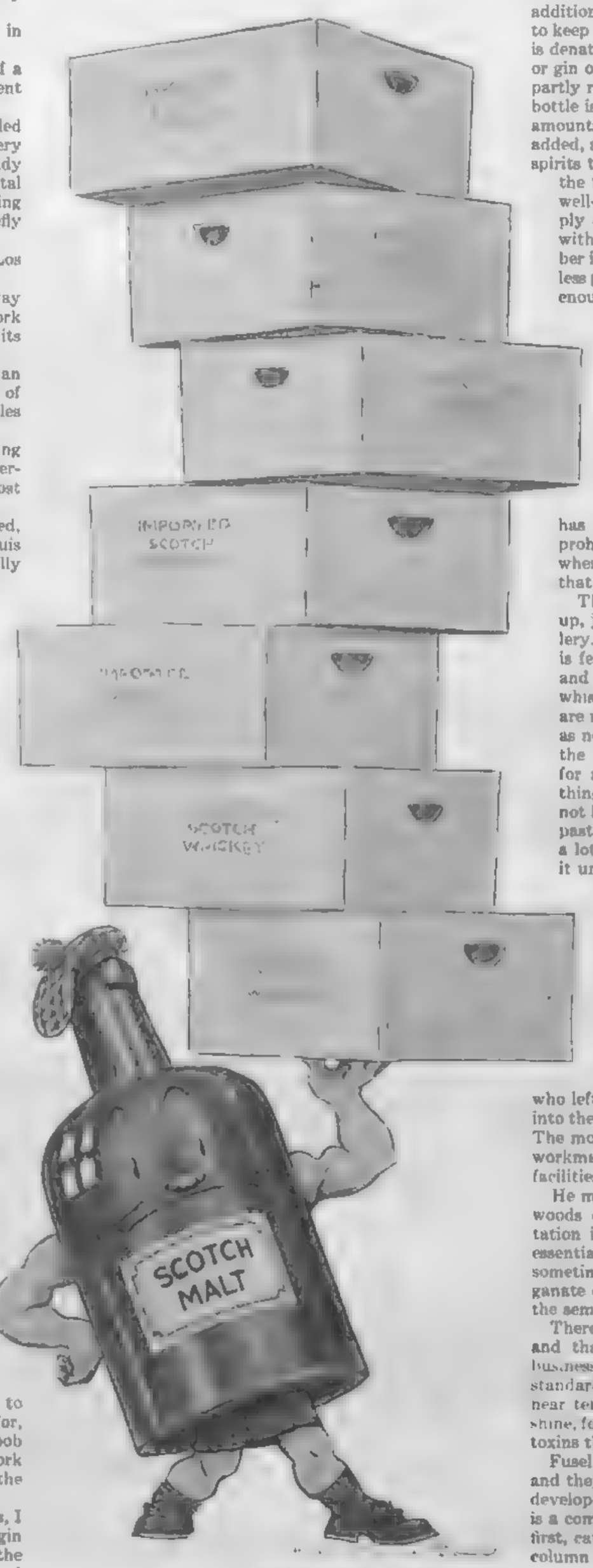
Compare this 10 per cent with the 63 per cent of pure alcohol claimed for old synthetic Philadelphia! But let the New York chemist continue:

"Moonshine whisky in this locality—3 to 4 per cent of all beverages—is very rank and raw, containing in most cases a high percentage of aldehydes and other substances found in the heads and tails of the mash.

"I do not recall having analyzed a single sample of straight whisky coming from a saloon, cabaret or speak-easy, but occasionally we receive a sample from other sources—containing 25 or 30 per cent of whisky mixed with colored alcohol. One per cent would be a fair average and 2 per cent would certainly be a maximum for this kind of sample. This applies not only to the small dealer but the larger ones as well, who are doing a mail-order business." And then he adds that out of thousands of samples analyzed he found absolutely no straight rye whisky and absolutely no genuine gin.

But that is enough on the lugubrious side of this subject. The half dozen cities cited were deliberately chosen as representing the best and the worst reports received from more than half the country. Not conclusive, perhaps, but pretty strongly indicative of what you get nowadays when you are asked to step up and name your poison, gents.

Now, as we have seen from these chemists' reports, every drink known to bibulous America can be—and much of the time is—made wholly synthetically and without the addition of a single drop of genuine stuff. The great point to keep constantly in mind is that what we are drinking is denatured alcohol—not Scotch or bourbon or rye or Irish or gin or Bacardi, but industrial alcohol with the poison partly removed. The principal ingredient of every illicit bottle is nothing more than recooked alcohol, with varying amounts of water, sugar, coloring and flavoring extracts added, and with perhaps a percentage of genuine smuggled spirits to give it tone and character. This is true despite the fact that the big booties and the proprietors of well-organized bottling plants usually command a supply of imported liquor which they cut several ways with alcohol. But the bedroom bottler—and his number is legion—has long ago quit the expensive and needless practice of adding real whisky. He has to pay high enough anyway for his phony bottles and labels, and for his alki, which he buys five or ten gallons at a time—competition is fierce among the small fry. But more of him later. Our immediate concern is with his source of supply.



Rum Essence is Even More Powerful Than Scotch Malt

The Eclipse of the Moonshine

THERE are two kinds of illicit stills, and they are usually confused in the casual mind. They are the moonshine still and the cooking plant. The moonshine still of the mountains has always been with us. It was with us long before prohibition was ever thought of, and it will be with us when prohibition is forgotten one way or another—if that day ever arrives.

The moonshine still makes whisky from the ground up, just as whisky used to be made in a regular distillery. That is to say, from a grain or other mash, which is fermented and the alcohol-laden vapor distilled off and condensed into the colorless liquor which is raw whisky. If the mash is properly prepared, if the utensils are reasonably clean, if the temperature is so regulated as not to bring over poisonous alcohols, and finally, if the resultant raw whisky is aged and colored in wood for a few years to remove the fusel oil—if all these things occur, there is no reason why moonshine should not be as healthful as lawfully made spirits. And in the past—in the good old mountaineer days—there was a lot of moonshine that was bad only in the sense that it unlawfully escaped the revenooers.

But the romantic days of mountain dew are past. Revenooers and mountaineers still kill one another, for now the moonshine still is breaking the prohibition laws as well as the internal revenue laws; but they kill one another over a dirtily distilled and fiery raw product which can't be made fast enough or bad enough to satisfy even the local demand.

Moonshining has ceased to be the picaresque and semi-prideful calling of the hardy mountain feudist. The straight-shooting old-timer who left his jug of corn at the crossroads has been merged into the new and sordid riffraff of the country underworld. The moonshiner of today is generally a lazy and ignorant workman, without scruple and without the knowledge, the facilities or the time to turn out a drinkable product.

He makes his mash in filthy barrels or tubs in the open woods or in dirty cellars, so that unwholesome fermentation is set up and wild yeasts develop. Speed is the essential. If the mash won't ferment fast enough, he sometimes adds lye to hurry it; and sometimes permanganate of potash, a deadly poison, may be added to give the semblance of age to the finished product.

There is only one thing worse than synthetic whisky, and that is moonshine whisky. The synthetic-whisky business is bad enough, but at least it is becoming so standardized that the alcoholic casualty can come pretty near telling what has poisoned him. Not so with moonshine, for moonshine is capable of producing a dozen erratic toxins that the distiller himself knows nothing of.

Fusel oil and aldehyde are the commonest, of course, and they are generously present in raw whisky that has developed wild yeasts and other bacteria. Fusel oil, which is a combination of those higher alcohols which come over first, can be eliminated only by rectification in an alcohol column or by long aging in wood.

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MAJORITY RULES

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY, January 12, 186— i feal better today and am up and dressed. but i am as stif as a peace of birned tost. i am well enuf to go out but i gnew the fellers in school wood maik fun of me for riding with a girl the naime of whitch i shall never speek again, and becaus i got tiped over and run away with. so i told mother i dident feal able to waulk down to school and back and so she told Cele to go in and ask old Francis what the xamples were and what the other lesons were and to bring my books back.

i told mother i was afrade it mite maik my head ake to study but she sed it mite maik sum other part of me ake if i went back to school and missed in all my lesons. mother is funny sumtimes but father is funny all the time xcept when he gaws me. i am going to have Cele help me this afternoon as the Robinson female Semminery dont have school in the afternoon.

Tuesday, January 13, 186— dident go to school today. i told mother i was still two stif and lame. yesterday afternoon Cele did all my xamples and xplaned them to me. i told her i was willing to talk her wird for them but she maid me understand them. i sed i cood copy them and hand them in and it wood be all rite but she asted me what wood hapen if my teecher, she ment old Francis, shood ask me to xplane them and i sed i wood probly get a licking but it was part of the fun to see if i cood maik him beleeve i was smart. then she sed it was cheeting and i sed what of it. ennyway she wirked with me all afternoon.

i think she is two particular. tomorrow i am going to feal prety bad in the forenoon and be better after dinner so i can go down to the Chadwicks becaus we dont have school wensday afternoon.

Wensday, January 14, 186— what do you think. this morning i dident feal well enuf to go to school. mother sed she thougt i was well enuf but finaly she sed all rite and i staid at home. she let me go out to feed Nellie but woodent let me ride becaus she sed i was two sick and she maid me come in. well after dinner i told her i felt so mutch better that i cood waulk down town if i dident hurry. she looked at me kind of funny and sed i never cood look your father in the face if i let you over xert yourself after so serius a sickness. then i sed but i am fealing all rite now. but she sed i am verry glad but i cant take enny risk. you mite have a relaps and be wirse than ever so i have told Cele to spend the afternoon with you and your school books an tomorrow i shall feal sure you will be reddy for school.

well i was mad and what maid it wirse was when after dinner Bug come up and wanted me to come down to his house. they was going to plug stewdcats with snowballs and they had got a big gang of fellers. Tady Finton and Scott Brigam and Pacer Gooch and Jack Finn and Ros Tomson and Luke Mannix and Fatty Gilman and the twin Browns and Skinny Bruce and Frank Elliott all of whitch can plug snowballs and fite two. but mother woodent let me go and what do you think. i had to study with Cele all wensday afternoon while evrybody else in the hoal wirld was having a good time whitch is what wensday and Saturday afternoons is ment for.

darn it all, after what i have went throug with that girl the naime of whitch i shall never speek again and after having been almost fataly ingered by a runaway horse and risked my life and lim this is moar than i can bare. darn it darn it darn it darn it. there.

Thirsday, January 15, 186— went to school today and maid good resitations all day. old Francis seamed to think i was a prety good feller. but i felt auful bad to think i had missed the snowball fite. they had the best snowball fite that ever was. they piched into sum stewdcats going down to the academy yard and pluged them good and they pluged back and the fellers drove them to the academy yard and paisted them auful but a lot of other stewdcats come piling out of their rooms hollering rescu rescu and they had a big fite and finaly a feller from New York naimed Belmont and Scotty Brigam had a fite and all the stewdcats and all the townies maid a ring and yelled paist him Scotty lam him Belmont. well they fit 5 rounds and was jest about even and neether wanted to stop but 3 stewdcats Johnny Greenfield and Chisum and Brainard whitch evrybody liked sed this is a draw fite and neether has licked and it was a fair fite and you fellers must shake hands and Belmont and Scotty laffed and shook hands. then Chitter Robinson and a stewdcat naimed Hall had a fite and Hall punched the stuffing out of Chitter and so the stewdcats sed they had won

well the townies was mad and the stewdcats was mad and there was going to be a big fite when up come old Kize and old Swain and old Mad Sleeper and old Mizery Durgin the policeman and the stewdcats all piled into their yard and yelled at the policemen whitch coodent go inside their yard to arrest them, and so they arrested 2 or 3 peeple whitch had been looking on but hadent done nothing and old Jug Stickney maid them pay a fine of $3 dollers and $.62 cents eech. all the townies whitch had been in the snowball fite or the other fites had run.

so i lost all this besides all the truble i have had. but the fellers in school was so mutch interested in the fite that nobody maid fun of me. so after all i got out of it eezier than i xpected. but i am going to have sum fun now. i have given up triing to be wirthy of ennybody and am going to drink and smoak and sware as mutch as i want to.

Friday, January 16, 186— went to school today. spent one hour in the wood box with the cover down. i dont cair.

Saturday, January 17, 186— broak 2 windows today in the old town hall. nobody saw me so i dont cair. in the afternoon me and Bug went down town smoaking sweet firn in clay pipes and went into old doctor Deerborns and drunk root beer; there is sum fun in being tuff.

Sunday, January 18, 186— i met the girl the naime of whitch i shall never speek face to face. when i saw her coming i took out my pipe and filled it with sweet firn and scrached a mach on my briches leg and lit it. then i spit twict and waulked by her without looking. peraps when she thinks she has drove me to drinking and smoaking and swaring she may not feal so big. and smoaking on Sunday two.

Monday, January 19, 186— today moar school. after school i rode Nellie. met that girl the naime of whitch i shall never speek. i set up strait and made Nellie galop and i whissled kind of cairless as if i dident give a darn whitch i dont.

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Bimeby the Committy Come Back. Their Faces Was Red and They Looked Mad

A HOLIDAY FROM SIN

Then, Surprisingly—"Algy, My Dear Old Chap! It is Algy, of Course?"

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS an afternoon in that season when the kindly lands of Kent drowse beneath a canopy of blossom, when the plum has not yet quite yielded to the cherry, and the apple is on its way. The lane from the station in the little town wound between hedges vivid with English spring green; and here, walking slowly, at the pace of one who ponders and doubts, went Scarron—Bull Scarron of Caracas, of Nassau in the Bahamas, of Rum Row off New York, and of the three-masted power schooner Davida—toward the house in which he had been born, which for twenty years he had not seen.

At his right, but a little behind, came his servitor, carrying a suitcase. The larger luggage was to follow them by cart. The servitor was a tallish yellow man, only just not a negro, but having in the jut of his muzzle, in the nose that fell away to nothing behind the wide nostrils, in his slender length of limb, an uncanny suggestion of something other than human, of something that had escaped into the world of men.

"Never see nothing like this befo', boss," he remarked, with a movement of his head toward the lavish orchards on either hand.

Scarron frowned in the manner of one the thread of whose thought is needlessly broken.

"No, you haven't," he answered. Then more slowly—"There isn't anything like this anywhere." And he slowly turned his head from side to side to take it all in again for the twentieth time, the eye balm and the scent of it. Twenty years—and nothing was changed! Twenty years of little towns that sprawled prostrate under a tyranny of sun, of hectic ports, of smuggling anything from Chinamen to an escaped *forçat* from French Guiana, of narrow decks and a sly and violent sea, of a world, in short, that changed its aspect and its character as the colors and the patterns change in a kaleidoscope.

He was yet well short of forty years of age, of the middle stature and large in the frame. A reporter who had come across him in Havana soon after he had begun to be notorious had written of him as still-faced and grim. But Scarron was not grim. True, his eyebrows were as level as though laid down with a ruler, and his face and hands were an even mahogany brown with sun scorch and wind tan, but in the stillness of his face the writer had failed to identify the composure and reticence which come of only one fashion of breed and training. The tall yellow man spoke again.

"Sho!" he said. "Not anywheres! All white—whiter'n a fish belly! Not like 'at ole *avenida*, wid all the trees 's if they was drippin' blood on us, like when us first met up wid each other. And they ain't no girl cryin' in betwixt these trees, an' no big nigger sky-hootin' down this road! No, suh!"

He ceased as Scarron halted and turned round. He backed a pace, for Scarron was Bull Scarron again. The level eyebrows were low over the steady inexorable eyes.

"Now, see here, Tito!" Tito knew the tone, low and clear as the warning hiss of the *fer-de-lance*, and cringed. "You want to forget all that! Place where I'm takin' you, folks don't understand those goings on. So you keep your trap shut about the whole thing—*sabe?*—else I'll knock seven bells out of you. It's not up to you to go spinning yarns—not any yarns at all. Get that?"

Tito cringed again, his poor beast's face writhing in compliance and contrition.

"Sho I got you, boss! Anything you says I does. Don't need to be skeered I'll be talkin'!"

Bull Scarron held him, wriggling and squirming, with a deadly eye for some seconds, grunted and walked on. This was that same Tito who had swum ashore by night at Cayenne and brought off the escaped *forçat* under a dropping rifle fire from the guards, paddling a crazy canoe—stolen, of course—straight into the eye of a great cart wheel of a moon that lighted him up for the riflemen. There had been a million francs reward for the deliverance of that convict; Bull Scarron had duly collected it; and he had given Tito ten dollars of it. Tito was surprised, for he had expected nothing.

They came, at the same slow pace, to where the lane ran at right angles on to a broad and level road, the London road upon which the near-by village was threaded like a bead on a string. The orchards fell apart to either hand of them, and the pastures, lively in their new green, sloped open to the soft sun. After the cloisterlike lane, it was like coming forth from a church to the fresh air. Across the road a patch of common ran down to the approach of a long low house of those small red everlasting bricks which men made in Tudor days, bricks which had ripened with the centuries, so that the face of the house, through the creepers which crawled upon it, seemed to glow. And Scarron, standing in the road, gazing intently, could have named the rooms to which those many windows pertained—the library, the drawing-room, the breakfast and dining rooms. The window on the upper story at the south end of the house was the window of the bedroom that had been his as a boy. And three windows farther on was the room in which his mother had died.

He was only six years of age then; and though with the passing of years childhood becomes an unreality, he remembered vividly, were it only with the vividness of a haunting dream, that strange dawn. They had waked him in his cot, and his nurse had wrapped him in a blanket and

Scarron Put His Fingers to the Door and Thrust it Wider, So That Standing Upon the Threshold He Could See the Whole Room

carried him into the large room, whose windows were white with the dawn. His father had a low chair beside the broad bed upon which his mother lay upon her back, looking up unwinkingly at the raftered ceiling. He recalled that her upturned face seemed made of crystal, the crystal which is to light what the body is to the soul; it takes it and renders it up again; it is not a crystal in the dark.

"Kiss your mother," he was told, and when he had done so he saw that she was smiling. His father whispered an order, and he was laid upon the bed beside her, swaddled in his blanket. Her outstretched left arm was under his neck as he lay, and when she felt him there she uttered a sound like a sigh, but did not cease to smile. "Lie very still," he was bidden, and he lay very still, and presently he was asleep. He was asleep when it happened. They bore him back to his bed without waking him.

He crossed the road and sat down upon the bank of grass at the other side.

"Tito," he said, "go down to that house and knock at the door and ask is Mr. Scarron in."

The yellow man stared. "Mist' Scarron?" he repeated.

"Yes. Go to it."

"Aye, aye, suh!" Tito grimaced and went forward in his swinging, lurching travesty of a seaman's walk toward the gate in the fence. Scarron watched him moodily.

"Perhaps," he said half aloud, "if they see that yellow ape first they won't be so taken aback at me." And having started to soliloquize, he continued, "I was a fool to come; I don't belong in this any more. I'm an outlaw; there's a price for me, dead or alive, in three countries. What right have I got here?"

Tito passed the gate and went lurching up the broad brick-paved path to the door. Presently he was knocking at it with the old wrought-iron lion-headed door knocker—not temperately and with restraint as becomes a gentleman's servant, but flamboyantly and thunderously, like a herald who summons a garrison to surrender.

"Damn that nigger!" said Scarron as the reverberations reached him.

The door was opened and a maid in conventional black, with white cap and apron, appeared. Tito bowed extravagantly. The only white serving girls he had seen wore colored skirts that came short of their knees, and carried round beer in *posadas* and *bodegas* and sat on their customers' knees and drank with them, and so forth. This one seemed to him habited like a sort of nun, so simple and demure, for all the roses of her cheeks and the healthy shine of her eyes.

Scarron, where he sat, saw her start and recoil as Tito came upright again and she got a view of his fearful chimpanzee face. Then, plainly, Tito put his question and got his answer, for he turned and made large beckoning gestures. Scarron rose slowly and went down toward the house.

He was yet at the gate when the maid in the doorway stood aside to let someone pass out. The newcomer was a tall slender man with sparse hair, wearing pince-nez on his thin high-arched nose, clad in an old tweed jacket and baggy flannel trousers. The maid spoke to him, evidently telling him that he was asked for; he nodded, and then looked at Tito curiously. Tito shifted his weight from foot to foot uneasily. He knew the menace of Bull Scarron's stare; faces of maniac fury, of murderous hate, of cruel contempt were common in his experience, but he had never been looked at before with this interest, this tolerance, this faintly amused approval. So might an archangel look on a man when first he saw one. Tito sought to draw off attention to himself by motioning feebly with his head toward where Bull Scarron was coming at a snail's pace up the path. The tall man looked, stared for a couple of seconds, uttered a sort of suppressed shout and came swiftly forward with outstretched hand.

Then, surprisingly—"Algy, my dear old chap! It is Algy, of course?"

Bull Scarron had started at the name.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's Algy. And you're David."

"I'm what's left of David," beamed the other. "Welcome home, old boy. I needn't tell you how welcome you are here. We've had everything ready for you for days in case you turned up suddenly. But come in, come in."

He led the way to the door and Bull Scarron—Algy, master and owner of the Davida, that vulture of the seas—went with him.

"I see you've brought a friend," said the elder man, apropos of Tito, standing to one side humbly.

"Friend!" Bull Scarron gave a brief bark of laughter. "I've got some queer friends, but they're not that color. He's my servant. He won't give any trouble and he'll make himself useful. I'll see to that."

"Oh, that's quite all right. He'd better go round to the servants' quarters. Annie will take him. Come in here, Algy."

It was to the library that David led the way, the largest room in the house, spreading from the front to the back of it, with windows on three sides and a great cavern of a fireplace on the other. Elsewhere it was lined to the ceiling with shelves and their population of books. A round table in the center, with papers and magazines upon it, a wide littered desk and several old saddlebag armchairs were about the whole of its tangible furniture; but there was the smell—nothing wakes memory like a smell—of leather, calf and vellum bindings, of pipe smoke, all tempered and mellowed by stray scents from the garden and the woodland. It had been so when little Algy Scarron went in to call his father from his seat at the wide desk to lunch.

David closed the door behind them, and the two men, as upon a mutual impulse, turned and faced each other. They were half brothers. David, the one son of their father by his first wife, was the elder by eleven years; and now it seemed to the younger, so strong was the likeness, that his quiet, kindly, scholarly father stood before him again.

In that changeless land it seemed a man did not leave his place empty when he died; for not only the spirit and effect of his works abode after him, but his own flesh and blood rose up to replace him in the body.

"Well?" said Bull Scarron at last.

David had been scrutinizing him gravely. "You've changed, Algy," he said. "Yes, you've changed. I felt it in a manner at the very first, and now I can see it."

"I'm twenty years older for one thing," said the other defensively. "And I haven't had your kind of life, David."

David nodded. "That's what I meant when I said I could see the change. You were a dare-devil boy, but you were a gay and charming boy too. Oh, I can imagine what your world may be!" He really thought he could! "Dare-deviltry may be useful there; but, Algy, there isn't a smile in all your face! Are you in any trouble, old fellow?"

Bull Scarron forced himself to grin. Old Davy had always been good to him.

"Rather the other way about," he said. "I've done awfully well, David. It's only that all this is a bit strange at first after twenty years. I'll be all right presently."

"Good!" said David. "Tea won't be on tap for a quarter of an hour. Would you care for a whisky-and-soda?"

Bull Scarron, sometime of Rum Row, shook his head.

"Thanks, no," he answered. "I never drink spirits; I'll wait for the tea."

A moment later the door was pushed open. "May we come in?" asked a pleasant voice.

"Come in, come in!" said David cheerfully.

Of the two women who entered, the first was middle-aged, graceful, gracious and humorous, tweed-clad, brogue-shod, stick in hand. David's wife, of course. The other, who followed her, was younger, several years younger than Bull Scarron at a guess, also with tweeds, brogues and stick. She had a face upon which a dusk seemed to dwell, a sobriety of regard which ever and again crumpled and broke and let through a flash of vividness and vitality.

"Algy at last, my dear!" David was introducing them. "Nearly giving up hopes of him, weren't we? Algy, this is Madge, your sister-in-law—and, incidentally, my wife."

Madge Scarron held out a firm brown hand. "It's time we met, isn't it?" she smiled. Her eyes were gray and lively and there was gray in her hair. "If only that I may thank you for your wonderful present to me. It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"Oh, the shawl!" said Scarron. "Yes, I picked that up in Caracas."

He had gambled for it and won. And when the loser—her name was Sanchita—had begged him to take money instead, he had darted forth a swift hand and snatched it from her bare, ivory-hued shoulders, and she had drawn her knife. A great flaming thing of crimson with gold scrolls upon it and a foot-long fringe of bullion; it had a history and many legends; it was as heavy as a coat of mail and as notorious as Judas Iscariot. But it was unique; the world is too outworn to make such things nowadays; and he had sent it to his brother's bride for a wedding gift.

"And this is Ellen." David was presenting him to the younger girl. "Mrs. Cranmer, if you make a point of it. Madge's sister."

She gleamed an instant through the cloud that was upon her, and at that sign Scarron lit up. He smiled.

"I've been wanting ever so much to meet you, Captain Scarron," she said.

David interfered. "He's not on board of his barge, or whatever he calls it, now. He's here and his name is Algy. And my name is David, and her name is Madge, and your name is Ellen. I have spoken!"

The young woman made the smallest of grimaces at him.

"This is so sudden," she said. "David, you're embarrassing"—she paused—"me," she concluded. She shone forth again, in mirthful malice, and occulted once more.

"And now, tea," cried Madge Scarron, and led the way forth and across the hall to the chintz and walnut wood of the drawing-room.

II

THE two men sat in the library after the ladies had gone to their beds. A shaded lamp gave them light enough to smoke by, for Tonne Manor House, nineteen hundred and twenty-four years after the birth of Christ, still refrained from gas and electricity. David, long and loose in the joints, lay in his chair in utter ease, pipe under way, his diurnal whisky-and-soda on a stool beside him, and watched the miracle of Bull Scarron rolling a cigarette. Adjustment of tobacco, a twist and a turn, a stab of the tongue, and the thing was done, and there was a cigarette as neat and taut as one could wish.

"By Jove!" he commented. "Irving used to do that in, I think, the Corsican Brothers. Best thing in the piece. The last illusion of my youth departed when I heard that he had a machine-made cigarette palmed in his hand all the time."

"It's nothing," said Bull Scarron absently; then, inconsequently—"That baby? Thought it was yours at first. You ought to warn a fellow, Dave. I nearly put my foot in it."

The baby referred to had appeared at the close of tea, a markedly plump and prospering apprentice to life some three years of age, an effect of white jumper and brief knickers and a head of hair like a hank of tangled yellow silk. He had been towed in on fat legs by a nurse in blue-and-white linen. It was then that Bull Scarron nearly put his foot into it. He was saved by Mrs. Cranmer jumping up and gathering her offspring to her. He rose. "Moment!" he said, and left the room. His trunks had arrived; and when he returned he brought with him a curious contraption of feathers that glittered like barbaric jewelry.

"Don't know quite what it is," he said. He lied. It was at Haiti that he had found the obi man forward and his negro crew crouching, gray with terror, while he chanted and swayed and waved the shining thing before them. He knew well what it was that the child reached for, shouting

"No," David answered. "That was Billy. I have no children, Algy, and now I never shall have any. Sad business about Billy, though; came into the world two months after his father was killed."

"Who killed him?" Bull Scarron looked up quickly.

"Nobody," answered David. "He was in the Royal Flying Corps and he crashed in a fog. But coming back to what we were saying—no children for Madge and me. I've failed the Scarrons."

He moved in his chair and fell to puffing hard at his pipe. His hand went out toward his tumbler.

"Failed?" said Bull Scarron. "And how do you know you won't have children?"

"Shan't explain," said the elder. "We know! But think, Algy! Ever since Cromwell's men whitewashed over the pictures in our little church, and before that too long before that—Tonne has been in Scarron hands. Always there has been a Scarron to catch the torch as it fell from the dying hand of a Scarron. Never a break, Algy; never a break. And now ——"

He paused; the other said nothing. David sighed.

"We can't have the talk which we must have, on the evening of your arrival," he said. "Can't bid you stand and deliver on the doorstep. But I hope I've given you something to think of, old chap. Shall we go up now?"

"I'm ready," agreed Bull Scarron, rising.

He sat upon the window seat in his own bedroom, looking out at the night. There was a moon at half-mast in the sky—not such a moon as rules resplendent on the brink of the tropics, where men dread the full of her rays lest

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"Hullo, Smeed!" Greeted Scarron. "Bet You Half a Crown You Don't Recognise Me"

JAZZ

By PAUL WHITEMAN AND MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

INVARIABLY the layman is amused to discover that the saxophone and the banjo, both regarded by him as essentials to jazz, were not included in the original jazz band at all. As a matter of fact the saxophone, which was invented more than seventy-five years ago by Antoine Sax, was designed as a very serious instrument. It was heard oftener in church than anywhere else, and the story goes that Mendelssohn refused to allow it in his orchestra because it was too mournful.

The banjo is said to have been invented by a negro plantation hand from a cheese box. At any rate, it is strictly American, and there are foreign instrument makers today, as well as perhaps some here at home, who would consider that it is unworthy to be called a musical instrument, if only there were not such a great demand for it.

The original jazz band consisted of a piano, a trombone, a cornet, a clarinet and a drum. The fundamental harmony and rhythm were supplied by the piano, the player of which could usually read notes. The other performers had no notes, so it mattered not at all that they had never learned to read music. They simply filled in the harmonic parts and countermelodies by ear, interpolating whatever stunts in the way of gurgles, brays, squeals and yells occurred to them, holding up the entire tune, though still keeping in the rhythm.

Saxophones

THE clarinetist devoted himself to the shrill upper notes of his instrument, while the trombone and cornet were muted at will, or according to the ingenuity of their manipulator. The drummer meantime would take shame to himself if at any one time he was working fewer than a dozen of the noisy devices at his disposal.

A GILL HIGH PHOTO.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilberforce Whiteman, Parents of Paul Whiteman, With Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman at the Whiteman Ranch in Colorado, the House That Jazz Bought

Those days are gone forever or nearly so. Considered musically, the ideal orchestra is one which will contain a quartet of every kind of legitimate orchestral instrument, thus permitting a four-part harmony in every quality of musical tone. Although this does not prove entirely practical, it is still an ideal which every orchestra leader today sets for himself. The result, I will venture to say, is that the United States has a greater number of efficient, economical, small orchestras than has ever been known anywhere else.

The jazz orchestra of today differs from the symphony mainly in the fact that the foundation of the symphony is its strings. All other instruments are added for tone color. In the jazz orchestra the saxophone has been developed to take the place of the cello. In fact, it has been developed to such a high degree that it can be used for the foundation of the entire orchestra, taking the place of second violin, violas and cellos. The brasses are used for contrast.

The wood winds, such as the clarinet, form the basis of the military band. The jazz band then may be said to come somewhere in between. We have computed that one baritone saxophone is equal in sonority to a section of nine or ten cellos; that one alto saxophone equals sixteen first violins or twelve seconds; that one tenor saxophone equals eight violas. That is why, with twenty-five men including only eight first violinists and four saxophones, we have been able to get the volume of an eighty-piece symphony orchestra. At least Leopold Godowsky, famous pianist, has said we have approximately that volume

The saxophone then is in a way king of the jazz orchestra. Because of this such demands have been made on the saxophone player that the manufacturers of the instrument have had to develop it to meet the new needs It was a very different product twenty or even ten years ago from what it is now. As a matter of fact, all instruments have been perfected in much the same way. That is, a demand for better tone quality and a more perfect scale has sprung up and the manufacturer has had to comply with the new specifications

Some demon statistician has estimated that there are now 10,000,000 saxophone players in the world. The estimate probably falls far short of the reality. And those amateur music makers who are not playing the saxophone have taken to the banjo. They say some great genius always arises to meet any national need. Is it any wonder that the soundproof apartment is now a glorious reality?

Musicians recognize four general classes of instruments in speaking of the orchestra—strings, wood winds, brasses, and the battery of traps, chiefly instruments of percussion.

The legitimate strings include the violin, the viola, the violoncello and the double bass. To this may be added a few such instruments as the *viola da gamba* and the *viola d'amour*. Other strings stand in a musical sense midway between these and the instruments of percussion. These other strings include the piano, cymbalon, harp and a vast number of the mandolin, banjo, guitar and ukulele family. Of these, my orchestra has eight first violins, two pianos, a banjo and a cymbalon.

Wood-wind instruments include, first of all the flute, which has many forms, such as the piccolo or octave flute, the bass flute, the Hungarian and Chinese flutes, the fife, the flageolet or tin whistle, and half the pipes of the ordinary pipe organ. Among the wood winds are the oboe family, which takes in all instruments having a double reed—the oboe itself, the musette, the *oboe d'amour*, the *cor anglais* or English horn, the heckelphone or barytone oboe and the bassoon or contrabassoon.

The sarusophone, which is made in seven or more sizes, is named with the wood winds, although it is metal. For this reason it is sometimes mistakenly called a metal oboe. The clarinet family, which includes all the single-reed wood-wind instruments, has the clarinet in various keys, the basset horn, the bass clarinet, the heckelclarina and similar instruments, besides the saxophones in all keys, which, like the sarusophone, are made of metal. The Highland bagpipe belongs to both the single and double-reed classes. Among the reeds should also be put the reed or cabinet organ, also called the harmonium, the accordion, the mouth organ or harmonica and many of the pipes of the pipe organ.

Of the wood winds, my orchestra has four saxophones; that is, four saxophone players; but all of these play saxophones in various keys—with clarinet, the oboe, the English horn, the heckelphone, the octavin, the accordion and piccolo.

Jazz Makers

BRASSES include the trumpet; the cornet in its various forms; the trombone, either valved with a simple slide or with a complicated combination of slides and valves; the French horn, which in symphony is classed with the wood-wind instruments; the alto and tenor horns; the barytone horn or euphonium; the tuba and contrabass tuba; the Bayreuth tuba; the contrabass horn; the bugle; the coach horn; the saxhorn or keyed bugle, made in seven or more sizes, and a number of others. Of the brasses, we have the trumpets, trombones, French horn and tubas.

The battery of an orchestra includes so many instruments that, if one were to try to name them all, the list would stretch from here into infinity. The truth is, almost anything capable of making sound may be introduced into the battery for special effects. Thus, if one wants thunder and lightning, rain, hail, pistol shots, cuckoo calls, the cackling of a chicken or the crying of a baby, one relies upon the traps player to produce it. Perhaps the most important instruments of the battery are the tympani or kettledrums, the side or snare drums, the bass drum, the tambourine, triangle, cymbals, tom-tom, Chinese drum, castanets, rattle, glockenspiel, xylophone, marimba, clappers and bones. Of these, we have the celesta, two tympani, snare and bass drum and dozens of fixings for our special effects.

It is rather hard to classify the performers in any jazz orchestra, for the reason that most of the players perform on many different instruments. Thus with twenty-five players we have more than forty instruments. Doubling is then the main strength of the orchestra, making it possible to get the maximum of volume and color with the minimum of men.

For convenience, I shall enumerate the instruments of my orchestra: Eight first violins, two pianos, one banjo, a cymbalon, a celesta, two B-flat trumpets, two trombones, two French horns, two tubas, two tympani, snare and bass drum, all the traps, an oboe, an English horn, a heckelphone, four saxophones—B-flat soprano, E-flat alto, B-flat

Benny Leonard, World's Lightweight Champion, and Paul Whiteman, Jazz King, in a Moment Off Stage

tenor, E-flat barytone; clarinets—B-flat bass, E-flat alto, B-flat alto, E-flat barytone, B-flat tenor; octavin, piccolo, accordion and flute.

The four saxophone players double on all the single and double-reed instruments. The second pianist doubles on the celesta. One of my clarinet players not only plays the clarinet in all keys but doubles also on the oboe, the piccolo and the flute. The string bass player doubles on the tuba, a violin player doubles on the accordion, and I've seen one man in the course of an evening play as many as twelve instruments, including three saxophones, three clarinets, the oboe, the octavin, the heckelphone, the xylophone and bagpipes

Muting the Clamors of Jazz

SO FAR this seems to me a fairly satisfactory concert jazz orchestra. We are always trying out new instruments and discarding old ones, so that I do not feel we shall ever be satisfied to become static. For a dance orchestra eight violins are an unnecessary number of strings. Also one of the pianos may be omitted and an extra banjo added. At one time I tried out the organ for a dance orchestra, but found it too heavy and overpowering for the kind of music we make—rather dreadful, in fact. Another instrument we have used is the harp, which gives a pleasant effect in certain pieces but is not useful enough to make it worth having in the average small orchestra. In the double reeds, I am planning to add a bassoon.

Jazz players have become so adept at handling their instruments that they nearly make each do the work of two. The tricks of the trade rapidly become public property, especially if they are put on the records. Thus the discoveries go East and West, North and South, to enrich the orchestras in remote spots. Many jazz conductors and arrangers can adapt an orchestration from hearing a record played. I have heard some of our arrangements which bands had obtained in that way and they were well played too. Such adaptation needs, however, a good musical ear and considerable technical knowledge I am told that when a record is made by certain Eastern orchestras, arrangers for orchestras in the West and Middle West gather around for the first playing with paper and pencil.

The various stunts with mutes, though pretty well known to those in the business, are important enough to speak of in some detail. The chief kinds of mutes now manufactured are made of metal and cardboard. Before clever manufacturers saw the possibilities of these bits of material, the players themselves were using ingenious contrivances to get the same effects.

The first time I ever heard what I call the wawa mutes used with the cornet was, I think, when we did Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake. The players got that effect by inverting glass tumblers over the bells of the instruments.

Did you ever see a kazoo? Of course you must have—a small piece of tin that any kid can buy at almost any ten-cent store. A kazoo stuck into a mute will give a buzzy sound that comes in handy in certain pieces.

In spite of the new appliances, hats, preferably derbies, are still used for mutes. When hung over the instruments these give a French-horn effect—that is, fuller quality and softer tone. A soft hat, having no resonant power, is no good for this purpose. The humble tin can is useful to give a big, open and rather harsh tone. The aluminum or copper mute gives a sweeter tone and the pressed-paper or cardboard mute is softer than any of the metal, but rather sharp in tone. A kazoo in the end of a cardboard mute gives an effect almost like an oboe. A cup-shaped brass mute gives a thin shallow tone. The flutter tongue in the brasses is rather like a covey of quail flying from ambush.

The Whiteman Family at Their Home in Pelham, New York

One of our trombonists has a special mute, such as I have never seen before, by which he gets a beautiful graduation of sound very like the voice of a sweet human barytone. In the case of most cup-shaped mutes, the air goes in and comes out the same way, but with this one the air goes from one chamber into another and out. This player makes his vibrato with his lower lip. This takes, of course, a well-trained lower lip, and practice combined with natural aptitude is the only recipe I know to recommend

Horn players can sharpen their instruments a whole or half tone by using their hands. This, again, has to be worked out by practice into a technic all a player's own.

The glissando is one of the chief embellishments of jazz This is simply a sliding together of the chromatic scale. That is, instead of fingering the scale, the player slurs the tones together rapidly.

Glissando

PERFORMERS with brasses and reeds, especially if the reeds are flexible, get a weird effect and add to the rhythm by this trick. A glissando on the clarinet at the opening of A Rhapsody in Blue has attracted a great deal of attention. This trick takes a lip that is well trained. Again, practice and I might say a naturally obedient set of muscles, will do the job

The wawa effect on reeds can be got simply by blowing into the mouthpiece. Slap-tonguing is accomplished by sucking on the reed, thus creating a vacuum, and then hitting the vacuum with the tongue, which will cause a pop.

Jazz makes frequent use of the staccato on the violin by playing near the frog of the bow. The violins also do glissando in double stops. The kazoo effect, by the way, was original with us and we tried to disguise it for a while, but were soon found out. The drummer used to have to originate most of the new sounds. Now every man in the orchestra tries to outdo him. Some of the effects depend upon very small things. A small mute gives a neater sound

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Paul Whiteman Leading the Knights Templar Bands During the 1925 Convention at New York City

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 13, 1926

Completing the Sale

IT WOULD seem to require no proof that the basic desire and hope in man is to continue to live. We herald with joy all the worthwhile movements to prolong life. We read eagerly and with unstinted approbation of the fight against disease. In the long warfare man loses many engagements and campaigns, but to the layman, at least, it seems that the forces arrayed against disease are gathering strength as time goes on. Such a conviction gives us all heart in the battle of life.

One of the newer forces is the periodic health examination. There may be elderly people, with rigid notions drawn from a misty past, who see no sense in being examined when in apparent health, but their number among the more educated classes of the population must be very small by now. Shortly they will become as extinct as the dodo.

The periodic health examination may be had from life-insurance companies, from institutions formed especially to make such examinations, from hospital clinics, from groups of associated physicians or from the family doctor. The custom is increasing with great rapidity and is viewed with the utmost favor by leaders in every walk of life.

Far too often, however, the examiner's report is merely filed away and never acted upon. It is read carefully and solemnly and taken home to the wife. For a few days the frank outspokenness of the medical man's curt sentences leaves a little trace of gloom.

"You must get more exercise. You are too heavy, or too thin, and should follow the diet list inclosed. Your habits of life need a careful overhauling. Instead of working until six or seven o'clock, you should go home at four and dig in the garden or play golf. By following instructions you will greatly improve your condition; but if you go on in the present manner you may find yourself in a serious state within six months or a year."

Health examinations are useless if men lack the force of will to follow through. Ill health comes to the saints of earth as well as to sinners. There are diseases whose ravages no merely mortal power can stay; but, also, millions of individuals can add to their health by the sheer will and strength of character to observe expert and authoritative instructions. But this is a kingdom not given to moral weaklings to inherit. It is not given to the man or woman who takes just one more portion of beef or cup of coffee when the doctor has said no.

A great educator has remarked that in the building of character, avoidances and denials are quite as important as acceptances and affirmations. The health examination can reduce disease and lengthen life, but it does not enable us to escape from personal responsibility and reality. These we must face just as before.

Loophole Lawyers

WHATEVER view the lawyers themselves may take, we are confident that certain sentences which appeared in one of the recent series of SATURDAY EVENING POST articles by Mr. Richard Washburn Child, on the causes and cures of the crime wave, reflect with unerring and deadly accuracy the profoundest convictions of the public upon this subject. The experienced lawbreaker, he said, often operates under the advice and protection of a lawyer who stands ready to become an accessory after the fact. "A few thousands of successful disbarment proceedings would be more effective than the use of the entire United States Army to suppress crime."

This statement is respectfully referred to all existing bar associations, with the deliberate additional warning that a continuance of such conditions can mean nothing else than the sure decline of the profession's standing. Its position in the past has been the highest, perhaps, of any occupational group, but this is sure to change unless there is a housecleaning.

The extent to which the criminal lawyer will go to save the guilty from deserved punishment is partly due to causes as well recognized within as without the profession. More and more a certain high type of lawyer never goes near the courts, and relegates what seems to him a disagreeable feature of his profession to less-thin-skinned practitioners. He becomes a corporation lawyer, an adviser to business men and an actual administrator.

Or he may serve the diverse interests of unknown millions of clients by devoting his talents to the ever-growing concerns of insurance companies, savings banks, and like institutions. There are a thousand commercial and sociological activities requiring the services of the high-minded lawyer which do not touch crime at any point. He may not be a corporation lawyer, and yet keep very busy without soiling his hands with murderers and bandits.

But we do not believe that these many practitioners with their diverse and valuable interests can quite escape the odium that comes from members of their profession who deliberately set out to protect the sworn enemies of society. All lawyers have a part in the necessary job of protecting the very life and limb of the community.

Young lawyers are taught that every man has a right to his day in court, to a fair trial, and to the aid and protection of counsel, even though justly accused. When a criminal, maniac or otherwise, commits a crime of such a nature that no lawyer cares to defend him, the court properly appoints a young attorney, who must accept the assignment. Even the murderers of the most beloved Presidents have been assigned counsel.

These are facts well known to all. No person in his senses suggests that individuals be stripped of a reasonable protection against society. But the point has been reached where, partly because of modern complexities and partly as the result of base and cunning devices, society no longer has anything like enough protection against its enemies. This fact is patent to all, except perhaps to a portion of the legal profession, the reason for such ignorance being either antiquated professional stiffness and dignity or sheer greed.

Suppose a man has served numerous prison terms for theft and similar offenses. Once more he finds himself in the toils of the law. By technicality after technicality he avoids further punishment. Or suppose another man, known for years to every newspaper, credit agency and police department to be a swindler, finds himself in court again, with several prominent lawyers engaged in his defense. Suppose such defendants have plenty of money and the state prosecutes with a single stripling just out of law school.

Suppose that defendants with unsavory reputations engage lawyers who have held high office. Such cases are not rare. State legislators, judges and former prosecuting officers often resume the practice of law, as they have a perfect right to do. But what is the effect of the massed reputation and prestige of such defenders upon jury, judge and public opinion when they are trying to get an obviously bad egg out of the clutches of a just and righteous law?

It is unnecessary to go further. The public does not consist solely of fools or of children born yesterday. Put the best construction upon it, and it is obvious that many of those who seek to free the guilty have no ideals above the almighty dollar. Granted that a lawyer must earn a living and that his first duty is to his family. But the public knows that mere smartness and cleverness in finding obscure statutes or in forcing strained constructions upon them, with the result of freeing men who for the mere self-preservation of society should be behind the bars, are utterly ignoble and destructive.

There is no use mincing matters. Society is going to preserve itself for a while yet, anyway. Those who get in the way, even though they hold degrees from professional schools and belong to clubs, will ultimately find their standing in public esteem to be somewhat below that of the bootlegger and the dip.

The Jury Dodger

WE HAVE accepted the fact that our whole plan of law enforcement is sadly at fault, but we are finding it difficult either to fix the blame or to find the remedy. The fault is assigned in turn to police, bar, bench, press and jury. Each one blames another. The press points to the nimble-witted criminal attorney; the judge shows the harm done by the yellow newspapers; the shyster lawyer blames the inefficiency of our police methods. They all unite in laying the onus, in a measure, on the doorstep of the jury. Too many men of influence and intelligence, it is declared, manage to get themselves excused from jury duty, and the average panel, as a result, is of a decidedly inferior character. Jury dodging is so general that this indictment is leveled squarely at every one of us.

There is no desire to palliate the offense or to underestimate the harm that results from the general scramble to avoid serving in the jury box. When it is no longer easy to find twelve good men and true for even the most important cases, there is something seriously wrong. It stands to reason that, after the wire pullers have escaped and opposing counsel have fought to bar the intelligent and firm-minded members of the panel, it is going to be difficult to seat a jury that will be anything but weak-kneed and moronic. The public attitude toward jury service must be corrected before we can hope to set the mills of justice grinding efficiently; but we cannot expect to change it as long as we permit other evils to continue.

Consider the plight of the busy man of affairs who is drawn to serve on a sensational murder case. He may sit for a week before the jury is completed. The hearing of evidence will probably consume the better part of a month. The high-priced battery of lawyers on each side will use up three or four days in impassioned and useless eloquence. The intelligent juror knows that the verdict he and his fellows finally turn in could have been rendered in the first week and that the waste of his valuable time has been both wanton and inexcusable. And after all that, he may see the verdict set aside on some trifling technicality—a mistake in the writ of execution, even, or because a clever pettifogging lawyer has discovered a legal loophole. If it could reasonably be expected that the term of service would not be prolonged needlessly, there would be comparatively few attempts made to evade jury service. The prospect of sitting for long weeks while agile lawyers create thrills for the readers of the yellow press is not one that a busy man can easily accept.

In the matter of law enforcement we have created a vicious circle, one weakness leading to another. Jury dodging is due more to the fact that service has become too difficult and disagreeable than to any weakening of the public conscience.

The American General Staff

By Major General J. G. Harbord

U. S. Army, Retired

WITH the exception of Congress itself, toward which a cynical disrespect appears in all walks of American life that was unknown thirty years ago, there is perhaps no agency of our Government which has received more unfavorable comment in the press in the past few years than the General Staff of the Army. Especially has this been true during the months in which the air service has been seeking independence of the remainder of the military team. It has become the national goat. The American people, who pay for the institution, are entitled to know for what they pay and how it fulfills its purposes. Hence this article.

The General Staff, in its present form, is the creation of our most distinguished soldier, General Pershing, the only American general since Washington who has ever successfully commanded our armies through an entire war. Since his retirement, in 1924, the chief of staff has been Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, during the Great War one of the best corps commanders in our own or any other army. Every one of the five assistant chiefs of staff is a successful soldier who served in France. The great majority of the approximately 100 officers who constitute our War Department General Staff are graduates of the school of war. Every one is either a man of staff capacity proved on active service against the enemy, or is a product of our General Service Schools and Army War College, winning his place by fierce competition in courses of study directed by successful commanders in that great conflict.

I entered the Regular Army as a private of infantry in January, 1889, and received my commission as a lieutenant of cavalry in July, 1891. I had fourteen years of service before our Army had a General Staff, and have had more than twenty-two years in which to observe its workings since Congress created it in 1903. My opportunities for knowledge of the General Staff of the Army and its workings—and of what the Army was before we had it—have been excellent. I was an eyewitness to much of its efficiency in France and am a beneficiary of that efficiency. I respect and admire the General Staff as an institution. Very much of whatever professional preferment came to me through the war was due to the splendid General Staff of our armies in France, of which I was proud to be a member, and under whose supporting counsels I was glad to serve in the field at a later period.

Feeling as I do, I conclude that the American people, whose opinions, crystallized through the press, may generally be relied upon when they are in possession of the facts, have lacked a dependable presentation of the history of the General Staff and its relations to the remainder of the Army. I may be thought to be a prejudiced witness, but as a retired officer I am beyond hope of reward or fear of displeasure

The General Staff was a long time winning a place in our military organization, for as early as 1798 we find the first official reference to it by an officer of our Army. In that year George Washington was appointed lieutenant general of the Army of the United States, in anticipation of war with France. Successful commander in the War for Independence, he had completed two terms as commander in chief, by virtue of the presidency, and had sought the quiet retirement of Mount Vernon, when he was again called to the service of his country. Prompted by the memory of bitter experience, he at once set about making the preparation which has been lacking at the beginning of every war we have ever fought.

In letters written by General Washington to Secretary of War McHenry, himself a soldier of experience, we find the first President urging the formation of a General Staff. Thus on Independence Day, 1798:

"To remark to a military man how all-important the General Staff of an Army is to its well-being, and how essential, consequently, to the Commander in Chief, seems to be unnecessary; and yet a good choice is of such immense consequence that I must be allowed to explain

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LETTING HIM DOWN EASY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mileage

IT IS the Sabbath day,
The golden sun on greening earth is dancing,
The snow has fled away
At Nature's necromancing,
And Spring has come to kiss the spires of Lansing.

The dinner hour is o'er,
And in the sinks the dishes lie a-purging,
And forth from every door
The citizens come surging,
Driven as if by some supernal urging.

They get them in their cars,
Ten thousand feet depress ten thousand starters;
Like Slavic hospodars
Proceeding 'gainst the Tartars,
Like marching throngs of early Christian martyrs.

Or like those wandering bands
Of Celt and Hun and Visigoth and Saxon
Who sought for promised lands
So, with great cry of klaxon,
The host advances on the road to Jackson.

Fiercely the drivers goad
Their steeds, unheeding danger or disaster.
They hurtle down the road;
Each engine feels its master
Lashing it onward, faster, faster, faster!

What seek they thus afar?
Is it a doom on Jackson they are wreaking?
Is it a natal star
These spellbound men are seeking
With boiling motors, radiators leaking?

The Defendant in a Popular Divorce Suit Identifies Some Correspondence

Is it the trump of War
That draws them onward, heart and mind entrancing?
It seems unlikely, for
On reaching Jackson, glancing
Nor left nor right, they head right back to Lansing.

And meanwhile all the lads
Of Jackson seize their babes whose hair is flaxen
And their gray-bearded dads
With faces blanched and waxen,
And speed to Lansing, then return to Jackson.

And so each Sabbath day
The country's population has departed,
Hurrying far away
So that, impatient-hearted,
It may come hurrying back to where it started.

-Morris Bishop.

—Nor Iron Bars a Cage

[The scene is in the big lounge room of the State Prison. *The room is comfortably furnished with big leather armchairs and sofas. On the walls are portraits of former wardens of the prison and some of the more prominent of the former inmates. Before an open fire sit two convicts named* ROSENBERG *and* MORIARTY *respectively.* ROSENBERG *is dressed in a natty tweed golf suit.* MORIARTY *wears a cutaway coat and gray trousers.* ROSENBERG *rings a bell on the table beside him. There is no response. He rings again.*

ROSENBERG: The service in this prison is becoming absolutely impossible.

MORIARTY: Yes, I know I've complained to the warden about it, but you know how much good that does.

ROSENBERG: The warden is a good scout, but he's no executive. I've been thinking of suggesting a change.

[An ATTENDANT *in uniform enters.*

ROSENBERG: Oh, there you are! I've been ringing for a half an hour.

ATTENDANT: Sorry, sir, but some of the gentlemen are having a little birthday party in the card room.

MORIARTY: Birthday?

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir. Old Smith—Mr. Smith has been here twelve years today.

ROSENBERG: Good old Smith. One of the best yeggs that ever blew up a safe. *(To* ATTENDANT*):* Bring us the box of cigars and make it snappy.

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Papa's Home From Golfing

"Dangerous?" "No, But He Wants to Combine the Christian Science Monitor With the New York Mirror, Retaining the Best Features of Each"

Why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so hearty and delicious!

For
Luncheon Dinner
Supper

Fifteen of the finest vegetables that grow! Vegetables so choice and tempting that you yourself would pick them out from all the rest at market!

Rich broth of selected beef—so necessary to yield just the right flavor and the invigoration you like in vegetable soup!

Alphabet macaroni and pearl barley, in generous quantities! Savory herbs and delightful seasoning that make this hearty soup so attractive to the taste!

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to simmer. Serve piping hot!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can

Dimity Gay, Aunt Eleanor's Chick

VIII

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS the practice of Mr. Clarence Rackstraw, the beloved of that sweet, golden, fatty Maulfry Gay, to spend with her every precious moment that could be snatched out from under the condor-keen eyes of that highly successful business man, his father, Jabez Rackstraw. The instant that Clarence found himself freed from the totally distasteful task of learning how to take care of the accumulation which, some day, he would inherit, he would hasten to give the engine of his car a very severe attack of palpitation of the valves en route to Maulfry, and, this evidently being one of his lucky days, he and James Raven Devenish arrived at Fairmeasure Manor comfortably before lunch—so comfortably, indeed, that although Maulfry was yearnsomely ready and waiting for Clarence, Bethoe had only just gone to her room to make herself look like one from whom any man might hesitate to accept the return of his engagement ring.

But, as it chanced, that fitted in admirably with Dimity's convenience. For, after greetings, it appeared that there was some small matter of shopping in the town which Dimity had overlooked or something of the sort, and she thought that James Raven might as well run her down to the town in Clarence's car so she could rectify the shopping hitch and be back at Fairmeasure Manor in time for lunch.

Devenish was delighted to oblige, so that within a few minutes of his arrival he was on the way to the town with Dimity. He was by no means reluctant, for he liked Dimity and they understood each other extremely well.

Devenish had made himself a very wealthy man in these days—as any man must who cares to devote a fair-to-middling intellect, some energy, and a little capital to combating on strictly business lines every Englishman's incurable belief that to him there has been exclusively granted by a benign Providence the gift of picking the winner of almost any horse race one cares to mention. When, at a less well-feathered period of his life, Devenish had won a big sweepstake on the Derby, he had invested the proceeds in the business of laying the odds, or as it is more humorously described, bookmaking, and during the past ten years he had constructed so many and such profitable books that he had long since shelled off the description of "bookmaker" and had become a big commission agent with elaborate offices in London.

He lived in excellent style at Ernemouth, the home town of the Gays, and there had been a period when little Miss Dimity, shortly after she left school, and consequently had, maybe, a trifle or two to learn, had favored James Raven with her business. When she owed him so much that something really had to be done about it, Dimity had done it. She had helped him to secure a share in one of her daddy's more brass-fronted and steel-certain speculations—at a figure for which the gentle Gainsborough Gay would be forever grateful—and, this achieved, the child had blithely called her account square and given up betting. They understood each other perfectly, though Devenish admired her much more than she admired him.

A Little Breathless, Certainly Flushed, and Utterly Lovely, Dimity Leaned Against the Stone Rim of the Basin.
"How Dare You, Archie!" She Said

He was a dark, goodish-looking man, so uncommonly near to being a gentleman that a large number of people really thought he was.

Dimity flicked Clarence's car through the gates with a joyously careless confidence that jeopardized every coat of paint of the rear fender of the vehicle, and headed for the town.

"It is so sweet of you to keep me company, dear James," she said. "I won't keep you waiting long. I only just want to see if some pearl necklaces I ordered at a jeweler's in the town have arrived, you see. That won't take long, thank goodness."

Devenish grinned under a well-kept mustache.

"So you're buying necklaces, are you, Dimity?"

The child shrugged.

"Oh, I don't know. If they are good enough perhaps I will take them," she said. "But I shouldn't think they will be very much good if I buy them in a dingy old town like this, would you?"

Devenish wondered.

She ran into the town and left him to wonder outside the shop. But the necklaces had not arrived from London and almost immediately the dainty little soul reappeared and stepped into the car.

"They are so slow," she explained. "I ordered them on approval yesterday and they're not here yet. Isn't that weak, James?" she prattled, not seeming to care much, as she slipped into the seat behind the wheel.

Two men, stepping briskly and in silence, passed the car at that moment. Both recognized her and she recognized them.

They were Major D'Estrange and P. J. Alabone, evidently en route to lunch together.

Both raised their hats, half checking. Dimity was smiling—for she was focusing on those necklaces through a lens that was Mr. Alabone

But neither actually stopped, for even as they slowed, their glances swerved to Devenish, an expression of startled astonishment flashed over their faces, and they moved on, replacing their hats.

It was all very quick and smooth, but naturally it did not escape Dimity.

"Why, James, they saw you and—hurried on!"

"Yes, they certainly did," agreed James grimly, staring after them. "They would. They always will. But how comes it that you know a man like Silky Sands and that other one, Alabone?"

Devenish's voice was hard.

"Silky Sands? Do you mean the—man with Mr. Alabone, James?"

"I do mean just that."

"Why do you call him Silky Sands, please?"

"Eh? Why, because he is. He's the very smoothest, silkiest, crookedest racecourse specialist in the country. Why, why, the thief owes me—and dozens like me—thousands of pounds! Nobody who knows anything about racing would bet with him! Bet with him! Why, nobody would accept money from him free, gratis and for nothing. It couldn't possibly be real money—or safe money. He's been warned off the turf, been jailed, been—oh, well, why bother?—the man's a notorious race-course crook. And probably the other—Alabone—is as bad. I don't remember seeing him on a race course, but he had a betting account with me for some years—until I closed it, with him owing me a very nasty little bad debt indeed. Bad lots, both of them. You—seriously, Dimity, my dear—you mustn't know people like that. Fun's fun and all that, I know—but that chap Silky Sands is dangerous! Probably Alabone is as bad!"

Dimity gurgled, her cheeks vivid, her eyes shining.

She turned to Devenish, seizing the lapels of his coat, making him look at her.

"Why, James, dear James, do you know who those two gentlemen really are? The one you call Silky Sands is Major Denzil D'Estrange—whom Aunt Eleanor is going to marry soon. And the other is Mr. Alabone, who is manager of auntie's big factory where they make the tankards! Why, James, you will be playing tennis with the major at Fairmeasure Manor this afternoon."

"Will I?" Devenish grinned. "I would like to make a great big bet with somebody that I will not, Dimity. Not

(Continued on Page 36)

THE NEW SIX-CYLINDER HUPMOBILE

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Here's a six you must reckon with if performance means a thing to you—a six that is bound to win you if you care one iota for the very utmost and at the same time the most economical in six motoring.

The New

HUPMOBILE SIX

NEW SERIES HUPMOBILE EIGHT—There is not an eight power plant in existence more soundly engineered; nor a performance program which can surpass it.

(Continued from Page 34)

if Major D'Estrange knows I am anywhere near Fairmeasure Manor this afternoon."

He thought for a moment. "Silky going to marry your auntie, Mrs. Savernake!" He whistled softly. "And Alabone manager of the works that produce her income!" He whistled again.

"But hasn't she—your auntie—got any advisers? Do you mean to say, seriously, that Silky has been engaged to marry your auntie for—what?—some weeks it must be—and that he's been floating around here for that time with never a soul recognizing him? Why, what about your daddy? Or your grandpa? Or that business expert Beth told me about—Balm, Julius Balm, wasn't it? Do you mean to say that none of them sized up Silky, Dimity?"

Dimity smiled and shook her sunny halo.

"No, James, not one recognized him. But I think daddy sized him up—whatever that means. I think somehow I did, too, you see. But after all, I don't think anybody could blame daddy or grandpa or Aunt Eleanor or even Julius Balm for not knowing about Silky—I rather like his name, don't you?—because, you see, none of them are racing people and never go near race courses. Daddy went to the Derby once and lost some money over the favorite and I don't think anything will ever tempt him to go near any races ever any more. And I heard grandpa say once that he was too busy making money out of Sfitz to have time to lose it on racing. And of course Mr. Balm is a business expert and he is much too expert to expect to find any business on the race courses. Aunt Eleanor has made a hobby of keeping cats for so long that she could not be expected to recognize a racing adventurer. Besides, it was Mr. Alabone who introduced the major to auntie—and she has always trusted Mr. Alabone."

James Raven Devenish lit a cigar and laughed.

"Is Mrs. Savernake very much in love with Silky?" he asked. "Will she be mortally offended if I wreck things up a little this afternoon, do you think, Dimity?"

Dimity turned great, serious eyes upon him.

"Oh, please, but you must not think of that yet, James. I don't know what would happen if you gave auntie a sudden shock like that. I have been thinking ever so furiously, and you must leave it to me to break the news ever so softly to auntie and daddy—and, perhaps, to dear Mr. Balm. It will be such a shock to everybody, you see—you do see that, don't you, dear James? With her bridesmaids in the house and all! It would be awful for auntie, I should think. Would you please not say anything at all today, and leave it to me to try to prepare auntie for the shock? Daddy will have to know, too, and there are lots of things to see to first. So, please, James, promise me, won't you, that you won't do anything suddenly or even say anything until daddy knows?"

Devenish hesitated only a few seconds, for unlike most people, he had no false or incorrect notions about Dimity. What his own experience with her had not taught him, Bethoe had. He agreed to hold his peace and keep on holding it until Dimity said "Go."

For a mile the drive back to Fairmeasure Manor was silent. Then Dimity spoke.

"But if you would like to help auntie and all of us, James, it would be a very good plan, I should think, if you called at the works this afternoon and had a little talk with Mr. Alabone and made him tell you how it was he dared to introduce Silky to auntie and why he was so foolish as to go racing so, when he had such a nice position working for auntie and—and—anything you could find out. Then you could tell me and I should have the very truth to tell daddy when he comes to put everything right. Don't you agree?"

Yes, James Devenish agreed. He was curious himself to know more about Alabone's association with Silky Sands.

"Oh, thank you so, James. Everybody will be so grateful to you, I expect, and I am so glad it is all so easy. Shall we talk about something else now, please? Do you think you love Beth as much as Archie Crust loves me, James? I have wondered ever so many times about that."

It appeared that James had wondered about it, too—also ever so many times.

IX

IT ALL proved to be precisely as James Raven Devenish so confidently prophesied. Aunt Eleanor received a note from Major D'Estrange in which that silken gentleman deplored an urgent call to London on business. The note was borne by the rather flushed P. J. Alabone, who explained openly enough that he had been lunching with the major when the hurry call to town arrived. He made it perfectly plain to Aunt Eleanor that the major had seemed annoyed and disappointed, and Aunt Eleanor beamed a little as he stressed the bitterness of the major's disappointment.

Dimity, who chanced to be with auntie when P. J. Alabone arrived, was perfectly sweet to him, and as Devenish, sitting through a verbal scrap with Bethoe, not ten yards off, only looked at him once—and that with a total lack of recognition, Alabone's confidence was—so Dimity thought—vastly more marked when he departed than when he arrived. His buoyant step as he went worksward was that of a man relieved of a great burden. It was, indeed, almost a gambol.

Presently, just as the portly form of Mr. Julius Balm hove in sight, very beflanneled and even more impressive than he had been before Aunt Eleanor had rejected him, Mr. Devenish disappeared—also worksward, though Dimity was the only one who really noticed the direction in which he went.

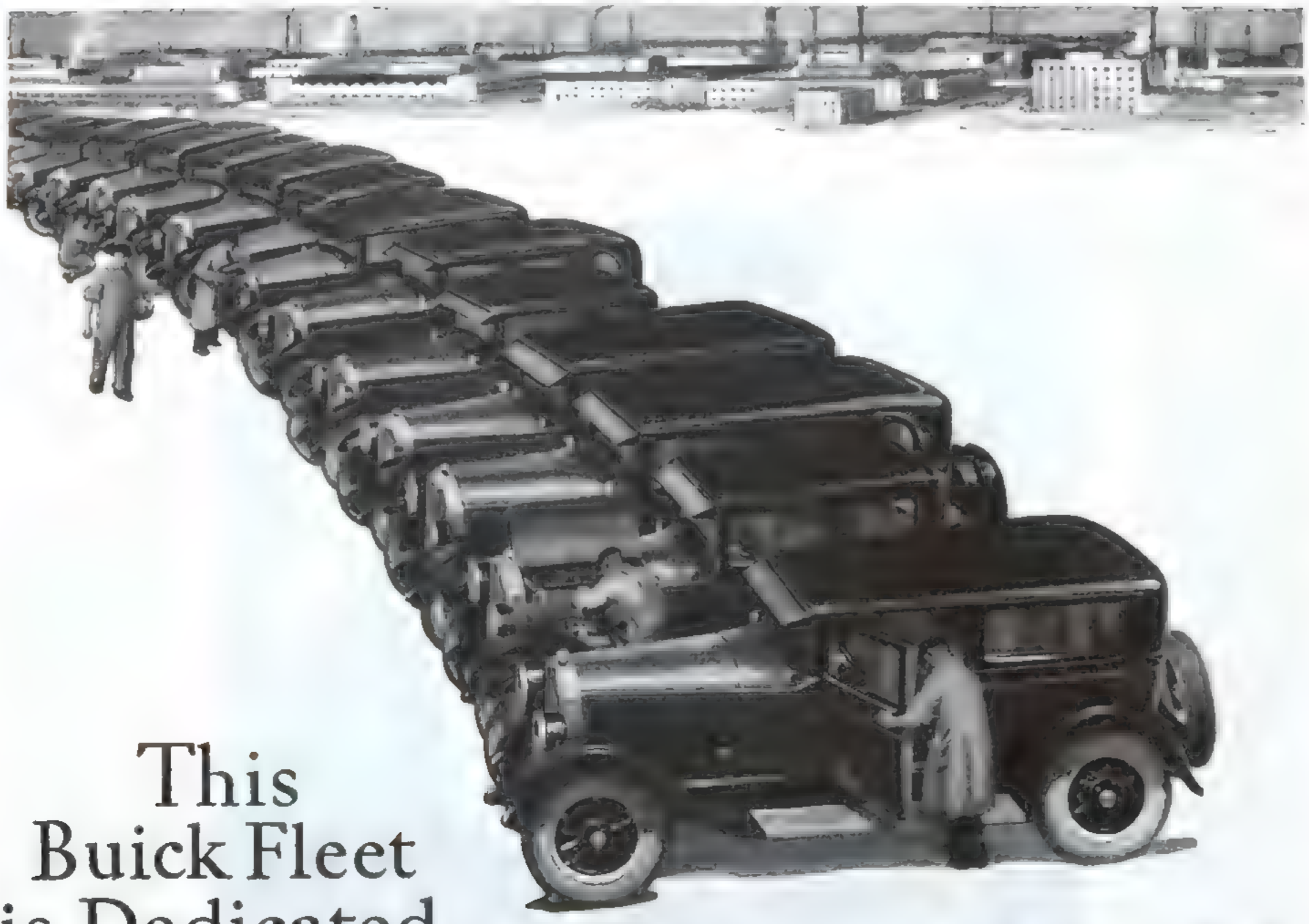
Devenish having claimed a slightly sprained ankle, Maulfry and Clarence Rackstraw having vanished, the major having defaulted, and Aunt Eleanor having decided that her new and very smart tennis shoes were quite comfortable, provided she sat still and did not fidget about with her feet, it fell to Dimity and the portly Julius to play against Torfrida and Bethoe. This they did with extraordinary unsuccess, Julius being pretty steady in the matter of hurling himself around, and his dainty partner rather obviously not bothering about any ball out of her reach.

It struck Julius that the child was oddly distrait and he rather gladly accepted her invitation to help her feed the overfed goldfish in the ornamental fishpond at the other side of the wide lawn.

So Dimity tripped away to fetch the ants' eggs, and Julius tided over a minute or two with the assistance of a comfortable-looking butler who appeared at the rudder of an even more comfortable-looking refreshment cart.

(Continued on Page 107)

He Drew Her Close. But Torfrida Tore Away From Him as Aunt Eleanor and Dimity Came Round From Behind a Bank of Greenery



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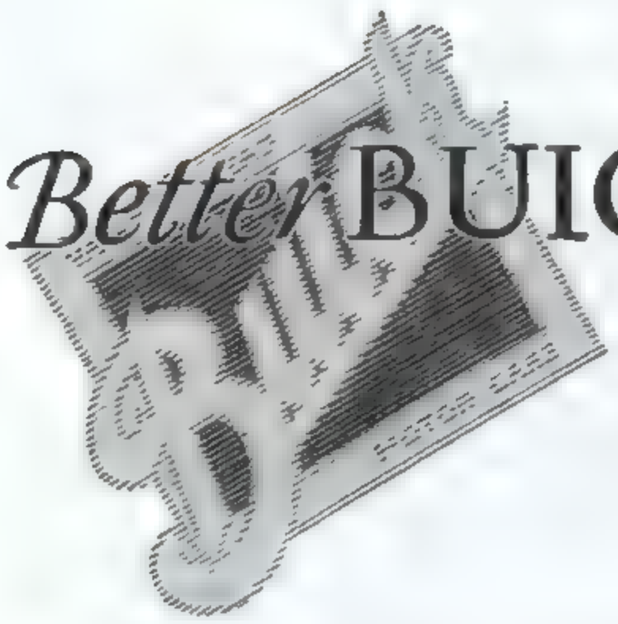

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VI

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

FLIEDERBAUM led Doc Myers through the blue tobacco smoke and the hard-boiled crowd in the dirty corridors into a souled anteroom, and got him off in a corner, the Doc growing sorer and sorer and more anxious every minute.

"What is it? What are you springing on me now?" he asked.

"It's the cemetery. We've got to grab it right off now. If we lose it we're gone—ruined! We'll kick ourselves to the last day of our lives."

"You mean to say you want to turn right around now," said Doc, in a hoarse angry voice, "and take that cemetery?"

The other man came still closer, where they stood there in the corner. "That cemetery," he said, whispering and looking all around again, "is worth five hundred thousand dollars."

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" said the Doc, thinking naturally he was crazy. "How do you know? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Listen," said the real-estate man, looking all around once more. "We got the last cemetery on the market in this state—around New York."

"The last cemetery—what are you giving us?" said Doc Myers.

"Positively. The last privilege, for a private cemetery—absolutely. Private—you understand—not church or like that—within such and such a territory," he said, describing it.

"Yes, you have!" said Doc Myers. "How would you know?"

"I got it straight. Right from headquarters—the way-up politicians. How they're just now putting through this health bill here this week—regulating and practically cutting out any more of these private cemeteries here right in around New York."

"You say so," said the Doc, still unconvinced. "But how do you know?"

"I Thought I'd Have It," He Said. "I Thought Maybe I'd Better Go Upstairs and Get It, So's to Be Sure I Would Never Go Back"

"How do I know? How do I know?" he said, creeping closer and closer, and holding on to his coat. "Listen. I'll tell you how I know," he said, whispering. "I got already this offer of five hundred thousand—a bank cashier's check—from them—these here political friends of mine that I know."

"Show me!" said Doc Myers. And before his mind got anywhere on this new thing, Sol Fliederbaum motioned to a still-faced stranger in a tipped hat.

"Meet Packey Dolan," he said, introducing him, "my old friend. Show it to him, Packey." And they faced into the corner, with their backs out.

"It's all right, boy. It's there!" said the stranger with the slanting hat, in a voice to match. "And it's yours for the reaching over—when you say the word on the dead yard." And he let him take the check into his hands.

"You don't have to bite it either. It ain't phony!" he told him when he looked it over, with his mouth open. "That's from away up! That's just small chicken feed to the boys up there that made it. Should I trot along now?" he said to Sol Fliederbaum, when the Doc had passed it back.

"Sure. Sure, Packey. And I'll see you later," said Fliederbaum, smiling his yellow smile.

"You see what I was aiming at now?" he said, when the man with the five-hundred-thousand-dollar cashier's check was gone. "And what that means for you, also, personally—when you marry into the family with this little girl of yours the only heir! And so let's go. For we've got to start jumping. It's fast work here in this business."

"I'll say it is," said Doc Myers, thinking for the minute he was talking about the realty game in general.

"And the first move we got here is to work it quick—to put it over right now, here this morning, before Cemetery Ed can get a hunch from anywheres of what's going on up in the capitol and throw up the suit on us and leave us ruined, without the cemetery!"

"Well, how'll you do that? How'll that be worked?" said the Doc. "How'll you approach the other side so they won't get suspicious?"

"Through the judge probably. He should be more than pleased, naturally, to get word to the other side to see us and settle up—in order to clean up his court calendar, if not for nothing else!"

"But what about Hogue and Frothingham? Have you gone over this with them?"

"No. No. That's another thing!" said Fliederbaum, excited again.

"Why not?"

"What! Have them hear what we got out of this, by this settlement—a half a million—and soak us accordingly? When all the suit's about and they've done any work on should be a hundred thousand—or probably less even," he told him. And then he showed him how they'd settle up the case themselves, and pay off the lawyer and the alienist, and stop right there—before those two got wise.

So he went off to get the word around to the judge; and the Doc went back into the court room again to hear this red-headed Runkle insulting this insanity expert. And by and by he felt Fliederbaum soft against him, where he had slipped into the chair behind him, breathing warm in his ear.

"This noon. At lunch," he whispered. "Just you and me, and Cemetery Ed."

So they got together at lunch and Doc Myers sat back and heard these two realty sharks bargaining, and finally working down to terms from what each one asked at first; and then putting their heads together, seeing how they could work in with one another to cut down their lawyers' fees and insanity experts' pay on both sides. And finally both sides signing up. But just when everything was all fixed and lunch was over, down came that other dread that haunted Doc again—brought back by Cemetery Ed.

He stood there, slipping on his fresh new gloves, turning his innocent blue eyes on them once more, getting ready to leave them.

"You did the wise thing, boys," he said in his smooth voice. "And you'll never regret it. There's a good cemetery—a first-class cemetery—that's bound to make you rich and happy—if it's handled right. For there's one thing you can say about a cemetery you can't about any other real estate—they've got to come to you! You got a bargain there—you got a first-class cemetery cheap. And you know it as well as I do. And so we're all happy and satisfied—all but poor old Happy. It's too bad, too bad. Poor old boy!"

"What's that?" said Fliederbaum. And Doc Myers held his breath.

"It's too bad," said the other man, "when he's got a big thing like this, finally, that the poor old guy is never going to be able to enjoy it. Just only his family and heirs, and those that have the handling of his property for him."

"Oh, you don't know," said Fliederbaum. "He might get better some day. They do sometimes!"

"Not poor Happy. Not according to our expert. Not with that disease your expert swore to on the stand!"

"Why not?" said Fliederbaum.

"Because it's incurable. They're hopeless when they get that far—absolutely hopeless! Poor old boy!" said

(Continued on Page 41)

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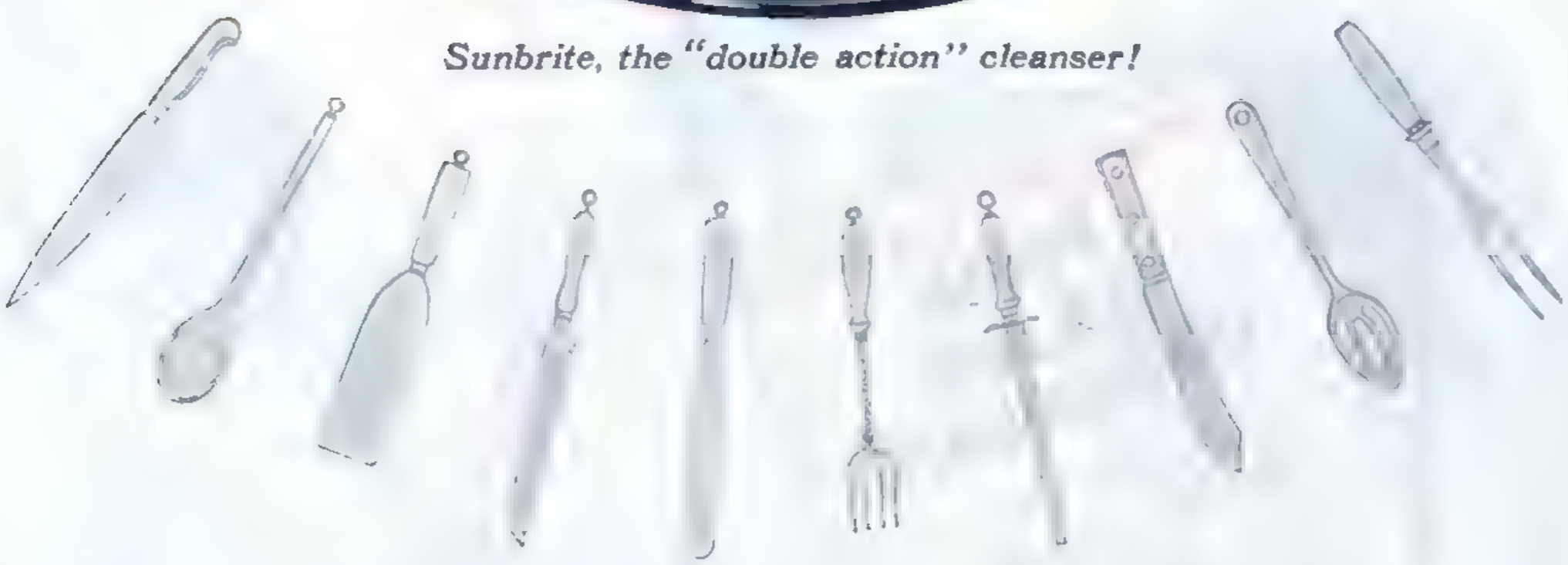
Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser!



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Continued from Page 38

Cemetery Ed, and went along. Doc Myers stood there, watching him go, speechless.

VII

THE more Doc Myers thought of it the more upset he got inside about this thing this cemetery salesman had claimed—that this poor unfortunate man, who was going to be his father-in-law, might have been stuck for life, pronounced hopelessly insane, just at the minute when this windfall of half a million dollars had come to him.

Fliederbaum was inclined to talk this down until the cemetery deal was finished and they had the five hundred thousand dollars from those politicians all tied up and in the bank. But then he opened up the thing himself.

"More trouble. More trouble!" he said, waving his short arms around his ears the way he did when he got excited. "We got to get busy right away!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Doc Myers, nervous.

"It's Happyhome Howe. He says he should have to get out right off now! Or he should cut loose and smash his way out! And he must see you right off, now, today!"

"He hasn't heard about the claim of Cemetery Ed's," said the Doc—"about his being stuck in there, hopeless, for life?"

"No. And he mustn't neither. Not for a million dollars! But he's bad enough now, without that. And you should go over right now. For he's got to see you immediate'"

So that same afternoon Doc Myers wandered over to this Honey Hollow Sanitarium, as they called it, where they had Howe put away.

"Good news, huh? It's come out fine—about the cemetery!" said Doc Myers, whispering and smiling, cheering him up.

But he wouldn't cheer—more than just a second. "It is, yes, in a way," he said in a dull kind of voice. "But that ain't what I got you here for."

"What is?"

"It's how I'm going to get out of this crazy house. And you've got to get me out, right now quick. Or I'll up and do something desperate here! I can't hold on much longer."

"What is it? What's started you going like this?" said Doc Myers, watching those shaking hands and bloodshot eyes. "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" he came out, kind of exploding. "Everything's wrong—starting the first thing in the morning, wondering if you're really insane—or what! As you would yourself, with your surroundings here!" he said, standing up. "Look outside," he said, pointing his long arm out the window. "How'd you like to look at that all day—all those poor nuts wandering in and out among those bare, gray-looking trees? That's bad enough!"

"Yes, I know. But that's all right. You know you're not crazy."

"Do I! I don't know. That's the question. Do I know there's anybody not crazy? I sometimes doubt it—especially after he's up here mornings, giving me my tests, taking my dreams!"

"Who? What dreams?"

"That Frothingham. Those dream tests he claims he gets a line on me from."

"Oh," said the Doc, seeing now, of course, what it was—the way they're curing insanity all over now, with dreams.

"Dreams!" the other man was going on, waving his arms. "That's what he's doing now—taking my dreams."

"What do you dream?" the Doc asked him.

"What do I dream?" he said, starting walking around, excited. "Coffee mostly—about coffee. They don't give me any here. After forty years regular! But it seems that means something. Dreams of coffee are one of the worst and most degraded things you can do—according to what he's trying to get me to admit!"

"Admit what?" asked the Doc, without thinking. And before he knew it Happy was standing up over him.

"Don't you ask me that!" Happy said in a loud voice, with a sharp glitter in his eye. "Don't! Not if you value your life—unless you want me to strangle you, right here with my own hands. Say, what is this? Am I crazy? Or do I just imagine it?" he said, almost shouting now in his excitement over those questions apparently.

"Hush. Stop," said Doc Myers. "They'll hear you!"

And Happy stopped and leaned over, looking into his eyes. "You know what this has done to me? It's got me going. It's got me worried about myself—whether I am crazy or not. And that's only a part—just a part of it."

"What—what's the rest?" said Doc Myers.

"Suppose I should be insane. Suppose I should just die here!" he said, grabbing him.

"Don't talk like that. Don't be foolish," said the Doc, giving a start now himself, for fear some hint of that other thing—that idea that he was incurable might have got to him.

But it seemed not—from his next remark. "I know. I know," he said, clutching him with a hot trembling hand. "But you get going here after a while. I can't think. I can't half eat. I can't sleep at all—starting up just as soon as I drop off—seeing things—thinking again, supposing I should die in here! It's got me going. I can't help it. It's taken all the pleasure out of what I got out of that cemetery. I'd give the whole five hundred thousand to be out of this, right now, this minute. For the damn thing is just driving me into a wild staring maniac."

"Now you're giving me this straight?" said the Doc, holding him steady with his eye, helping him to get a grip on himself. "You're not fooling?"

"Fooling!" he said, his voice rising. "Fooling! You'll see whether I'm fooling or not. I'm going crazy—that's what I'm doing. And if I don't get loose in ten days' time, I'll break loose. I'll have to. And I'll tear and destroy and burn down this place—if you don't get me out. I'll destroy everybody, and everything. And you included!"

"Sh-h! Sh-h!" said Doc Myers, soothing him, scared stiff for fear they'd be overheard, for he was almost hollering. "I'll get you out sure."

So the Doc got loose finally and went along downstairs—all weak and worried at this last turn; not knowing what to make of it, whether this man's mind was crumbling or not. And he went into Doctor Frothingham's office to say good-by, and found him there, still cordial enough, it seemed to him at the time; and looking over, as it happened, some of his slides for his microscopes. And he insisted on showing them to him, and talking about his work in general.

"Oh, yes," he concluded, reaching for a glass jar, "this specimen—this brain here—represents, with very little doubt, what is taking place in our patient—your patient upstairs," he said, lowering his voice and raising his eyebrows, up in the direction of Happyhome Howe's bedroom

"You mean to say," said Doc Myers, "that there are holes like that in his brain?"

"Oh, without a doubt. We shall find deep-seated ones there—lesions that you could thrust your thumb into," said the expert.

"Then you consider," said Doc Myers, wetting his lips, and starting over again—"then you consider his case hopeless—incurable?"

"Oh, absolutely," said this Doctor Frothingham. "Absolutely. And more than that, as time passes, and the degeneration of the tissues spreads, he will become extremely dangerous. Suspicions. Delusions of grandeur. Hate, springing quickly into murder for all who oppose him. He must be guarded continually, for fear of violence, both to himself and others—but principally others.

(Continued on Page 48)

"You Don't Have to Bite it Either. It Ain't Phony!" He Told Him When He Looked it Over, With His Mouth Open

Lady Gobelin's Treasure Hunt

By F. W. BRONSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

LADY GOBELIN'S crimson coiffure lit up the front steps of her Westchester palace like a bonfire. Its hot radiance warmed the flutter of guests at her feet; its flaming glory poured out over the lawn, the beds of flowers, the fountains and terra-cotta nymphs and hedged alleys; probably it overflowed the horizon and threw liquid sparks at the stables and garages.

"My first clew," she said impressively, "is from the poet Wordsworth." The guests fluttered. Only young Freddy Potter remained unmoved. He was staring at the freckles on the back of Mabel Gobelin's neck. The realization of beauty, the white blindness of passion, the ecstasies of Swedenborg, Saint Paul, Joan of Arc and the lesser Buddhists were all conveyed painfully into his simple soul when he stared at the freckles on Mabel Gobelin's neck. It was almost more than he could stand.

"Life," he whispered. "Life is so lovely ——"

Lady Gobelin cleared several layers of throat, and read:

"CLEW NUMBER 1

"'*How many are you, then,' said I,*
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'
—Wordsworth.

"As you all know," she went on gayly, "Clew Number 1 tells you where you'll find Clew Number 2. And Clew Number 2 tells you where you'll find Clew Number 3, until at last the cleverest of you gets to the treasure itself."

A sticker, indeed! Mrs. Gluick-Handy rumbled a question, "Does inside the house count?"

Lady Gobelin smiled teasingly, waving her pudgy wrist in the famous Gobelin gesture of amiability. "All the clews are within a mile of where I am standing."

The guests murmured among themselves. Then Mr. Peticolas suddenly rolled off like a green cannon ball. Some of the guests fluttered after him parasitically.

"Go away!" said Mr. Peticolas. "I don't know a thing! Go away!"

II

MABEL GOBELIN in a blue dress! Those freckles! The red hair, like her mother's! Seraphic! Freddy Potter followed the blue dress when it moved thoughtfully across the lawn; all at once it gathered speed.

"Hey, Mabel! Where you going?"

"None of your business, Freddy. You figure out your own treasure hunt."

"I'm no good at that sort of thing, Mabel." His hands sank moodily into the pockets of his knickerbockers. "You forget that I was dropped when I was a child."

Mrs. Gluick-Handy passed like a locomotive running cheerfully amuck. The blue dress moved forward.

"People who haven't any brains don't need any brain exercise."

"Hey, Mabel! Wait!" And then, for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time: "Mabel, will you marry me?"

And Mabel, also for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time: "No."

"Three hundred and sixty-five times," Freddy told himself gloomily. Tomorrow would be the anniversary of his first proposal. And with commendable determination he had repeated his offer of passion daily. The will to win, that was Freddy. But strangely enough Mabel's "no" had grown shorter, less kindly, less sympathetic, less melancholy. It had, in fact, deteriorated to a blunt monosyllable. Freddy's masculine spine was stiffening. Sometimes at night he lay awake and gritted his teeth.

Three hundred and sixty-five times! Freddy's thoughts were as black as Rev. Roscoe Bonbright's clerical trousers.

"Seven," muttered Rev. Roscoe Bonbright. "The key word is undoubtedly seven. 'O Master! we are seven.' Yes, seven's the word. But seven what? Now, Frederick, if I were to suggest that you and I coöperate ——"

"Sorry, Mr. Bonbright. But you know how it is."

Freddy strolled off among the tulips. Mrs. Gluick-Handy charged across the horizon, steaming a little. Three hundred and sixty-five times!

"It can't go on," he said firmly. "One year is all very well, but after that a man begins to look ridiculous. As a matter of fact," he continued grimly, "a year's my limit. Either I get her today or ——" The alternative was too depressing. Freddy shuddered.

The voice of Rev. Roscoe Bonbright: "On the other hand the key word might be heaven. 'If they two are in heaven.' Heaven or seven! Seven or heaven! What a corking treasure hunt! Oh, Mr. Peticolas, if I were to suggest that you and I coöperate ——"

III

A VOICE reached out of the vine-grown porch and seized Freddy neatly by the collar:

"Come up here, young man. The lord and master of the castle would have words with you."

"Sorry, Lord Gobelin. But you know how it is."

"Indeed I do, Freddy. Mere chance is offering you an escape from the horrible tedium of treasure hunting. Therefore I repeat—come here." The voice took Freddy's arm and pulled him up the steps.

Lord Gobelin in white flannels and sport shirt was sipping an amber-colored liquid from a tall glass. His heels rested on the table. His pink face had the eager, ancient-mariner expression that Freddy had learned to diagnose so well.

"Treasure," said Lord Gobelin dreamily. "How many different interpretations of the word since the days when primitive man cached his meat in some Neanderthal cavern."

Freddy nodded, squirting seltzer into the last inch of a tall glass. One might as well learn to face life, to make the best of any given situation.

"Treasure! Coin, bullion, gold, silver, jewels. *Vetus deposito pecuniæ.* Under the feudal system, the prince's right to the treasure, according to Grotius, became *jus commune et quasi gentium.*"

"Are you positive?" murmured Freddy.

"Quite." Lord Gobelin drank. "And of course you know the parable. Matthew xiii, 44; 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth ——' Sit still, young man!" Lord Gobelin thrust his long nose deep into the tall glass.

"Freddy, do you recall one Sykes?"

"The butler who pulled a fade-out with Lady Gobelin's jewels?"

"The same. Well, the defection of Sykes has oppressed my spirits to an unusual degree. Sykes was mine. I found him. A curious specimen he was, Freddy, that morning in the court room. 'Two years,' said the judge. 'Stop,' I cried. 'This man has a tubercular wife and four children. Would you have them starve? Fine him, Your Honor, and let me take him home with me where the matronly influence of Lady Gobelin, my wife, will make a soberer man of him.' 'Sold to the gentleman with the spats,' said His Honor. Sykes came home with me. Not a bad fellow, Freddy. Really an excellent fellow! But then two weeks ago his old trouble ——"

"Too bad. I was fond of Sykes." Freddy drank sadly.

"Of course we mustn't forget that he had a tubercular wife and four children."

"Of course not. Pinch them too."

"This mock treasure hunt," Lord Gobelin reflected, "so close on the heels of Sykes' genuine treasure hunt, bores me excessively, and my honored wife's guests awaken thoughts of manslaughter in my peaceful cerebellum. Alas, I brood." Lord Gobelin shuddered. "How shall I get rid of them? How shall I stop this business?"

"You could turn in a fire alarm."

Lord Gobelin waggled his pink head. "Too crude. There's a better way. Freddy!" He leaned forward, dropping his heels from the table. "Freddy, the only way is to hurry the thing along. Now listen carefully:

"'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'

(Continued on Page 44)

"Of Course I'm Not So Awfully Good at This Sort of Thing. But a Fellow Can't Help Having Ideas"

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FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 42)

"Seven! Magic word!" Lord Gobelin leaned back in his chair. "Seven! Numeralogists tell us that those who vibrate to seven are weakest in their hearts, legs, stomachs, duodenums and ears. Its minerals are platinum, asbestos, lime ——" He paused to drink. "The seven deadly sins. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. The seven hills of Rome. The Seven Wonders of the World. The Seven against Thebes." Lord Gobelin choked in his effort to come to the point. "Now, Freddy, with the number seven definitely established in our minds, we can proceed. What do you do with yourself all day?"

"Look for Mabel mostly; golf ——"

"The Bloodbrook course?"

"The Bloodbrook course." Freddy drank.

"And is there any particular green, Freddy, from which you can see this particular residence?"

"From the seventh."

"Do you begin to catch my drift?"

"Not very clearly, sir."

Lord Gobelin sagged weakly in his chair. "Call me Terence," he moaned.

"Yes, sir."

"Listen," Lord Gobelin hissed. "The second clew is in the seventh hole of the Bloodbrook golf course. Go and get it! Then come back here to me." He gulped down his drink. "Shake a leg!"

IV

THE second clew was in the seventh hole of the Bloodbrook golf course. Furtively he extracted it, read it, thrust it back into the cup. Strolling nonchalantly through the grounds, he repeated its metrical instructions:

"CLEW NUMBER 2

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.
Wordsworth."

By the sundial Mr. Peticolas was doing geometrical propositions with paper and pencil. The crawfish eyes of Rev. Roscoe Bonbright were peering from behind a hedge. A great wind struck Freddy; it was the passing of Mrs. Gluick-Handy on her way to a new inspiration. Miss Sapphira Goetchins and Miss Jollity Goetchins, hand in hand, tiptoed here and there among the statuary, looking for heaven or seven or anything they could find. And abruptly, like a blue rainbow in the sky, he saw Mabel. Her expression was puzzled

"Found the second clew yet?"

"No."

"It isn't so awful hard if you just use your head."

"Shut up! You interfere with my thinking." She muttered tensely. "'O Master! we are seven.' 'Seven' what?" She tapped a finger nail against her teeth. "'Seven' what?"

"Think," said Freddy helpfully. "Think hard!"

"Shut up," cried Mabel. She turned her back on Freddy. "O Master! O Master! Master's bedroom — the great masters "

"Mabel, if I find this treasure will you marry me?"

"No." Her voice became hard and cruel. "'Heaven,'" she muttered. "'Heaven' — in heaven hell!"

"Do you give up, Mabel?"

"No! I'll never give up. I'll find the treasure if it takes all night." Her fiery hair exuded vitality and stamina.

"Well, will you?"

"NO!"

Suddenly the earth trembled; the trees shook; the sky darkened. Mrs. Gluick-Handy passed again.

V

LORD GOBELIN neatly extracted the cork. While pouring Freddy a cool drink, he discoursed.

"The thing you must bear in mind," he said, "is that text from Matthew xiii, 44; 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field: the which when a man hath found, he hideth ——'" Lord Gobelin settled back into his long-distance attitude of repose. "When we interpret Scripture," he pronounced, "we mustn't be too literal. A field may be the symbol for something else again—for a church, a bank, even a house." Lord Gobelin smacked his lips.

"How true," said Freddy.

Lord Gobelin held up his finger, shaking it gently at Freddy's sunburned nose. "But the word 'hideth' is straightforward enough. What old Matthew wanted to say was that when a man steals a treasure he's jolly well apt to hide it again, especially if the treasure is non-negotiable. Do you catch my drift?"

"Indeed I do, Lord Gobelin. And I don't think I need say, sir, that my own attitude toward the Scriptures from this time forward will be considerably altered in the light of your conversation."

Something like pain blanched Lord Gobelin's pink cheeks. "You flatter me," he articulated. And then: "Has it ever occurred to you, Freddy, that the man Sykes has not been found? And that none of the Gobelin jewels have turned up in pawnshops or other underground deposits?"

"It never struck me in just that way," said Freddy.

"The tubercular wife still starves in Saratoga. The four children whimper fretfully; perhaps they have colic, dyspepsia, whooping cough, ingrowing toenails." Lord Gobelin heroically reined his imagination. "It all comes down to the fact that neither Sykes nor the jewels are to be found. There are several possible solutions ——"

A blue dress passed thoughtfully across the lawn.

"Freddy! Stop!" Lord Gobelin's voice jerked him back by the collar. "My daughter seems to have an undesirable effect on you," he complained suavely.

Freddy peered hungrily through the vines.

"Now to descend from tragedy to farce —— Did you go to the seventh hole of the Bloodbrook golf course?"

"Yes, sir."

Lord Gobelin closed his eyes dreamily. He tasted the poet's liquid bird notes on his tongue:

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.
—Wordsworth."

His voice was soft and mellow. "Anyone," he said, "not understanding the cerebral mechanics and lucubrations of my esteemed spouse, Lady Gobelin, *née* Melissa Wick of Newport and New York, might think that the storm and the town and the snow had something to do with it." He exchanged a knowing look with Freddy. "But, young man, you and I know better."

Freddy nodded.

"Understanding, as we do, the psychological manifestations of my esteemed spouse, we know that the whole significance of that clew is contained in the word lantern." Lord Gobelin paused dramatically. "The early lanterns had sides of horn, talc, bladder, or oiled paper." He drooped into a more restful position.

Freddy deduced roughly that he was good for three hours and a half.

"Stevenson's bull's-eye lantern," crooned Lord Gobelin. "At Pompeii and Herculaneum two cylindrical bronze lanterns were discovered ——" Lord Gobelin shook himself. "All of which brings me to the heart of the matter."

"I follow you right up to the end," said Freddy.

"We will delve deeper into the cerebral cavity of the esteemed and venerated Lady Gobelin. She starts off with nothing but the word lantern. There are hanging lanterns on our porches, old ships' lanterns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in my library, a copy of the Riccardi Palace lantern beside our front gate. But do you think that these things of aristocratic beauty would appeal to the democratized American soul of my esteemed spouse, Lady Gobelin, *née* Melissa Wick of ——"

"Well, well, well!" said Freddy.

"No, by gad! No! Her democratic heart, Freddy—truly a thing of beauty—led her over hill and over dale, over terrace and tulip bed to the stable. And there, on a hook by the door, used by the stable boy in cleaning out the stalls, is an old dirty kerosene lantern ——"

VI

FREDDY skulked rapidly toward the stable. His face was drawn and anxious and sleuthlike. There was something to this treasure hunting, after all. Matching wits with the best minds in the neighborhood! The thought sent pleasant shivers up and down his back. Keen eyes, muscles pliant as fine steel, swift and sure as a hound. He was bursting with confidence.

At the stable he found the kerosene lantern. Inside its dirty glass was:

CLEW NUMBER 3

O Blithe Newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?
—Wordsworth.

Freddy put the clew back in the lantern and, suddenly inspired, placed the lantern in a manger.

(Continued on Page 48)

Mabel Pushed Through the Circle of Frocks and Sweaters and Real Pearls and Knickerbockers. "Sykes!" She Screamed

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COUPE OR COACH

(Continued from Page 44)

Lady Gobelin's coiffure blazed in the middle of the lawn. Guests fluttered around her like red and green and saffron moths, a trifle hot, a trifle flustered.

"Give us a hint, Lady Gobelin," they cried.

"Well," said Lady Gobelin, "every clew is within a mile of where I'm standing." She laughed the Gobelin laugh. Then Lady Gobelin's buttonhole eyes discovered Freddy.

"There," she remarked coolly. "Mr. Freddy Potter may be able to help you. Mr. Freddy Potter is invariably skillful at intellectual pastimes, particularly if the game has to do with one of the arts. Mr. Freddy Potter, I'm sure, knows and interprets his Wordsworth. Freddy, can you help the lost lambs?"

"Cuckoo!" he remarked. "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

Lady Gobelin was heard to whisper under her breath.

"Hell's bells!" she is said to have whispered.

Under the spreading hemlock trees stood Mr. Peticolas, smiling a vague knowing smile and trying to look unconcerned. Miss Sapphira Goetchins and Miss Jollity Goetchins, hand in hand, were counting the hemlock trees from left to right and from right to left.

"Oh, Mr. Peticolas," they cried.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Peticolas craftily. His eyes suddenly fixed themselves on the Riccardi Palace lantern by the front gate. And just then Rev. Roscoe Bonbright's crawfish expression emerged from behind the goldenrod.

As Mr. Peticolas rolled toward the lantern Rev. Roscoe Bonbright followed warily in his wake.

VII

ON A RUSTIC bench near the summer-house sat Mabel, knee-deep in thought.

"Found the second clew yet?" asked Freddy heartily.

"No. And if it's all the same to you, I'd prefer to be alone."

"Of course I'm not so awfully good at this sort of thing." He waved his arm in the grand manner. "But a fellow can't help having ideas. I can't loaf around here without feeling that you people are creating your own difficulties—difficulties ——"

Mabel spoke softly, "Will you stop pestering me? Will you, for the love of Mike —— "

"Yes," cried Freddy, "a fellow can't help having ideas sort of pop into his head." He rubbed his chin musingly. "Seven," he said. "Magic word! Numeralogists tell us that those who vibrate to seven are weakest in their hearts, livers and eardrums. Their minerals are platinum, asbestos, lime and so forth. The Seven Wonders of the World. The seven against Bobby Jones. The crap shooter's seven." He paused to stride manfully up and down. "Now that we have the number seven definitely established in our minds, we can proceed. Mabel, what do you do with yourself all day?"

"I wish that you'd go hang yourself. And furthermore ——"

"Oh, come on, Mabel!"

"—— and furthermore, that all of your relations and kindred would contract beriberi ——"

"Think hard, Mabel! Don't you ever play any games? Don't you play golf?"

"—— and only my bringing up prevents me telling you in unadorned idiom what I think of you and how the sight of your face compels me to swallow hard lest ——"

"Well, Mabel, if you play the Bloodbrook course, from which green can you see this particular residence?"

Mabel seemed to be enjoying a convulsion. Her eyes were closed, her lips were muttering; her body shook.

"Go hang," she seemed to say. "Go hang, go hang, go hang!"

"Think hard, Mabel. Harder!" He waited, expectant and eager. Nothing! At last he cried, "Why, from the seventh! Do you catch my drift?"

Mabel's expression straightened itself out and narrowed critically. Her blue eyes passed cleanly, without obstruction, through Freddy's mind.

"You mean ——"

"Sure! The second clew," he whispered fiercely, "is in the seventh hole of the Bloodbrook golf course. Go and get it. Then come back to me." He went on hurriedly, "Don't stop to thank me. A fellow can't help sort of having ideas pop into his head."

VIII

"THE rest of the clews," said Lord Gobelin, "are not fit to be repeated. If I quoted them now the fillings would melt in my teeth. Wordsworth, Wordsworth, Wordsworth! There's one about an idiot boy, one about a daisy, one about a man looking into a well." Lord Gobelin sucked at his glass. "Making you find the treasure is cruel enough." He turned aside to hide his emotion. "Freddy, the treasure is fifty of Lady Gobelin's paces north from the middle croquet wicket." He added thoughtfully, "Fifty paces in a straight line, young man."

"There's something to this treasure hunting, Lord Gobelin."

"Quite," said Lord Gobelin dreamily. He seemed tired. "Freddy! Stop!" Once again the voice grabbed Freddy by the collar.

"Freddy, do you recall that text from Matthew? About the man hiding his treasure?"

"Indeed I do," replied Freddy manfully.

"Do you recall my discourse about Sykes?"

"Indeed I do. I was fond of Sykes."

"Have you drawn any conclusions, Freddy?"

"It's a matter, Lord Gobelin, that I'd like to think over a bit before giving you an opinion."

"Well said!" Lord Gobelin sagged lower in his chair. His pink face was concealed behind the pink soles of his shoes. "I was just wondering," he mused, "whether the man Sykes couldn't possibly be hanging around the place, waiting for a chance to grab the loot that the circumstances of his flight forced him to bury. A wild guess? Perhaps. But the wild guesses are more apt to be right than the tame guesses.

"Freddy, you will now go and unearth the treasure planted by my esteemed spouse, Lady Gobelin, *née* Melissa Wick of Newport and New York. You will be lionized by the social deficits that swarm over my house and grounds like Japanese beetles. In order that you may survive the ordeal, and as a recompense for your intelligent cooperation in terminating this farcical game, will you please accept as a slight token of my regard ——"

Lord Gobelin held out an unopened, beautifully labeled bottle. Freddy put the bottle in his pocket.

IX

THE bottle in one coat pocket, Lady Gobelin's treasure in the other, Freddy walked moodily away from the greenhouse. Lady Gobelin's treasure was a Wordsworth Birthday Book, bound in robin's-egg blue and lettered in silver—three hundred and sixty-five quotations.

When he met Mabel by the goldfish basin, his mood was impatient, even truculent. The red hair warmed some important segment in his skull.

"Did you find the second clew?"

"Yes," she admitted. A hostile gleam brightened her eyes. "Whom did you spy on—Mr. Peticolas?"

Something awoke in Freddy—something sturdy and masculine.

"Listen here! Just because you were too dumb to find that thing alone, you don't have to think everybody's as dumb as you are. Now, if you want me to tell you where the next clew is ——"

"I've found it," Mabel snapped.

"How about the one after that?" He stared her manfully in the eye.

"I'll find it in a minute. Then I'll find the others. If you think you can beat me, Freddy Potter ——"

"Oh, I wouldn't take it so much to heart," he said soothingly. "We all have our off days. Any little hint I can give you ——" He flipped his hand airily.

"No, thanks. I'll find my own clews."

"If I get the treasure before you do, will you marry me?" He eyed her fiercely.

"No. I don't want to marry you."

Freddy laughed harshly. "You'd better marry me while you've got the chance," he said. "Who do you think you are to keep throwing a fellow down? You keep saying you're so brainy, but how do you make that out? Compared with me, your brains wouldn't plug a keyhole. As Wordsworth says ——" Freddy sneered elaborately. "You better say yes while you've got the chance."

He strode off. Triumph sang through his head.

"I got her," he chortled. "Give me another two hours and I'll make the grade. She's scared of me!"

As he walked, the bottle bumped against his hip. Wordsworth's Birthday Book made his pocket bulge unnaturally.

In one of the grottoes lingered Miss Sapphira Goetchins, holding by the hand Miss Jollity Goetchins.

"Oh, Mr. Potter," they giggled. "Have you found the second clew?" But Freddy had gone.

He stalked unseeing among the guests. His mind was throbbing with unborn schemes. To delay the treasure hunt! When he concentrated on the problem his brain made a grinding noise. Quick! Be quick! The crafty Mr. Peticolas would soon come to the end of the clews. Rev. Roscoe Bonbright would arrive some six seconds later. Mabel would also come to the end. Quick! Be quick! Three hundred and sixty-five days of passion exploded like a large Roman candle in the grinding hollow of his skull.

Simultaneously two things happened: Mrs. Gluick-Handy charged across the horizon in a small cloud of dust; Freddy conceived the idea that was to alter his entire life.

The idea burst from his head full born. Automatically he sat down on one of the marble benches. Automatically he took from his pockets some note paper, a fountain pen and the Wordsworth Birthday Book. Automatically he opened the book and automatically he wrote on a slip of paper:

"CLEW NUMBER 7

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills ——
—Wordsworth."

"There," said Freddy, as he took fifty of Lady Gobelin's paces north from the middle croquet wicket. "I guess that'll hold them for a while." He put the seventh clew under the stone from which, a few minutes earlier, he had removed the Wordsworth Birthday Book. His jaw became firm and hard. "And if that won't hold them there are three hundred and sixty-four more quotations in this volume."

X

TWILIGHT was tiptoeing prettily over the famous Gobelin estate. There seemed to be a strained feeling in the air, a sense of fatality as in the old Greek or possibly the old Russian dramas. For a time Freddy Potter had been a prominent knob on the vernal landscape. He strolled here and there with Byronic fervor, writing on small slips of paper. Then abruptly Freddy Potter vanished.

Mr. Peticolas became the cynosure of neighboring eyes—crawfish eyes—because of his sudden craving to promenade from the middle of the croquet grounds due north to some undetermined goal. Mr. Peticolas perspired a little. Finally he stooped over, turned a stone, fumbled with something white; when he straightened up again, the crafty, knowing look had returned to his eyes. And Rev. Roscoe Bonbright emerged from the bushes. And Mabel Gobelin came thoughtfully from behind a whitewashed piece of statuary. The strained feeling seemed to make the trees tremble. Tension was born.

Drama was maturing. The scent was getting hot.

Meanwhile, over near the stable, hidden behind a privet hedge, sat Freddy Potter. He had been sitting there, off and on, for some two hours. Beside him sat a villainous-looking fellow with a bulbous nose, a stubble beard and a cumbersome paunch straining against his yellow slicker. Between them were two empty bottles, Freddy's bottle and its twin sister. The villainous character in the yellow slicker was about to increase the brood to triplets by knocking off the neck of the third sister against a tree.

His red face wore the evil gleam commonly ascribed to those who are addicted to strong beverages.

"The trouble is, Sykes," Freddy complained, "a couple of those clews are a little far-fetched. The one about the cloud, for instance."

The villainous face leered. The voice that gurgled out of it was thick and guttural. "Lucky you 'appened to bump into me, Mr. Freddy. I know the 'ouse like a book, I do."

"Yes, Sykes. Yes, indeed. And I appreciate your suggestions, Sykes. I never would have thought of that cloud picture in the hall. You're a jewel, Sykes."

"So Lord Gobelin used to say," replied Sykes thickly. When he emptied the third sister his corpulence rocked dangerously.

"But this can't go on forever, Sykes. I've put out twenty-three more clews. It's time I figured out where to hide the treasure. Too bad you drank that last bottle, Sykes; you might have helped me."

The face of Sykes purpled with angry pride at this insult to his capacity. He was unable to speak.

Silence. The gentle chirping of bugs. The clean, sweet odors of grass and earth and horses. Freddy abandoned his soul to dreams of Mabel.

"Have you ever looked on something divine—an angel, Sykes—and wanted to kneel at her feet?" Sykes opened his mouth, but only a gurgle and a hiccough emerged. "Life is so lovely—so lovely —— Sykes, if you were in love you wouldn't drink so heavily."

"Drink?" Sykes lurched magnificently to his feet. "Drink? I 'aven't begun to drink. I can 'old more raw liquor than ——"

"Then help me hide my treasure, Sykes."

Sykes snarled, "Mebbe you think as 'ow I cawn't."

"One would be led to believe by the color of your eyes ——"

"Mebbe you think as 'ow I cawn't drink three bottles and be clear in my 'ead."

"Impossible," murmured Freddy gravely.

"Himpossible?" roared Sykes. "Himpossible 'ell! I can drink four quarts and be clearer in my 'ead than you."

"No, Sykes. No. You mustn't ask me to believe it. You forget, Sykes, that I'm the son of my father. No, you'll have to show me. If you can find a better place to hide this treasure than I can ——"

Sykes preserved his balance by embracing a tree. "Mebbe you think as 'ow I cawn't,"

(Continued on Page 48)

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"Save the surface and you save all"—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 46)

he roared. "I was 'iding treasures when you were in your cradle. I can 'old more raw liquor than ——"

Freddy shook his head firmly. "You have to show me."

"'Ave to show you?" The villainous mouth leered. "You hunderdone cake eater. Show you? I'll show you. No man can cast haspersions hon the capacity of Joe Sykes. Show you, is it? I'll bloody well show you the best place around 'ere to 'ide a treasure. Drink? I 'aven't begun to drink, I 'aven't. Mebbe you think as 'ow I cawn't ——"

"I doubt whether you can hold as much liquor as ——"

With a roar Sykes crashed through the hedge. Whistling cheerily, Freddy followed. A boastful fellow, Sykes. His intelligence was overwhelmed by his pride.

"There's honly one place to 'ide a treasure 'ere," roared Sykes. "Come on, you hunderdone cake eater. I'll show you!"

XI

LADY GOBELIN herself, cruising nervously over the lawn, a crossword-puzzle expression on her face, was the first to come upon them. Freddy had lifted the sundial and had placed it gently on the lawn beside the recumbent, snoring body of Sykes. He was peering intently at the cavity thus exposed, where rested an iron-bound box. Lady Gobelin descended upon them like an express elevator full of passengers.

"Freddy Potter, is this your handwriting?" Her pudgy wrist trembled with violent emotion. She shook the slip of paper under Freddy's sunburned nose. In the blue twilight Freddy perused the writing:

CLEW NUMBER 12

With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal. —*Wordsworth.*

"Allow me, Lady Gobelin ——"

Lady Gobelin didn't allow him.

Gradually the guests assembled. Lady Gobelin had skipped lightly through the commoner brands of insanity, the more intricate neuroses, the various psychopathic cases that had come to her notice through the daily press. She was now carrying her allusions and metaphors into the realm of natural history, exposing the domestic life of lizards, toads and various arthropods. Her oratorical and scientific erudition held Freddy speechless.

And then Mabel pushed through the circle of frocks and sweaters and real pearls and knickerbockers and checked vests and flesh-colored stockings. She placed the toe of her slipper against the bulbous nose on the lawn.

She gave a terse scream.

"Sykes!" she screamed.

Lady Gobelin's oratory turned off like a faucet. The guests fluttered. Attention was concentrated on the recumbent and wholly indifferent Sykes. Vague murmurs drenched the twilight air. Mr. Peticolas noisily blew his nose.

Mabel peered into the cavity exposed by the lifted sundial. She saw the box. She picked it up, wrenched its jimmied lock, and a shower of bracelets, necklaces, tiaras, earrings and pendants bruised the feet of Freddy Potter.

Mabel gave a soft little cry.

"The Gobelin jewels," she cried. Her eyes looked amazedly into the manly eyes of Freddy Potter. The look of wonder changed to one of sweet, sweet tenderness. "Freddy!" she breathed.

Something large and powerful came into Freddy's heart. "Mabel," he said gently, "will you marry me?"

"Yes," Mabel whispered against his cheek.

For a moment Freddy held her close to his chest. While the guests were exploding, he kissed her a few times on the cheek. Then he put her from him.

"It was this way," he said. "There's a text in Matthew about how the kingdom of heaven is like a treasure hid in a field. The text got me thinking."

"Ah-h-h," said the guests.

"I began to wonder," Freddy smiled at his beloved. "I began to wonder whether the man Sykes couldn't possibly be hanging around the place, waiting for a chance to grab the loot that the circumstances of his flight forced him to bury. A wild guess? Perhaps. But the wild guesses are more apt to be right than the tame guesses ——"

Freddy stopped abruptly. A face, a pink face, was looking over the shoulders of the guests. Lord Gobelin's face! The expression on the face made Freddy pause. Lord Gobelin, Freddy thought swiftly, was about to be violently ill.

THIS WAY MADNESS

(Continued from Page 41)

A homicidal type. A well-indicated homicidal psychosis," said the expert, putting back the bottle. "Every symptom shows it."

VIII

IT WAS two or three days after this—good and anxious days for Doc Myers, stewing over this new complication he was in—when Sol Fliederbaum called him over to him, where he stood on the steps of the sales office of the Happyhome Heights Realty Company, looking balder and redder and more like an excited fish than ever.

"For goodness' sake, where were you?" he asked him. "I've been looking all over for you."

"What is it? What is it now?" said the Doc.

"Sh-h!" he said, holding his fingers to his lips and going back into the office, motioning him to come in too.

For though the new crowd was supposed to own the property, they wouldn't take possession of it.

"Listen," he said. "Do you know the scheme that's on now?" he said in a low voice. "What it is they're putting up on poor Happy now?"

"No. What is it? What are they doing to him?" asked the Doc, wondering to himself, as he did most of the time now: "What next? What next?"

He didn't answer his question directly. "All over have I been," he said in a high worried voice. "For thirty years in business around New York, and then in realty also. And all kinds of crooked games have I seen. But never yet nothing like this scheme these here unscrupulous crooks have worked up here now!"

"What? What crooks?" asked Doc Myers.

"This psychiater at that sanitarium, and this lawyer—this irresponsibility pleader, and Cemetery Ed."

"Cemetery Ed!" said the Doc, loud and surprised. "In with those other two?"

"Yes. They got together."

"How? When? In what way?"

"Just right away when they got word what was going on—and the big money we was getting in for that cemetery."

"So they know about that deal now?"

"Sure they know. Sure. And so at once already they get together in conference to work what they could for themselves out of it. And they pool their interests and start in to pull off this new scheme!"

"What scheme?" said the Doc. "What can they do now, when everything's all done and paid up and settled?"

"They're going to keep him there—that's what—until we settle. They say how can they let him out, when our man came out—our own psychiater, in charge of him—and swore he had a disease, an insane phychosis that was incurable?"

"Look! Wait a moment!" said Doc Myers, breaking in. "How do you know all this?"

"How do I know? How do I know?" the other man shot back. "Ain't they been to me twice already now with propositions of settlement with us—if they agree to keep their hands off and let us work him loose?"

"What do they want?" said the Doc, clutching the high mantelpiece back of him, steadying himself, now he saw that he knew what he was talking about.

"They want murder; they want it all—the whole cemetery back, you might say," he said. "That's what they want. Positively. If it had been anything anyways reasonable, maybe then we might have talked business. But these crooks just sit there naming these high unscrupulous figures, and say why should they come down when they got the strangle hold on him. And they can afford to wait, for they've got him, until we come through—for life, y'understand, if necessary!"

"But—but we can't do that!" said Doc Myers, still holding on to the cold clammy mantel with his hot hands. "You can't just go off and desert him!"

"You said it there," said Fliederbaum. "Not with Happyhome Howe, you can't. Not with him likely to blow up any minute on us—if he don't get loose right away!"

"Then what'll we do?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about today. To see if you're game!" said Fliederbaum, looking up at him. "Should you be willing to help him make a legal escape?"

"A legal escape!"

"Over into another state, y'understand the way they do sometimes with these insanity cases, when the usual ways of getting free don't work out right in one state. So they can get over into another state—or country—with different, easier laws."

Doc Myers just stood there, turned to stone, you might say, like that mantel he was clinging to, wondering where this thing these men had trapped him into was going to take him next.

"I should do it myself," Sol Fliederbaum was saying. "Gladly. Only I am so fat and heavy. But you being younger, and in the family so, why then ain't it up to you, more or less, to take a hold and work this thing? Here's the scheme. Why wouldn't you take your motorcycle," he said—for the Doc had this machine left over from his hospital days that he used now and then to run around on, for economy's sake, partly. "Why shouldn't you take that, with him in the back, and take a run with him? For it's less noticeable and conspicuous, waiting around, than an automobile. Just run him over into the next state, whichever of the nearest three around here we found out the laws were best in."

"But wouldn't that be dangerous?" said Doc Myers. "Wouldn't that be a state's-prison offense—helping a dangerous lunatic to escape that way?"

"Why should it be?" said Fliederbaum. "Don't you read in the papers about it being done here all the time—and for regular criminals too! And anyhow, I'll look it up, and fix it up for you—that legal end."

So finally, after long argument, he prevailed on him to go ahead into this next step, taking pity on the old man, Happy; and, of course, wanting to make Nonita happy, and keep that half million dollars from the cemetery in the family, so far as possible.

IX

IT TOOK time, naturally, to work everything out as it should be for the escape and the place of hiding, and the legal plans and political connections for getting him loose in this adjoining state; and they had a wild time making Happyhome Howe stand still, and keeping him from kicking

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

everything over right away—in his nervous state—before they could fix it. And, of course, they took extra care now to keep the truth from him—about his being pronounced incurable and hopeless by this insanity expert. For they didn't know how high in the air that might shoot him.

"But you can't blame him, either," said Doc Myers, speaking to Fliederbaum.

"Yes. I know," said Fliederbaum. "But still an' all, he's too unreasonable altogether. For instance, here now he's all the time blaming you, and cursing you out."

"Blaming me? How?" said the Doc, sour.

"For your picking him out this disease he's got."

"He don't know what Frothingham is saying—about his symptoms? He don't know he's been pronounced incurable?" said the Doc, excited.

"Oh, no," said Fliederbaum. "No. If he did he'd have flew the coop entirely."

"What is it then?" asked the Doc.

"He just don't like the treatment—and the medicine that goes with it," said the real-estate man. "To be good and frank with you, he thinks you should have picked him out an easier disease—and would, maybe, if you'd known your business better, and wasn't so young in the doctoring game."

And for a minute Doc Myers couldn't answer, standing there, chewing over the rank ingratitude of it all, in his mind. Going over all he'd done for them from the start—when they first roped him into their fool scheme.

"Well, for Henry's sake," he said, "what do you know about that! Blame me for pushing that disease on him! Blame me!" he said. "You know who was responsible more than anybody else for the disease he got!"

"I know. I know. It was himself," said Fliederbaum. "But you know, by now, how Happy is. He remembers what he wants to—when a thing's done. Everybody in the realty game knows that."

And then he went on and told him how the plans were shaping up—how they were going to work it in the other state; and also about getting him out of the sanitarium.

"The best way," he said, "will be for him to slip down the fire escape and over to his own house in the early dusk, just before dinner, for there's a time there when the watching is specially loose. Then you can take him just as soon as it's full dark, off over the state line on your motorcycle. But then in the meanwhile we've got to fix it for him there at his own home."

So they went over that, and figured out who was best to bring in on it.

"It should be his wife, naturally," said Fliederbaum. "But I don't dare trust her. For some reason she don't seem to be herself lately. All excited up and mad acting! Entirely different from usual. Maybe you've noticed it yourself."

"I have, yes," said the Doc, for he had been thinking that himself.

"We'll have to tell her in the end, naturally," said Fliederbaum. "But not yet already, not the way she is now. I should say now our best bet was for you to go here now to your little girl, to Nonita, and tell it to her, the whole thing straight out."

So Doc Myers agreed finally; and saw her and went over it all from the beginning. And she was relieved and happy, naturally. And enthusiastic, too, about what Doc Myers had done.

"It's like a dream," she said, "the way this has worked out—this fortune from that cemetery. And when we get papa loose from that sanitarium it'll be just about perfect!"

"That's our trouble now," said Doc Myers.

"What is?"

And then he told her about what this Frothingham claimed now—that her father was incurable.

"Incurable? My father!"

"That's what he claims—this boy. But don't let that worry you—not what that crook says!" said the Doc. And then he told her about what Fliederbaum had run into—this conspiracy between those three—Cemetery Ed and the lawyer Hogue and this psychiatrist. And she was all excited about it, getting up and walking the floor in those big free strides they teach those professional dancers.

"Oh, why—why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Why? You couldn't have done anything with Frothingham. He's just a plain, hard-boiled crook."

"Couldn't I? Don't be too sure. Maybe I know more about him than you think I do. And it's not too late—it's not too late now," she said, walking back and forth like a panther.

"Yes, it is, too," he said; and went on and told her why—about that legal escape into another state that had been settled on now; and how he was just coming to her to help them out, rather than to her mother. And she told him then he had done just right in that, for there was something strange that had come over her mother the last few days that she couldn't understand.

"And anyway," she said, in a snappy, businesslike way, "you did the only thing in coming to me, and not to her. And I'll get everything ready so they'll be no slip-up."

And then they made their plans together.

"Where'll we put him, while he's in the house here?" he asked her.

"Why not in the laundry, down cellar—where he'll be out of sight, and yet have a fire? And we can have your motorcycle right there with him—ready!"

So Fliederbaum had another interview with Happyhome Howe and went all over it with him—how that legal escape into the laws of the next state would be the best and quickest way out for him. And he had mighty little difficulty in convincing him—of anything that would get him out of there quick.

So he handed him a saw blade for the window bars, which weren't so very big just makeshift things that had been inserted in the windows of that old house not built originally for a sanitarium. And Happyhome set to work.

The first night was too soon, of course; and the second was too clear and pleasant. But then the third one came—dark and gloomy and overcast, and the twilight set in early, long before dinnertime—the way they had to have it. And Happyhome Howe slipped out through the bars he'd cut, into the dusk and down the fire escape—dropping that last story, where it was caught up, as he could with those long legs of his. And Doc Myers, who was outside a ways, watching, gave him the whistle that the coast was clear; and went on ahead of him, seeing that everything was all right until finally he steered him into the laundry at his home, and left him there.

The Doc went upstairs then and told Nonita that her father was down there, her mother, as it happened, being down in the city shopping, and not home yet. So Nonita went down, while he stayed up. And for quite a while he could hear them talking—in whispers first, then louder. And then, all of a sudden, this one word rose up, all at once, out of the cellar—in a hoarse, strained voice—the voice of the father; and hit his ear. Just one word:

"Incurable!"

And when he heard it the Doc's blood ran cold, you might say. For he saw then he must have forgotten to warn Nonita not to tell her father about this expert's saying he was incurable. "Incurable?" said the terrible hoarse voice in the cellar. "Who told you so?"

And he could hear her, telling him, apparently, in a low voice, and warning him to keep his own voice down.

But the Doc could hear him just the same, through that floor over the cellar not so loud, but clear and distinct and bitter—calling out the Doc's own name.

"So that's it!" he said. "I might have known it! I got him to thank for this also. That's what comes from bringing a young, inexperienced boy into your doctoring," he said; and cut loose and cursed him out for giving him symptoms that would let the insanity experts figure out that he was hopeless.

And then he could hear her working a word in now and then—pacifying him and defending the Doc against him; telling him, evidently, he shouldn't blame him—he was doing all he knew how, and taking a good big chance for him right now, getting him off into the other state. And finally she came upstairs, and the Doc saw her face was flushed. But she didn't speak to him about what they'd been talking of—but something entirely different.

"I'm worried," she told him. "I'm worried sick about father. He's got hold of one of those bottles of Scotch he had over in the cold cellar."

"What—a quart bottle?" said the Doc, nervous, knowing too well what he might be liable to do after all those months without a drop.

"I'm afraid so," she told him. "And it's more than half gone now."

And then she closed up; for as she was saying it, her mother came in, looking around in that queer, angry, suspicious way she had lately.

She hadn't been there but a minute or so when the telephone rang, and before they could prevent it she had gone over and answered. For they knew then there was a chance it might be from the sanitarium.

"No. No. Certainly not. Not a sign!" they heard her answering. "Tell me! What is it? What do you mean?" she said. And kept on breaking in, excited—"Yes. Yes. Yes"—as they talked at the other end.

And then they shut down on her apparently, and she came over, as white as a sheet.

"Your father's gone!" she called out. "Your father's escaped from that sanitarium. He'll die. He'll catch his death of cold—out bareheaded, without an overcoat—on a night like this. It's suicide," she said, almost breaking down.

And then the Doc nodded, and Nonita went over and put her arms around her, for they saw the time had come to break the news to her.

"Don't worry, mother. Don't!" she said, reassuring her. "He's all right. He's right here in the house now—down in the laundry!"

And the minute she heard that, she changed entirely—her whole voice and manner. "He is, is he? Then send him up here. Right away!" she said, in a hard, angry, hurrying voice as if she couldn't wait. "Right away. I've got a bone I want to pick with him!"

And they both stood back from her, where she had broken away from Nonita, astonished. For usually she was the quietest, meekest woman you ever listened to, especially so far as her husband was concerned.

"Go on. Hurry. Bring him up here!" she said in that hard tone, as if she was mad through and through. And Nonita went around and pulled down the shades, while the Doc went down into the laundry to get her father.

"He isn't here!" he called back up, after poking around all over in the cellar, wondering what had happened.

"He's upstairs then," said Nonita back, "on the second floor. He must have gone up the back way through the kitchen. Yes, yes, there he is! I can hear him prowling around up there."

So Doc Myers went up—just as Happyhome Howe came stepping down the stairs into the living room; more or less cautious, with the influence of that Scotch more or less evident—as he stood there finally at the foot of the stairs, holding on to the end of the banisters with one hand, and the other out before him—waving it and calling to his wife in a thick sentimental voice.

"H'lo, hon! H'lo, ma! Are you glad to see me?"

"What is this? Where are you going?" she asked him.

"I'm going out of the state, ma. I'm going to be free!"

"I don't know whether you are or not!"

"Why—what's the matter, hon?" said Happyhome, straightening up in surprise.

And they all looked at her, startled—at the change in her—her stiff angry way, and the sharp hard voice she called back at him with—so different from his sweet buttery tone to her.

"I don't know as I'm going to let you!"

"Let me!" said Happyhome Howe. "Why, hon! What do you mean? You wouldn't keep me? You wouldn't keep your poor old hub from getting free?"

She just stood there, her lips pressed and sharp marks cut deep into her cheeks. "I might. I probably will," she said. "For this finally is one of your schemes that won't go through—without me!"

"My schemes!"

"Yes—your schemes. I've had enough of them. Schemes. Schemes. Schemes! That's all I've had since I married you—and got into the realty business. That and moving! Your schemes and my moving!"

At first, when she had started out after him, Happyhome Howe just looked puzzled—like a drunken man does at something he can't understand. But now he went after her—half sobered up—and began talking more and more in that soft soothing tone he used with women either in his own home or selling property to others.

"Schemes, hon!" he said. "Ain't we always got to have schemes? Ain't we always got to have them to keep from going under in the real-estate business? You know you have, hon. And who got up all those successful schemes? And who were they made for? For you, hon, weren't they? You and Nonita!"

He came nearer and put his hand on her shoulder now, thinking he had her sold. But she brushed it away.

"Successful!" she said, sarcastic. "Yes. Like this last one!"

"Well, ain't it? Ain't it?" he said. "Ain't we rich now? Ain't we got a wonderful thing out of this cemetery I went out and got for you—you and Nonita? If that ain't successful, what is?"

Then he stepped back, surprised at her laugh—the harsh, high, bitter laugh she sent back at him, so foreign from anything he had ever heard from her lips.

"Successful, yes! More successful than you think it is! For me!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. I mean that this is the last scheme you work—without having me take care of it."

He stood bewildered, looking at her, before he went on, trying again, in that syrupy plausible realty salesman's voice. "Without you, hon? Haven't you always been in with me on everything? Ain't that the way we've always worked together—fifty-fifty? You fixing up houses, and I selling them!"

"It'll be different now. You may sell them, and I may fix them—doing all the work, while you do the talking, as usual. But from now on, for a change, I'll handle the money. That is, if we come to an understanding that suits me!"

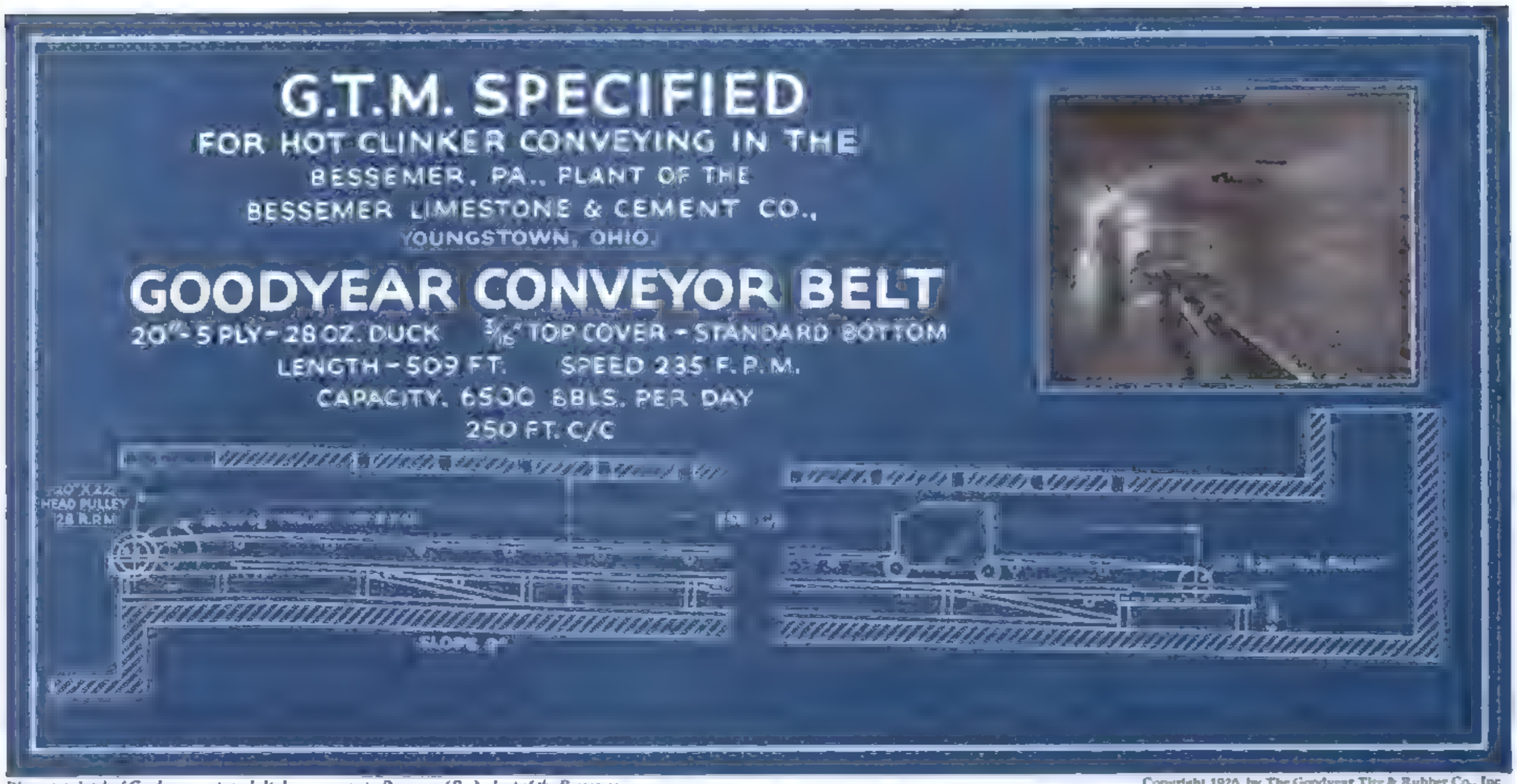
He just stood there then, open-mouthed, while she went on, recalling to him about the various schemes they'd worked together in the past. "You remember that last time—that time three years ago when you put that other property out of your name into mine? And how you wheedled it out of me—all that good money we made that year—and sunk it in that next wild scheme, and lost every dollar?"

"Why, hon, you know why that was!"

"Yes, I know. I know full well. It was because I let you loose, because I didn't keep that money in my own name when I had the say over it. The way I've got this now—this half million from this cemetery!"

And when she said this, Happyhome Howe gave a silent start and stood staring while she went talking on in a hard, fast, kind of hysterical voice—the voice of a woman who's taking a final stand against a man that's always had his way with her, and is steeling herself to go through with it.

(Continued on Page 55)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SLOPE 0°

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped clinker conveyor in Bessemer (Pa.) plant of the Bessemer Limestone & Cement Co., Youngstown, O.; with inset photograph of the conveyor tunnel and belt

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The hot clinker record—and the G. T. M.

Cement men will tell you that clinkers which run a temperature of 90 to 340 degrees Fahrenheit, and average a hundred pounds to the cubic foot, can make short work of an ordinary belt. This hot and abrasive material was doing its destructive worst to eat up belts in the Bessemer (Pa.) plant of the Bessemer Limestone & Cement Company, of Youngstown, Ohio, when an extraordinary conveyor belt came on the job at the specification of the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

How this record belt got its chance to show it could do more than two other belts is an interesting story in itself. When the Bessemer cement plant was opened, five years ago, both the transmission and conveyor belt equipment was almost 100% of a certain make other than Goodyear.

In the course of replacements, the officials became interested in the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan, by which belts are accurately specified to the duty required of them, and designed and built to those specifications. The G. T. M. was given an opportunity to analyze one drive and recommend belting for it.

That single Goodyear Belt proved so efficient and economical that, one after another, as the original belts gave out, more Goodyear analyses and more Goodyear Belts followed, until today, nearly all of the belt equipment is Goodyear.

A Goodyear analysis was made of the hot clinker conveying job late in 1923. In co-operation with the plant officials, the G. T. M. went over all the operating conditions affecting the belt, and made a careful computation of all the mechanical factors—pulley diameters, center-to-center distance, load, speed, and so on. His recommendation was a 20-inch, 5-ply, Goodyear Conveyor Belt, with 3-16 inch top cover and standard bottom cover.

The best ever done on this job by a belt of another make was 1,461,000 barrels; the second best, of still another make, was 800,000 barrels; the third, 600,000 barrels. The Goodyear Conveyor Belt, installed in December, 1923, lasted till October, 1925, and carried more than 2,500,000 barrels—more than any two of the previous belts and nearly as much as all three!

A report from Mr. F. R. Kanengeiser, Vice President and General Manager of the Bessemer Company, says: "We thus show a very appreciable increase in service from your belt, and are pleased indeed to offer our testimony to that effect." Mr. O. E. Wasson, the Superintendent of the Cement plant; Mr. S. L. Duvall, the Master Mechanic, and Mr. J. A. Johnson, Superintendent of the Stone plant, make similar comments.

Is it not reasonable that you, too, may profit from a G. T. M. study of your belting requirements? The G. T. M. is an expert on belting, and he has a practical knowledge of many industries. His service is available for the analysis of a single drive or a complete plant. You may depend on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he may recommend—Goodyear Conveyor and Transmission Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you extraordinary service from every standpoint of efficient economical operation and long wear. For information or records, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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Value in radio rings not on price tone but on *performance* — and *permanence*. Whatever you can afford to pay for a radio set, you will find in an RCA Radiola the greatest value your money can buy in radio. Any authorized RCA dealer will sell on terms to suit you. And he will back up his sale with service

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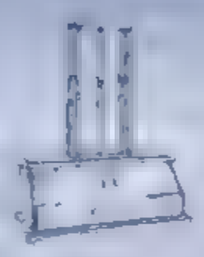

RADIOLA 25

volume of reception on dry batteries and great clarity of tone. The price includes all five Radiotrons.

Radiola 25—six-tube Super-Heterodyne at $165. The Radiola Super-Heterodyne has been unsurpassed in tone quality and in selectivity. It is now uni-control operated with a single finger tip. It has the new dry battery power tube. It has new refinements for greater performance and greater simplicity. And it can be adapted for use with the RCA Loudspeaker Model 104 without any batteries, just plugged in on the A. C. lighting circuit. It is built in a rich cabinet, with space for all the batteries. And the price includes all six Radiotrons.

RADIOLA 28

Radiola 28—eight-tube Super-Heterodyne at $260. Neither in mathematics nor in radio science has it been found possible to make five equal six or six equal eight. Just as motion and storage engineers established the need for a number of cylinders for greater power, in like case RCA has built an eight-tube Super-Heterodyne with new refinements and new power. It is encased in a desk type cabinet that has room for all the dry batteries, though it may be adapted for use without batteries on the A. C. lighting circuit with RCA Loudspeaker 104. The price includes all eight Radiotrons.

RADIOLA 30

Radiola 30—eight-tube Super-Heterodyne with power speaker: uses no batteries, $575. All the new discoveries have been combined in this beautiful instrument. Its loop is built in. Its hidden loudspeaker is the new RCA cone type power speaker that can produce a whole orchestra at actual volume. And it operates entirely from your lighting socket (A.C.)—with *no batteries.* It is unsurpassed in tone and in performance. The price includes all tubes—there is nothing else to buy. Just plug in—and tune in—with a single control.

Know what a price includes! [illegible] handsome cabinets—and all the tubes—genuine RCA Radiotrons.

• • •

The quality of a Radiola Super-Heterodyne is permanent. All the delicate parts are put into a firm steel box. A special compound, poured around them, seals them impenetrably in their "catacomb"—safe against air—time—moisture.

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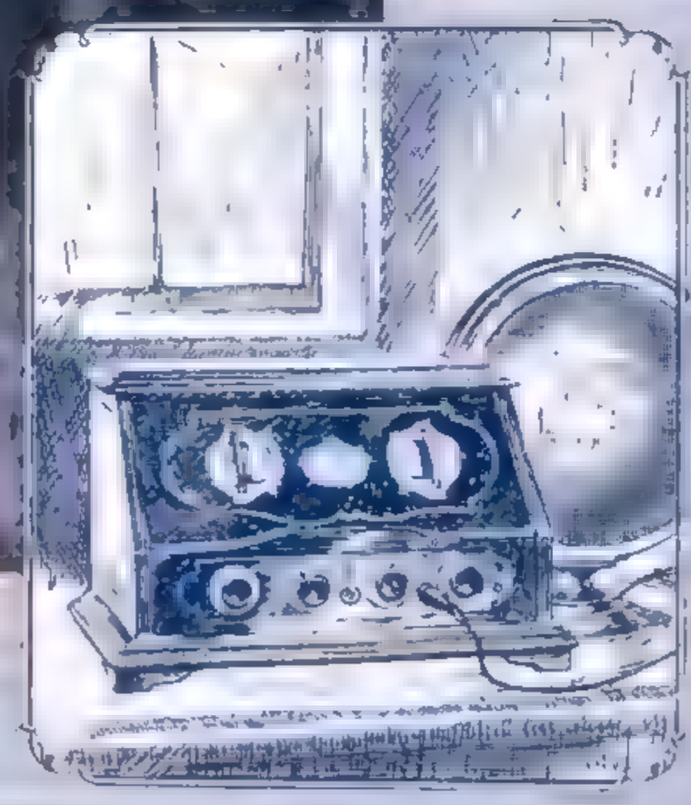

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Bumpers that 'stand Bumps

There are many times when a reliable bumper is worth its weight in gold. Stewart-Warner Bumpers have saved many cars—saved many lives.

"Stewart-Warner Bumpers have saved many cars"

Let's not be over-confident that "we" will not have a crash—or even a little bump. We may be ever so careful, but emergencies arise, unexpectedly, when we would give "anything" for a bumper that would save us and the car.

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They are the best bumpers in the world—built to withstand severe shocks in a scientific way—that will protect the car and occupants—save lives and repair bills—more than earning their cost.

Automobile and accessory dealers—with the Stewart-Warner sign—are "depots of safety"

"Be guided by a reliable name!"

If all cars had Stewart-Warner Bumpers, few would have to pay for damaged fenders and ALL cars would stay young-looking—without the wrinkles that make a good car look old.

Automobile and accessory dealers—with the Stewart-Warner sign—are "depots of safety"—where these "better bumpers" will be installed to your entire satisfaction.

Be guided by a reliable name!

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
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STEWART-WARNER Accessories

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Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio

The outstanding success of the Radio realm. The only complete radio—Instrument *plus* Tubes *plus* Reproducer *plus* Accessories—by one maker. All made to operate in perfect unison insuring the height of radio reception.

Models from $65 to $450

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 50)

"I've had enough," she replied. "I'm through. From now on, I have the say on our money. And I'll stand out for that forever. You can talk and talk and talk, but you'll never get our money loose again from where I've got you and it under control now!"

By this time Happyhome Howe had dropped again the mean hard look that had come into his eyes while she had been talking, and had found his voice and was starting in trying the sweet stuff once more—stretching out his arms to her.

"What is it, hon? Tell me, ma. There must be some misunderstanding here somewhere. Who—what's turned you against me like this?"

"Do you want to know that really?"

"I do," he said, in a sad regretful voice.

"Well, if you do," she said, her hard voice not changing—"if you want to know I'll show you." And stepping over to a table she opened up the leather shopping bag she always carried, and pulled a long, slender, official-looking paper out from an envelope in it. "It's this!" she said, waving it toward him. "This is what turned me finally—the last straw!"

"What is it?" said Happyhome, taking it as if he was astonished, but knowing, apparently, the Doc thought, all the time, just as soon as he saw the thing.

"It's your income tax—your income-tax bill for the last quarter," she shot back at him.

And Doc Myers saw in a minute, naturally, what it was—another one of those cases that you hear of all over now, where the husband holds back his income from his wife, until she gets a line on it through the Government. Only this case was having serious consequences.

"Your tax," she kept on, in her high metallic voice, while her husband just stood there silent, fumbling. "On nineteen thousand five hundred dollars' income. Nineteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six dollars," she said, dwelling on every figure. "You—you—with nineteen thousand, five hundred dollars—and spending it, squandering it. On yourself, on Scotch and poker parties, and worse still, for all I know! And I moving—moving from one house to another, mostly with my own hands. Fixing up and selling houses for you; slaving like I have for the past twenty-seven years, since I married you, and got into this darned home-making realty business. Drudging, moving, slaving! And you out spending it—all over, with both fists!"

He stood there, looking dumb, cornered. But getting dangerous, too, the Doc thought, all the time.

"You know what I'm going to do?" she was asking him. "Do you know what I am from now on?"

"No, what?" he asked after a minute, surly.

"I'm a rolling stone no longer!"

"A what?" he said, not getting her at once.

"A rolling stone," she repeated. "For that's what I've been—a rolling stone that's gathered nothing but hard knocks. But from now on I settle down, with plenty of money; and take it easy—in one place. One place!" she said, snapping her fingers from where she stood, up under his nose.

And he stepped back like somebody that's just seen the family clock get up and walk out and close the door after it.

"One place!" he said then finally, his voice lowering and that mean look coming back. "What place?" he asked, staring her in the eye.

"Paris," she said in a high firm voice, staring back. "Paris!" she repeated. "With all the money that I want—in my own control." And looking over, Doc Myers could see the change in her—a kind of glorified look, twenty years younger. "And if you want to come," she said, stopping it, and talking business again to her husband, "you can sign what I want—and come along. And that's my last word. I won't compromise any lower. You can take it or leave it. I'm going to Paris, and I'm going right soon. And you can come or you can stay right here where you are, in that sanitarium. Those are my terms!" she said, and stopped short, looking at her husband.

He just stood there for a minute, glaring back, still and ugly.

"Held up!" he said then, talking to himself. "Held up by your own wife!"

"If you want to call it so," she said, never once letting down.

"Your own wife!" he repeated, his voice rising. "I see it!" he yelled. "I see it, finally! You're all in together—in this conspiracy against me. You, and you, and you!" he said, pointing to one after another—and Doc Myers last. "But you—you especially," he said, glaring at him now exclusively, his voice growing harder and harder and more dangerous. "I was all right—I and my family—until you came butting in and worked this thing on me, getting me declared hopelessly insane. And I thought at first it was just ignorance—the blundering of a natural-born damn fool! But now I see it as it is. I see now what your idea is, jumping in here, taking away my hard-earned money, cooping me up for life, marrying my daughter, running my affairs, and cutting in under me with my wife. My wife, that for twenty-seven years never passed me one harsh obstinate word, till you came! I see it now. And it's going to stop—right here now."

And suddenly he reached into his coat pocket and whipped out a gun—a big old-time revolver. "I thought I'd have it," he said. "I thought maybe I'd better go upstairs and get it, so's to be sure I would never go back—there. For I never will—not alive!" he said, with that mean, ugly look now just flaming in his eyes. "Not alive!" he said.

And the Doc could see that the liquor—all that Scotch he had in him—had taken another turn now. From being soft and palavering, it had made him wild and dangerous. And suddenly the Doc stepped back, for he was advancing toward him!

"And in the meanwhile," he said, with his eye right on the Doc, and bringing down his gun muzzle just a little, "why shouldn't I just plug you?"

"Don't. Don't!" said the Doc, crouching back. "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for, Happy."

But he only laughed—that harsh drunken laugh. "Why shouldn't I shoot you?" he said, arguing. "What could they do to me if I did? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! And you know it. For ain't you made me hopelessly insane? An incurable, irresponsible madman?" he said, lowering the muzzle still more. "Responsible for nothing that I want to do?"

But by now his daughter, Nonita, had him by the shoulder, calling to him: "Papa! Wait! Stop! Don't! They're here!"

"Who?" asked Happyhome Howe, turning like a flash from the Doc, swinging the muzzle of that gun in a wild irresponsible way—all over.

"That doctor! Those men from the asylum!" she said. "Come! Come! This way!"

"Let them come. They'll never catch me—not alive!" said Happyhome Howe, letting down his swinging gun by his side finally.

And turning, he left the room with great long strides, following her out back without any more talk—as if it had all been arranged between them beforehand. And before the Doc really came to his senses they were gone and the front doorbell was ringing.

x

THEY stood there in the door when Doc Myers opened it—Doctor Frothingham in front and those two big husky boys, attendants from that sanitarium, behind him.

"I shall have to ask you to give him up," said Frothingham, standing straight and stiff, with that kind of cocky military look a goatee gives you.

"Who? What?" Doc Myers stammered out the best he could; and Ma Howe, his mother-in-law that was to be, stood in back of him, white and silent, fumbling at her neckband.

"My patient," said the sanitarium head, curt and commanding; and stepped in with the two keepers and closed the door after them, in that slick, cool, professional way he had about everything. "Your pretense is useless," he said in the same calm polite manner. "He has been seen coming here—and you with him!" he said, turning his dark sharp eyes directly on Doc Myers.

And when the Doc started to answer he held his long white hand up. "Don't. Don't," he said, checking him. "Your conduct in this affair has been incriminating enough up to date, I should say, without perjury!"

"Oh, is that so?" said Doc Myers, starting to pull what he knew on that crook; and then holding back, for reasons of policy, not knowing exactly what it might do if he showed him up with Ma Howe right there—and that matter of incurable insanity came out.

"Yes. That is so," said the other man, standing still and straight and scornful. "And I might add, it is certainly a singular performance for a physician, of whatever standing," he said, sneering at the Doc as a young man just starting doctoring, "to be a party to a criminal offense—the letting loose of a dangerous madman upon the community."

"Dangerous. Mad!" said Ma Howe, starting in, apparently, to defend her husband, and stopping, interrupted. For Nonita was coming in from the back of the house, speaking.

"Why, Doctor Frothingham! How do you do?" she said, coming forward, holding her hand out with a sweeping gesture, the way those professional dancers are taught. "What is it? What happened?" she said, using her eyes and playing up to him, Doc Myers noticed, from the very first.

And the other man melted a little in his manner, seeing her. "It's your father," he said. And Doc Myers thought then of what Nonita had said about knowing him better than he knew. And after all, he thought to himself, how much did he know about the times she must have seen this man, going over to visit her father at that asylum? "It's your father," he was saying to her, with that foolish-looking smile. "You must give him back to me."

"But he isn't here," she said, opening up her eyes at him, hiding in back of innocence, the way women do.

"Yet he undoubtedly has been," he said, looking down, and still holding onto her hand where he had taken it.

"Doctor," she said now, instead of answering him, and looking back up into his eyes, "is it true that you have said that my father—my father's case is incurable?"

He hesitated and stammered now himself, looking down at her. "Well, no," he said. "Not necessarily. But I must have him—at once."

"You can't," said Nonita. "He's gone."

"Gone. Where?" said the expert. And the two attendants stiffened, looking at her.

"I wouldn't dare to tell you, doctor," said Nonita, looking back at him, straight and still.

"Dare to. Why not?"

"Because he's armed. He's got a revolver—that he got from here. And he swears he will never be taken back by you alive."

And the two attendants put their weight on the other foot, watching her, but the crooked boy with the goatee laughed—started to.

"You don't mean that," he said. "You're trying to frighten me."

"Not at all," she said, cool and high-headed. "Ask Doctor Myers. Ask mother."

And they both nodded back that this was the truth.

"Yes," said the mother. "And he's been drinking, too—while he was here."

"He's crazy, ugly drunk!" said Doc Myers, adding his part.

And then this Doctor Frothingham, seeing they spoke the truth, stood back and stared at Doc Myers, high and supercilious.

Watch This Column

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HOOT GIBSON
The leader in Western Drama

HOOT GIBSON'S rise to screen fame is due to the fact that he represents the best type of the American cowboy—not the swashbuckling, swearing, gun-fighting rowdy of fiction, but the rollicking, good-natured, courageous lad who lives in the saddle, rides like a centaur and is welcome wherever he goes.

From the very beginning of his screen career with UNIVERSAL, he has set an example of earnestness and painstaking effort and his every step up the ladder has been earned in every sense of the word. His natural talent for acting has been finely developed through the excellent stories chosen for him and the facilities afforded by this company.

In his latest pictures, *"The Calgary Stampede"* and *"The Arizona Sweepstakes"* he has stories of the great outdoors. They are both laid in a country where the scenery is beautiful—romance runs through them—coupled with just enough western villainy to carry interest and suspense. They give HOOT an excellent chance to display all his talents. *"The Calgary Stampede"* was made on the scene of the stampede in Calgary, Canada, this year and was directed by Herbert Blache. *"The Arizona Sweepstakes"* features a great Western horse race and was directed by Clifford S. Smith.

Watch for *"Rolling Home,"* a new REGINALD DENNY picture from the story by John Hunter Booth. I am very anxious to have your opinion of HOOT GIBSON and REGINALD DENNY. I am warmly prejudiced in their favor myself. What do you think of them?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

You can also have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson and Reginald Denny for 10 cents in stamps.

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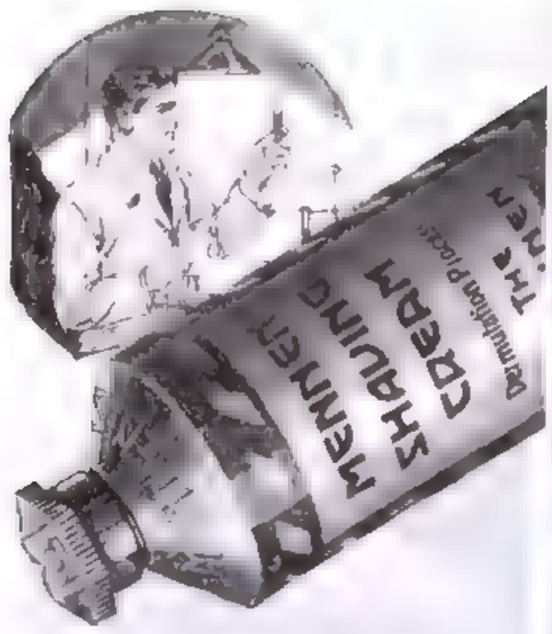

I sell the scientific shave —yes, sir!

"Jim," says Mr. Mennen, "I want to experiment."

"Sure," I agreed. "But I'm no chemist. I'm a salesman."

"You claim your methods are scientific," was his comeback. "Why not use more scientific argument. Omit the usual patois and show the boys some depth. See if that doesn't sell more shaving cream."

No sooner said than done. Men-shavers, lend me your ears.

Take any kind of H_2O. Add a few *molecules* of Mennen Shaving Cream. Watch them multiply into a foaming *mass* of creamy, super-moist lather. Apply the powerful mixture to your *follicles*. Wiry whiskers wilt. Veteran bristles change to school-boy eiderdown. *Dermutation* has set in. Razor gets hairs in any position—vertical, horizontal or diagonal. Removal is absolutely painless. No hot towels, rub-ins or local *anaesthetics*.

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How about a little *counter-activity* in the direction of your local pharmacist? If you're susceptible to any kind of shaving misery, a few *inoculations* with the Complete Mennen Shave will make you immune for life.

If that's not scientific, it's the best I can do in that kind of chatter. But the facts will stand investigation. On that score I'm right.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

"This is your work," he said to him. "And if anyone had told me that anything above the mental grade of a microcephalic defective would have done this—let a homicidal maniac loose upon a community with a revolver—I should have said he lied."

"You crook, you know better!" said Doc Myers, doubling up his fists. And Nonita caught her mother, steadying her, and called out to him.

"Don't. Don't hit him," she cried to the Doc. "Don't talk. Don't do anything—anybody. Let me do this. Let me talk to the doctor here," she said. And she took Doc Myers off into a corner, with all the rest standing looking.

"Come. Are you willing to come—and save his life—after this deadly thing you've got him into?" she said in a sharp accusing whisper.

"Save him? How?" asked the Doc, more or less sharp himself—fed up quite a bit with everybody laying everything in sight on him in this thing he had been dragged into by main force on just this same girl's account.

"Come with me," she answered him, still sarcastic. "If you're willing to do that much!"

"Certainly," said the Doc back, freezing up himself. "But where'll you go?"

"Just come along," she whispered. "I know where he is—almost certainly."

"All right," he whispered back, high and dignified. "Let's go as soon as possible."

"The quickest way," she said, "I guess, will be to take your motorcycle, part way anyhow."

"Very well," he said, still cold and sore. "You're the boss."

So she turned back then, and spoke to this insanity expert—with the two keepers looking out from behind him. "We'll have him back," she said, "within an hour. If not, I'm going to leave word with my mother here where you'll find us."

And Doc Myers and the rest all watched her while she went over to her mother and whispered in her ear. And the Doc saw the mother give a start when she did so.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"I know," said Nonita back.

But then the other man—that Doctor Frothingham—stepped over to her—having figured out by this time, the crook, Doc Myers thought, what he ought to say—taking everything into consideration. "You're not going. You can't. Do you realize what you're doing?"

"Do you realize," she asked him back, "what it will mean if I don't? That's the question. If I let somebody he hates go after him—when he's got that gun—and he's crazy and he's drunk—and he's sworn he'll never be brought back to you alive? Are you willing to take that chance?"

"I can't let you," said Doctor Frothingham, making another bluff, but really glad to put the job on her.

"Pish! Pish!" she said, snapping her fingers at him, the way they do in those gypsy dances.

"Where are we going?" asked Doc Myers when they had got the motorcycle out into the road, and she had got in back and put her arm around him. "If you don't mind telling me," he said, cold and frigid, and hurt down to the bone by the way she had been acting toward him. And none too anxious, if the truth was known, to go diving out into the dark after this crazy drunk, with a revolver, that had just sworn to have his life.

And he felt her stiffen and turn hostile, where she had him around the waist.

"Not a bit," she answered very formal. "We're going to the cemetery, the mortuary chapel," she whispered, with her lips close up behind his ear, but her tone very distant and cold. "We fixed that up when we were down in the laundry as the place he was to head for if anything happened at the house, the place where nobody would ever think of looking."

"And what'll we do," asked Doc Myers, "if he starts loose on us with that revolver? What about taking some protection?"

"You aren't afraid, are you?" she said in a more or less scornful voice; and he could feel her body behind him on that motorcycle stiffen up in a kind of hostile, critical way.

"I was thinking of you!" he said back, sore, his body stiffening also, when he thought of how all parties of this thing perpetually put him in the wrong—after loading all the work and danger onto him.

"You'll protect me, won't you?" she said, still making sarcastic cracks.

They whirled along in silence, through the dark, both furious, he going faster and faster the madder he got, and she clinging closer and closer, naturally, to hang on. Locked always closer together in this strange unusual lovers' quarrel, the more they fought; and madder with every bump they hit.

"We'll have to get off here, I guess, and walk," said the Doc, breaking the silence finally in a sharp crisp voice, afraid to go any farther up that rough back road that turned off now to the cemetery, for fear he'd spill her off. "We'll have to walk the rest of the way."

So they left the machine by the roadside and went on, she talking and directing him in whispers, but saying only what was absolutely necessary. And they went up side by side through the dark, he offering to help her, and she refusing. And finally they came where they could see the first line of sagging fence around that old deserted cemetery.

"Come on," Nonita whispered, starting to go in the little ruined gate, and going easy, when it began creaking.

Then they stood there, stopping still, listening, while she opened it the rest of the way. And a dog a million miles off, at some farmhouse out of sight, barked and stopped. And they were alone in the world again, creeping up to this black mortuary chapel, and Nonita pointing at a broken window.

"Me first," said the Doc, whispering.

"No. I!" she said—correcting his grammar even now, he noticed!

"Not on your life!" said the Doc. For naturally he couldn't have her go first, as much as he hated to think of what was inside there, and what might happen to him out of that blackness.

"My dear doctor," she said, whispering, mad—and the madder she got the finer her manners and language became, like most women—"once and for all, from now on I take charge of this. There has been blundering enough up to now!"

"No!" said the Doc, still holding her, in spite of her trying to pull away. And the two stood there in a deadlock, fastened in each other's arms like a pair of wrestlers, beside that black hole where a windowpane was out; and got, together, the musty smell of the long-empty building, and the silence that came out of there. And the Doc stood there bristling along the back, as you do sometimes, listening into the dark, holding Nonita from moving, waiting.

And then all at once he bristled more and almost cried out loud at what he saw—this circle of light that started up against an inside wall. They stood there while it slid around, quick and nervous; up and down, over the walls and on the pews, and the floor with the stones on it that the boys had thrown in, and the desk on the platform in front that the boys had more or less torn up, moving, nervous, jumpy, all over the place, like one of those old superstitious will-o'-the-wisps you read about. And all the time not a sound nor a sight of anything else alive anywhere.

"Father. And his flash light!" said Nonita, whispering and pulling away toward the window. "I am going to speak to him."

And the light went out.

"Who's there?" asked this big boy, booming like a big bell out of the dark. "Stand back. Stand back! Or you're a dead man. I'll shoot. I'll shoot!"

"It's only me, papa. Nonita!" she called to him, struggling to move forward, while Doc Myers held her back from the range of that black window.

He didn't hear her apparently, talking himself, telling what he was going to do to anybody that thought they could come in there and take him back. And his voice, the Doc saw, wasn't so much ugly as high and hysterical—the worst kind of voice at such a time.

"Papa. Dad!" Nonita kept calling.

And finally he stopped and heard her.

"So it's you!" he called out then. "How did you get here—so quick?"

"I hurried," she said. "To be in time to save you!"

"Save me? How?" he called back through the hollow-sounding dark. "How can you save me now?"

"I'll tell you if you'll let me in!" she said up closer to the window. And the flash light came over and rested on the window sill. "Don't. Don't!" said Nonita, pulling where the Doc was holding her back.

"Who's that with you?" asked the voice behind the flash light, sharp and suspicious once more.

And she told him how the Doc had brought her over.

"What, him? That crook that did this to me? Let me out! Let me get to him!" he said; and started as if he was coming.

And Doc Myers stood his ground, though it wasn't the easiest thing he ever did. But fortunately for him, too, for the auctioneer did not come out after all.

"All right, papa," Nonita called. "I'm coming alone."

Before the doctor realized it, she had jumped away from him, and around to the front door, up over the broken steps, and then in. He heard her father close her in there with him, and thought, too late, he ought not to have given way to her, but protected her against herself at all cost. And then he went and listened in at the dark window. But they seemed to be talking low and peaceable. And she was apparently explaining something that she wanted him to do.

"You don't want to be shot, do you?" he heard her asking him.

"Shot!" said Howe through the dark, in a kind of chilly wavering voice, as if, the Doc thought, listening, he was beginning to come out from under the Scotch and realized where he stood. Then he didn't say any more.

But she went on, talking low and serious—just too low for him, except now and then a sentence.

"Are you sure you can do it?" he heard the father ask finally when she stopped her talking a minute.

"I'll guarantee it. I'll guarantee it. In two months' time," she came back.

"That's an awful long time, Doodlums," said the father's voice, using his pet name for her. "You don't know; you can't realize."

"It's better than getting shot, isn't it?" she said. "It's better than being dead!" she said in a cold businesslike voice, evidently pulling him along through the dark now.

And Doc Myers started around, with a crick in his neck from standing and stretching up to the broken windowpane, where he had been listening in the dark; seeing now that she had persuaded him in some way that it would be best to come with her apparently, and give himself up to Frothingham. So he went around to the front, beside the old broken steps, just as they opened the front door of the mortuary chapel from the inside.

"Look out," said the Doc. "Watch out for those rotten steps there."

And at that, Howe—this man he had almost wrecked himself for—cut loose and let him have it—how he had been responsible for everything that had happened from the first, with his insanity symptoms and the incurable disease that he claimed the Doc had fastened on him.

"Get out!" he said. "I never want to see your face again! Nor my daughter don't, neither!"

And when he said that, he'd hit him once too often. It was more than the Doc could

(Continued on Page 59)

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(Continued from Page 56)

stand. And he up and let loose himself, and let him have it back—good! He told him just what he thought of him, and his tricks. And they stood there, exchanging hot shots through the dark beside that old mortuary chapel—until the Doc heard the voice of Nonita, all at once, call to him, cold and clear.

"That will do!" it said.

And they both stopped.

"Give me the flash light, if you please," she said to her father, in the same cold, hard, polite tone.

Then Doc Myers, watching, saw her light up her hand, and what she was doing—the sparkle of her engagement ring where she was taking it off.

"Here," she said, handing it to him. "Take it. It is all over between us."

"Very well," he said, slipping the ring into his pocket, very cold and formal himself. "And now what can I do for you? May I offer to take you home on the motorcycle?" he asked her, very polite.

"No, thank you," she said, more and more distant. "Father and I will walk home together."

And of course, in a way, he saw she was right.

He and she couldn't have ridden back on that one machine together—the way they had come—after what had passed between them now.

So the Doc followed back, about a hundred yards or so behind them, trundling his motorcycle.

XI

DOC MYERS heard from them from time to time after that, through this Fliederbaum; for of course, after that last slam, he resigned from that committee of management of the lunatic's affairs, and dropped out of everything.

It seemed that Nonita Howe had gone back with her father and given him right up to this expert, and the father had gone back over to that sanitarium with him, without the slightest kick or protest. And the girl was working in with Frothingham, and he was joshing her along now about there being hope for her father, in spite of the fact that he had been claiming he had an incurable disease.

"For you see this scheme—what's on now!" said Fliederbaum, telling the Doc. "The split-up that's come there—between those three unscrupulous crooks."

"In what way?" the Doc asked him.

"This psychiater. How he's jumped out and left the other two—this Hogue, this pity lawyer, and Cemetery Ed—turning them both down flat."

"Why? How? What's the idea?" the Doc wanted to know.

"Could you miss it?" said Fliederbaum. "He's out to grab the girl and the five hundred thousand dollars. And there you are! What can they do without him as their psychiater? What he says goes. He's got to say whether Happy was insane when he was under him, or wasn't he, naturally. And yet to marry her he's got to say what she wants, naturally, y'understand."

"But Happy—he'll have to get out! Or blow up and commit murder and burn up the place!"

"You'd think so," said Fliederbaum. "But yet, there he sits—calm as a blue-eyed kitten on a soft sofa. It's a strange, mysterious thing!"

"But how could she even think of marrying that crook?" asked Doc Myers. "I can't understand it. When I went through and showed him all up to her!"

"Who understands them—who understands women anyway?" said Fliederbaum. "The last man that's got them has them. Especially about business."

Then right after that—not more than a week, anyway—the news came out that they were engaged.

"I can't believe it. It don't seem possible!" said Doc Myers, going over it with Fliederbaum. "Engaged to that crook! And he old enough to be her father."

And then in the end, he got that final news. "Do you know what he does here this next Saturday—this crooked psychiater?" said Fliederbaum, meeting him on the street.

"No, what?" asked Doc Myers, in a sharp harsh voice. For he was growing thin, worrying and fretting over the thing.

"They're going all together abroad—to Europe."

"She hasn't married him?" said Doc Myers, his heartbeats interfering with his voice.

"Not yet, no," said Fliederbaum. "Though it seems that it is something to do with that—so they say—that he takes Happy now to Europe."

"Why? What does he take him for?" asked the Doc.

"To have his dreams took by this big headmaster psychiater in Europe. This dream doctor, the head of all this new scientific dream doctoring," he told him.

"The crooks!" said Doc Myers, low down in his throat.

"You know what I think?" said Sol Fliederbaum, with a higher glaze on his marble eyes than ever, leaning over and taking the Doc's buttonhole. "First he's going to save his face and square himself on this here calling Happy not insane finally, for this girl, after what he's said public here already about his being all incurable. By getting a new opinion or some new treatment—he can say—from this headmaster of insane dreams in the world today!"

"That's one reason," said the Doc, looking down at him. "What's the other?"

"The second is that only so would she marry him, after her father is cleared from being insane—or so she says."

"Why so?"

"For their children's sake."

"Their children's sake!" said the Doc, flinching at the disagreeable sound of those words.

"So as to remove the taint. For how could she marry him with that insane taint on her?"

The Doc stood still when he heard this, staring at the back of a car going down the road, like a man with no senses left.

"And for her father," Fliederbaum was going on with no one listening. "He wants to go, naturally, anywhere. And the mother is crazy to leave also. Go across—to Paris, especially!"

And then the Doc went stumbling on home. And it was five days after that—the worst five days in his life—before the next development, when he was called to the telephone in his house quite early that morning that the ship was sailing.

He almost fell over when he did so. For it was that voice that went ringing in his imagination now day and night—the voice of Nonita Howe.

"Do you still love me? Do you wish to win me yet?" it said.

And he said nothing, only gulped into the transmitter.

"If you do, come—come at once to the steamer. And be there. I'll be watching for you there at 11:30; not later!"

And within forty-five seconds he was on his motorcycle and on his way.

XII

DOC MYERS came rushing on to the pier in record time, leaving the old motorcycle out on the street; and when he came over to the main passenger gangplank, there was Nonita Howe waiting for him, all set and ready to pass him in, dressed in a kind of Spanish way.

Meeting her, the doctor hesitated, not knowing where to begin after that message over the wire. But there was no hesitation whatsoever on her part.

"Hurry! Come! We've got only half an hour before sailing time!" she said, all business

And without any more greeting than that she had him following after her down through the fine, elaborate, palatial halls and corridors of the steamer, till she finally landed them high up in the ship.

Then she opened up the door into the main stateroom of this fine, fancy suite de luxe. And there, sitting together on a fancy bed, were Happyhome and Ma Howe, both looking awkward and more or less nervous.

And then Doc Myers was surprised, for, seeing him, Happyhome Howe came forward and shook hands with him as warm and cordial as could be. And Ma Howe followed suit, with a look on them both, he thought then, as if they were waiting for him for some particular reason.

"Glad to see you. Sit down. Make yourself at home," said Happyhome, pointing him to a fancy light-colored kind of seat at the side.

So the Doc sat down, more or less bewildered, looking all around; and Nonita Howe sat down diagonally across from him.

"You're surprised, aren't you?" she said, for his face showed it probably.

"Well, yes, I am," said the Doc. "I didn't expect just this," he said, looking over to Happyhome Howe. "I didn't expect to see you all here, like this. It looks good," he said, smiling, "to see you here alone!"

And Happyhome Howe smiled back a more or less nervous smile. "We ain't alone," he answered. "Not exactly—yet!"

"What do you mean?" the Doc asked back quick.

"Ask her," said Happyhome Howe, swinging over his long arm, referring him to Nonita.

She looked back with a calm, sincere smile. "He's with us yet," she said.

"Who?" asked the Doc, nervous.

"Doctor Frothingham," she said.

"Where?" shot the Doc back.

"In there," she said, pointing at a door in the fancy woodwork. "In there. In a strait-jacket."

"In a strait-jacket!" said the Doc, all but jumping from his seat.

"Yes. And gagged," she said, using her eyes for emphasis, the way they teach them for the stage, but with both her face and body perfectly still otherwise. "We've got him here with us. And that's what I wanted to see you about first!" she said to him.

"All right. Yes. Go on," said the Doc after a minute, in a more or less subdued voice. And he could see the other two—the father and mother—leaning forward, watching them.

"That is, if you're willing to take a little chance to win me," Nonita said, smiling over at him.

"Go on," said the Doc, staring back to where she sat, her face flushed, in that Spanish dress, never looking better in her life. "There's darned little I wouldn't do, after being away from you two months!"

She smiled back at this, an encouraging smile.

"It isn't much, after all," she said. "I got him—Doctor Frothingham," she said, looking down and looking up again, and going on, following a moment's hesitation—"after I let him get engaged to me, for that purpose, do you see? I got him to agree that he'd let my father free from insanity—which, of course, you understand, I did this with him for!" she said, looking up at Doc Myers, with a more or less appealing kind of smile.

"Go on," said Happyhome Howe, breaking in. "He'll understand—when you tell him the whole thing!"

"But you see then—or we found right off, anyway—the terrible difficulties in the way—if we stayed right in New York State, where that insane decree was out against papa. For those other two—that lawyer, Hogue and Cemetery Ed—swore that if we started out to get him loose in any way, they'd fight us clear down through—even against Fairleigh—that is, I mean Doctor Frothingham."

"I see," said Doc Myers, moistening his lips at the sound of that name from her mouth, and especially that first name.

"And of course this attitude they took made it almost impossible for Fair—Doctor Frothingham—to do anything there—to reverse himself, after having once come out and committed himself, more or less in public, to papa's having an incurable disease.

"And then again," she said, "there was mother. There was mother," she said, sweeping her hand toward her. "Sore clear

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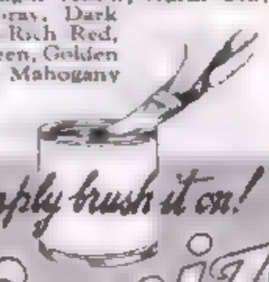

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through, on account of this thing of papa's about that income tax; and swearing that she would never let him get his hands on that half million and squander out all we had again. Not even if we had to keep him in the asylum all his life—till he agreed to it. What to do, I didn't know," Nonita was going on. "And then it came to me about your plan to get him out of the state; and all at once the whole scheme popped into my head, all finished, just as it's working now—this compromise."

And the Doc, speaking finally, asked her just what she meant by that.

"Why, a compromise," she said, "that would suit everybody. That would get father loose from insanity, first of all. Even if not in New York State! And let mother stay abroad, and have control of the money—or keep it out of father's hands indefinitely—as long as she wanted anyway. He still being a legally insane man back in New York—where the money was; though out free from there personally, himself!"

The Doc, looking over now, could see the mother nodding her head again decidedly; and Happyhome Howe still looking down, sheepish and subdued.

"And then Doctor—Doctor Frothingham—was to go with us, so as to get this big expert's advice and new treatment on papa's case; so that he would have the right, when it was all over, to pronounce him cured, in spite of whatever he might have said before, keeping his own record straight. And then when this was done, he could marry me. So you see what I meant by a compromise—how everybody consented and was satisfied in this taking papa abroad."

"Everybody!" said Doc Myers, in a strong voice. "No!"

"I'm glad you said that," said Nonita, giving him a grateful look. "And you're just right. Everybody was satisfied in the party—by this compromise—but me!"

And she smiled a brief meaning smile at him. And he smiled back; and it was all he could do to keep from getting up right then and crushing her in his arms. But then he knew he couldn't now. The businesslike look she gave him right away told him so.

"Me," she repeated. "I hadn't got what I wanted yet—out of this compromise. So I sent for you to—to help me."

"In what way?" Doc Myers asked her.

"That's a funny question to ask a girl," she said, turning her face away.

And Doc Myers jumped up out of his seat now—eager. "If it's being engaged again!" he said. "If it's marrying!"

"Hold on. Wait!" said Happyhome Howe, standing up, grabbing hold of him. "Wait till you hear all she's got to say."

"Yes," the daughter said, looking over at him from her seat. "You must. For I want to be fair. I want you to know just what scheme you're getting into this time if you do marry me!"

"Scheme? What scheme?" asked Doc Myers, turned cold, more or less, at just the sound of that word.

"This kidnaping—of him!" she said, pointing to the door of the adjoining stateroom. "Of Doctor Frothingham."

"Tell him about it," said Happyhome Howe in a hoarse, nervous voice, leaning forward from the bed, before Doc Myers could find his speech.

"Well, it's simple so far," said Nonita Howe, looking over at the Doc, fixing her hair with a calm gesture. "Just the substitution of Doctor Frothingham, for papa. As the patient, you understand. After we got him in here alone, together," said Nonita, sweeping her arm about the stateroom.

"Oh," said Doc Myers, gasping. And the mother and father sat still and waited on the bed.

"It was a struggle, of course," said Nonita. "But papa is a good deal stronger man. And it didn't take long. The substitution, I mean! And the fastening him up. And of course there will be no trouble from the steamship people, for they understood—I gave them to understand—that we would have a nervous invalid with us with his physician; we would want quiet, absolute seclusion. You see! And of course they don't know papa from the doctor."

"I see," said Doc Myers gruffly.

"Yes. That part was easy, like all these schemes," she said, in that calm, effective, dramatic way they teach these stage people. "Like so many schemes—like this one of yours, for instance, with father. Getting in is easy. But getting out is the real trouble. And so I thought it was only fair to you to let you know this time, in advance, what you might be getting into."

"Oh, yes," said the Doc, moistening his lips.

"Although I will say this," said Nonita, turning her head to one side, "to be perfectly fair to myself, too: I don't think the next step is going to be so hard. I don't think we're so very far from a solution now."

"How? In what way?" said the Doc, in a hurrying voice. "What is the solution?"

"Well, there's two possible ways out—and it's up to him which. To Doctor Frothingham, I mean!" she said, her voice rising. "If he resists we'll just have to take him along the whole way under restraint. And turn him loose, maybe, somewhere in France—in the night, perhaps—from a train, maybe, while we keep on and escape into another country!

"In which case, of course, you'd be almost necessary, so as to watch out for him, if he had to have medical attendance, to see that the strain was not too great for him! And also to stand as the doctor in the situation if any question should come up outside, in conversation or otherwise. For papa wouldn't be up to that, naturally. But I don't really think that will be necessary. I don't think he will resist!"

"Resist what?" asked Doc Myers, nervous.

"This," she said. "This second step." And as she said it she had her father hand her a document from his inside pocket, and passed it over to the doctor.

"What's this?" said Doc Myers, burying his eyes in it.

"That's the document I'm going to have him sign—about him and those other people—that lawyer and Cemetery Ed. The details of that conspiracy they got up to hold papa there incurably insane under the laws of New York State unless he came through with the cemetery. I just put it down in black and white, the various things I'd dug out from him from time to time while we were engaged. For, of course," she said, smiling, showing those fine white teeth she had, "all this could never have happened if he hadn't been more or less crazy over me and I could make him do just about what I wanted to!"

And then there was a silence from all four, the Doc, after a little start, going on, studying the paper in his hands.

"All I want," Nonita was telling him, "is for him to sign up on the dotted line—what I know, and could testify from his lips already. And I think he'll sign, rather than go through what he's going through now for six or eight days!"

"What if he wouldn't?" asked Doc Myers, still talking more or less thick.

"He will, I think," said Nonita. "He isn't such a terribly strong-willed man, in spite of that military pose, that goatee. And then again," she said, "we could do other things besides keeping him tied up all that time. To persuade him!"

"For instance?" asked Happyhome Howe, gazing, as if he hadn't heard this part before.

"Not to hurt him!" said Ma Howe, speaking finally. "I won't allow that!"

"Well, for instance," said Nonita, answering her father, "I saw here, in something I read once, how they did it—once in one case like this—so as not to really hurt the victim—or make any marks!"

"How?" they asked her, all three together.

"With a feather."

"A feather!" said Doc Myers.

"In his nose, and his ears. Or maybe on the bottom of his feet!"

"Tickling him," said Doc Myers.

"Yes. Imagine it. Six days of tickling, gagged in a strait-jacket! And I know for a fact he is very ticklish!" said Nonita Howe.

And as she said this they all turned around. For there was a kind of a rumble through that door into the next stateroom.

"That's him now," said Nonita. "He's been listening in. Wait!" And Doc Myers noticed now that the door must have been left ajar.

Then Nonita and her father got up and went into the next room, taking that document Doc Myers had been reading with them. And they were in there quite a while, the Doc and Ma Howe sitting waiting, listening. But by and by they came out, both smiling.

"He's signed," said Nonita.

"Right on the dotted line," said Happyhome Howe, waving the document over his head with his long arm.

"And now," said the Doc, coming to himself with a jerk, "what about me? This steamer'll be sailing now, pretty quick!"

"Sailing!" said Nonita. "She's sailed already; twenty minutes ago!"

"What we've got to do now," she said going on, when the Doc stood there, frozen, "we've got to get ready to drop him off out in the harbor, on that final tug that I made arrangements with, provisionally. I think we can trust him. I think he'll go quietly now, after all we've got signed up about him there in that paper. We'll take the chance anyhow."

"Take a chance! That's what you got to do in any business!" said Happyhome Howe; and his wife nodded. And Doc Myers could see now that they were coming together, holding on to each other, apparently on good terms again.

"And what shall I do?" said Doc Myers worried. "Shall I go ashore with him?"

"That's up to you," said Nonita, looking steadfastly at him.

He looked back, eager, and yet hesitating on account of his personal position. "I haven't a ticket—or anything!" he said, coming out with it.

"That's all right," said Happyhome Howe, smiling. "We saw to that. We got one extra. In case we had to take Fairleigh along too."

"But I haven't a cent," said the Doc, still hanging back. "Not more than ten dollars in my pockets."

"What's money?" said Ma Howe with another friendly smile. "We've got all the money anybody wants. And it's part yours, that's sure! For you helped us get it. Without you we'd never had it."

"But my clothes," said Doc Myers, still objecting feebly. "All I've got is right here on my back!"

"Clothes!" said Nonita Howe, speaking finally. "Nobody notices what a bridegroom has got on!"

"But she's got hers all ready," said Ma Howe, giving a sly smile. "And the captain can marry you any time, when you get to sea."

"And there's that stateroom—that'll be all ready, waiting," said Happyhome Howe, pointing back to where this psychiatrist was in there still, listening, in his strait-jacket, "just as soon as he gets out."

"Come on," said Doc Myers, grabbing Nonita. "Let's get busy. Let's get started to get him off on that tugboat."

And the older two stood still while they gave way to their natural feelings. And it was several minutes then before anybody spoke.

"Three miles to sea—three miles! And I'll be out of this damn state! Free!" said Happyhome Howe, breaking their silence finally. "A free man. Sane. Sane!"

"And you two," said Ma Howe, looking over with that little still smile she had, "won't be."

"Which?" asked Nonita Howe, raising her head from where it was. "Free or sane?"

"Neither one," said her mother. "You'll be just married!"

(THE END)

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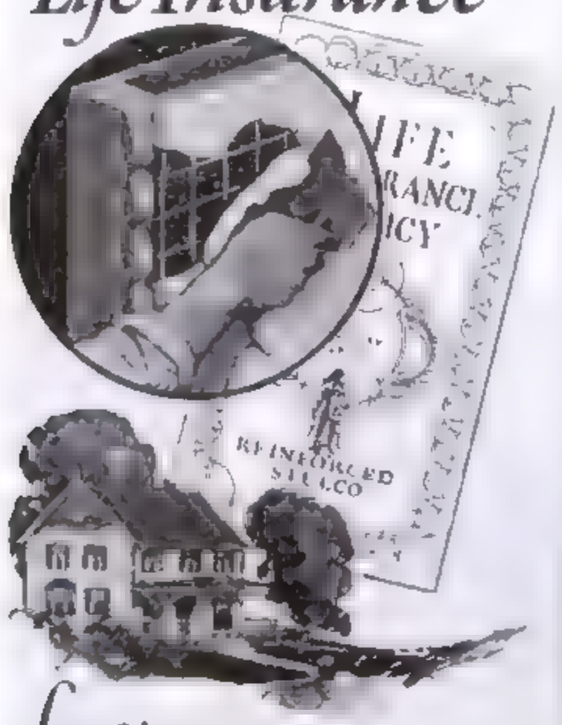

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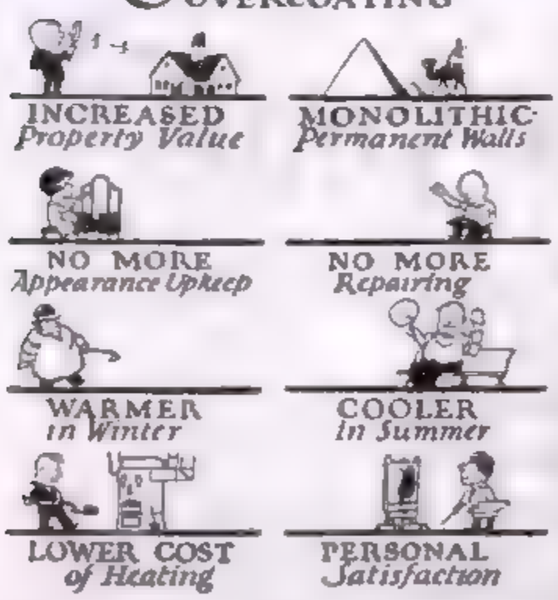

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(Continued from Page 15)

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"What a wholesome and absorbing theme of conversation the fun men have had together affords! A world of pleasant and glowing talk between young boys and old boys has centered about that theme. The spirit of fellowship is always evoked by any conversation about good times together. Fun, especially collective fun, is one of the most useful things in the world. I shrink from trying to realize what college life would be like without it."

Fun as a College Course

"The fun of the game—the fun that goes with the game and the fun that follows the game in the talk of those who have shared it, even as mere spectators—seems to me worthy of considerable emphasis. Anything that lights the fires of human fellowship or keeps them burning through the years is not inconsequential. I do not remember ever to have witnessed a reunion of college men when the question, from some alumnus, 'Do you recall the game when ——' did not send the fraternal mercury to a higher point. Why? Because having fun together is an important part of college life, because pleasure—clean, active, wholesome pleasure—is the best possible background for sustained and successful mental effort.

"But all good things can be overdone, especially those of an emotional nature. For example, the attachment of dumb animals to human beings whose kindness inspires it is a good thing to impress upon boys and girls, for it tends to stimulate them to kindness to dumb creatures. But the other evening I saw a motion picture which portrayed a white horse kneeling by the grave of his dead master with head bowed as if in prayer. The emotional complex of the director who staged that film has a close parallel in that of many football fans who see little or nothing in college life outside the athletics, particularly football.

"The greatest enemies of college athletics are its overardent friends. Between them and the men who hold that all of a student's waking hours should be spent with his nose in a book or attending lectures, those who have the responsibility of the sane and successful conduct of a university have their troubles. Sports are invaluable as aids to the main purpose of college life, that of developing the mental and moral powers of the men and women who become part of the student body."

F. H. Yost, athletic director of the University of Michigan, throws interesting light upon the question of how much it costs to give football training to college men:

"There is a vast difference, little appreciated by the public, between what it costs to develop a football team in the field and the cost of training all the candidates out for football. Then there is the cost of putting on a full football program, with its heavy traveling expenses and stadium upkeep. During the past year the average number of men receiving football training and equipment here was 343—varsity and freshman candidates only. Our cost records for three years show these averages: Football equipment a year, $9950.78; varsity coaching, $6656.09; other football coaching, $3440; football trainers and rubbers, $2771.32; and training supplies, $1069.62. This shows that the cost of training, coaching and equipping 343 freshman and varsity football players runs about seventy dollars a man. Add to that, three dollars as each man's share of field upkeep. The past season at Michigan only twenty-five men were awarded the varsity M. If all the costs mentioned were charged to them, each man would represent an outlay of nearly $1000. But remember, 343 men enjoyed the benefits of football training. As everywhere else, football at Michigan has met the deficits of other forms of athletics to the tune of about $41,000 a year, while football's contribution to permanent athletic improvements has averaged, for three years, $150,000 a year.

"Intercollegiate athletics is another expensive piece of underwriting done by football. Every man now employed in our athletic department spends the full college year here on the job. Virtually all of them are college graduates. This is a big forward step and tends to place our athletic department on a level with our other university departments."

A Year-Round Job

"I receive no salary for football coaching and am not responsible for that coaching. My coaching labors in the football field have been gratuitous. To the outsider, who considers the football season as a short working year, the position of head line coach or back-field coach looks like easy money.

"But in universities operating their athletic departments as real university departments this theory falls down. At Michigan, for example, here are the year-round duties of the head line coach:

"1. General assistant to the director of intercollegiate athletics.

"2. Administration of athletic courses of instruction in the summer school.

"3. Administration of athletic courses in instruction in the four-year professional-training course in physical education, athletics and school health.

"4. Teach courses in football and in organization and administration in the summer school.

"5. Teach courses in organization and administration in the four-year professional-training course

"6 Audit financial reports of intercollegiate games

"7. Supervision of Yost Field House and Ferry Field.

"The three other coaches are equally busy throughout the year."

Ohio State, like Pennsylvania and many other universities, requires physical education for both men and women. Save for a few assistant coaches who help with football in the fall, all members of the staff are full-time members of the university faculty.

(Continued on Page 65

One of the Two Great Halls of the University of Illinois Memorial Stadium Which Will be Utilized for Athletics and Recreation for All Students

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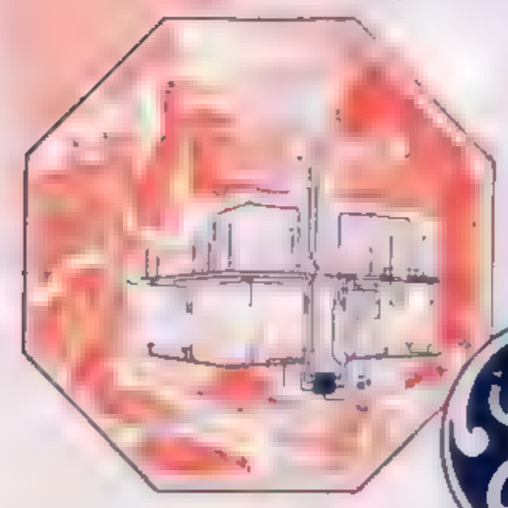

WIRING SYSTEM
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 62)

The athletic board controlling intercollegiate athletics has a clear majority of faculty members over alumni and student members. Emphasizing the large numbers profiting by athletic training, G. M. Trautman, Ohio's assistant physical director, says:

"Last year the required work for men offered hygiene, tennis, boxing, soccer, speed ball, basket ball, volley ball, general class work, corrective classes, wrestling, fencing, cross country, tumbling and freshman football and track. About 2000 men took part in these activities. In the required work for women, classes were offered in hygiene, hockey, archery, corrective work, dancing, volley ball and general class work. About 1500 girls received this instruction. Also the department offers a four-year course in physical education, leading to a degree in the College of Education.

"The intramural department, maintained by the athletic association, is outstanding in its service to the student body. Complete records show that 4811 different men were enrolled in the nineteen intramural sports. With a male population of about 6000, this record is remarkable. About 800 men were candidates for the various varsity teams and therefore had try-out training. The total income from intercollegiate athletics for the year ending June 30, 1925, was $485,000, of which about $160,000 went to visiting teams and $158,000 into the athletic plant. We who are in this work believe it to be a great asset for good when soundly supervised."

In many state universities where physical education is a regular educational department the athletic program enjoys a dual support. The state joins with football to see that every student has athletic training of suitable sort and that every sport has a chance to do its best for its devotees. Purdue is an excellent example of this class of schools. Its director of physical education receives $6000 a year, of which $3500 comes from athletic funds and $2500 from university appropriated funds.

Purdue's football coach is paid $6000 and works the entire university year and has many duties outside of football coaching. At the Hoosier institution, as in many other state universities, general physical education and the intramural sports are financed by the state, and intercollegiate sports by football gate receipts. This principle of dual athletic support is generally applied in about this way: If Father Football, the faithful and sturdy breadwinner for the sports family, is able to bring in enough money to swing the entire program of activities covered by the term "physical education," or athletics, then the state gets off easy. But if the job of providing all the resources is too big for football, then Mother Commonwealth has to help out a little.

Coaching Cooperation at Yale

At Purdue, for example, the state last year contributed about $12,000 to physical education and intramural sports, while football brought in a net profit of $27,582. Of course the greater part of the gross expense was the shares of gate receipts awarded visiting teams. The actual money spent on Purdue football totaled $16,474. All sports aside from football were losers. N. A. Kellogg, director of physical education at Purdue, says:

"In order to make a creditable showing among the other members of the Big Ten Conference, we are forced to devote all football funds to the interests of intercollegiate sports, mainly to football facilities. Stadiums, playing fields, good coaching and equipment cost heavily. Our field cost $40,000 and our stadium, $160,000. Football puts a lot of money into the permanent improvement account. The same is true with every university that has any standing in intercollegiate athletics. To produce football standing and football income you must have the right physical facilities, plus good coaching. Both are expensive. But the public and the alumni are willing to pay for football thrills.

"We hold that athletics at Purdue are primarily for the benefit of her undergraduates; therefore we sell them coupon books of admission to all athletic contests of the season at eight dollars each. These books brought a net profit of $15,684 into our general fund, which is separate from our football figures."

Yale looms large against the horizon of amateur athletic finance. Her football income for the 1924–25 season was $690,372, and her football expenses, $368,623, leaving a net of $321,749. But $227,022 was paid to visiting teams. Paul Barnett, spokesman for the Yale Athletic Association, says:

"By agreement between the presidents of Yale, Harvard and Princeton and the athletic authorities of these universities, the salaries of the head football coaches were materially cut during the past two years; I think their report mentioned a maximum of $8000."

The Yale Athletic Association Club, composed of association officers, coaches, trainers, rubbers and assistants, is given credit for no small part of Yale's success in recent years in athletics. These men meet every week and discuss athletic problems, thus securing a high degree of family cooperation. Other universities please copy!

Father Football's Poor Relations

Yale had some startling deficiencies for football to settle—$60,118 for the crew, $47,473 for the track; basket ball, hockey and tennis, more than $9000 each; lacrosse, $8816. The total net deficit for minor sports was the tidy sum of $68,406. But Yale's policy is athletics for all, and so good old football cheerfully settled the score for all other kinds of recreation. In his report President Angell makes this sound observation.

"The present purpose of employing coaches is not merely to win intercollegiate contests, as is often believed in outside circles. It is quite as truly to teach students, and as many as possible, how to play the various games. The real significance is not to win this or that victory, but in the fact that each year there are no less than 2576 registrations in the undergraduate departments of men taking part in these physical activities with the advantage of supervision from the coaching staff." Elsewhere he remarks that "Generally speaking, athletics occasion too much comment, favorable and unfavorable, for their best service to the student body."

Princeton's athletic association operates on a big scale, as becomes a university having about 2500 students, faculty members and employes. Nearly 90 per cent of its students are engaged in athletics. Football pays virtually the whole bill for the twenty-eight teams participating in the fourteen forms of competitive athletics, which engage in about 100 contests a year.

For every big game 6500 extra seats have to be erected at a cost of $1.25 a seat. The big pressure for seats is from New York. Three trunk telephone lines carry this pressure into the office of the athletic association and two expert operators are all but wrecked in meeting this demand. One Princeton man remarks:

"Our stadium seats 58,000 and empties in less than ten minutes—when we're licked!"

Princeton, I'm told, has an agreement with the other members of the big three that its coaching budget is not to exceed $22,500 for any season. Its net annual football revenue is a little more than $100,000. Baseball at Princeton pays a little profit—about $8000. Here are some of the heavy annual deficits which football has to meet at Princeton: Track association, about $8000; rowing, about $12,000; freshman association, about $18,000; gymnastics, swimming, lacrosse, soccer and tennis associations, about $15,000; field expense, about $7000; office overhead, about $14,000; trainers, doctors, insurance, fuel, taxes, and so on, about $17,000. Additional permanent equipment appears to call for about $40,000. These figures vary from season to season, but they are given to me as being representative.

Take historic old Georgetown, at Washington, D. C., as an example of smaller universities without stadiums. Its athletic spirit is as keen as that in any of the big three. More than 90 per cent of its students are in athletics. Its athletic expenses total about $50,000 a year and the football receipts are just about sufficient to meet them.

Athletic finances at the University of Chicago run into big figures. It started the fiscal year, July 1, 1924, with the tidy balance of $93,973.76 on hand. Receipts during the year were $272,915.66, and expenses, $162,521.91, leaving a profit of $110,393.75 as a working capital. Of this, $11,000 was paid for the physical instruction of men and $168,944.71 was set aside as a nucleus of a fund for athletic buildings, leaving $24,422.80, plus interest receipts of $4266.09, or a cash balance, June 30, 1925, of $28,688.89. Football yielded a profit of $182,209.80; basket ball, $8446.64; swimming, $339.60, and interscholastic and high-school meets, $3033.25. All other sports were losers. The upkeep on the grand stand, bleachers and field amounted to $9877.45.

For the season of 1924, before Red Grange established record gate receipts, the University of Illinois' profits on games were: Football, $189,106.92; basket ball, $9383.16; circus, $4729.83. Its dependent sports, supported by hard-working Father Football, brought in some heavy bills. Track ran behind to the pace of $15,983; baseball, $5601; wrestling threw a loss of $1961; interscholastic sports touched the football gate receipts for $1176, and the intramural games for $355. The net profit on all operations was $133,306. Of this, $41,021 was immediately put into the stadium. Up to November 1, 1925, the athletic association has put nearly $270,000 into the stadium as a downright gift.

Athletics for Everybody

"The public, looking at large football receipts, wonders where the money is going," said Director George Huff. "The answer in most cases is seats! When the Illinois stadium is paid for, the athletic association expects to spend about $200,000 to complete the great halls for intramural athletics for the use of all the students."

The Illinois Athletic Association has sixteen full-time employes, who are paid $30,950, and twenty-eight part-time employes, receiving $37,200. To net a profit of $189,106 on an expense of $67,135 looks like good business management. Here are the largest items of that expense: Games, $14,222.40; salaries, $9580.23; travel, $7514.05; supplies — miscellaneous and athletics — $6,261.48; repairs and maintenance, $5707.93; training and hospital, $6916.77; ticket selling, $9845.17.

This year, thanks to Red Grange, Illinois played to 379,639 spectators—probably the world's record for combined attendance. Michigan was a close second with 353,000.

Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, asks for emphasis on the fact that football feeds the whole family of other sports. Director K. L. Wilson says:

"For example, in swimming, Tom Robinson, who has produced over a dozen conference-championship swimming teams here, is lots prouder of the fact that he has taught thousands of Northwestern students each year to swim. Swimming classes from early morning till late night! Our gymnasium is in constant use from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. Later we are going to build more tennis courts and provide more room for intramural and interclass sports. Football is the breadwinner for the entire sports family."

Northwestern's total athletic income for the season of 1924–25 was $194,762, of which football furnished $176,014. The football outgo was $107,896. Large? It includes about $55,000 paid to visiting teams. Track loses Northwestern about

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$7000, baseball about $6500 and basket ball about $1300.

An interesting suggestion has been made to me regarding varsity football versus professional football. Why not have professional teams divided along university lines? Postgraduate football! Professional football as it exists today has no associational attraction, no pull of college interest and loyalty. Suppose that Red Grange's Bears contained only men from the University of Illinois, playing against other professional teams, each composed exclusively of men from one university or college. Undoubtedly it would carry the college spirit over into the professional field and doubtless improve its methods. Besides, it would furnish a world of excellent advertising for the educational institutions represented by these teams.

Managers of university athletics urge that it would detract from patronage of undergraduate games. Perhaps; but apparently the public cannot get enough football: the huge gate receipts of the professional games suggest this conclusion. Again, thousands are turned away from most of the big amateur games. "Sold out in advance" has a familiar sound to fans. The postgraduate season could be begun after the amateur season had closed. America has an open purse ready to pay handsomely for its entertainment, and apparently it gets a bigger kick out of football than any other form of competitive sport. The possibilities of this suggestion are decidedly intriguing. Something to think about!

A Phi Beta Kappa Eleven

All this, however, is from the viewpoint of the public, which demands its pet form of sport and, because it is willing to pay the price, sees no reason why that entertainment should not be provided in quantities to meet the demand. Also, this sport-loving public sees an added kick in professional football organized along college lines. I have picked on Dartmouth to speak for college football of the pure and undefiled brand, because its team has known only one defeat in three seasons and the scholarship of its players has been as brilliant and distinguished as their tactics on the field.

Dartmouth, in 1924, was able to put on the field a team with every man playing in his regular position—no man under the second team—and every one of them a Phi Beta Kappa man. As to the 1925 team, at least four men were of Phi Beta Kappa rating and one man, Captain Parker, was a Rhodes scholar. Jess B. Hawley, who has been Dartmouth's football coach for three successive seasons, made this confession to me:

"Men without college associations and the college viewpoint will fall for that suggestion because it involves wider opportunities to see the game and also because what you term postgraduate professional football would give them a sentimental interest in that sort of football which it now lacks.

"But all the same, professional football organized along college lines would be extremely detrimental, as I see it. Of course Red Grange is responsible for throwing this question into high dramatic relief. However, it should be remembered that Red is one of 10,000—a phenomenon—and his temptation was equally extraordinary. But the spirit of it is all wrong—contrary to every high motive which makes amateur sport the fine constructive force that it is.

"I shall never forget a dinner at which I put this problem up to the Dartmouth team. Our stars had a line of tempting offers of easy money, but they turned them down instantly, without a dissenting voice. This has happened with respect to the stars of every team I have coached. Did they make a material sacrifice of sure money for high ideals? At the moment it seemed as if this might be so, but I believe it has not and will not work out that way in the long run. Virtually every one of them was picked for a good start in business or professional life because of the qualities which made him a star player in his position in the field—loyalty to his school, his associates and the interests of clean and uncommercialized sport; courage, decision and resourcefulness in emergencies; ability to do intelligent teamwork; the capacity to subordinate his immediate comfort, convenience and pleasure to worthy end. Then the clean and abstemious living which always precedes and goes with a place on a college team isn't an inconsequential part in a sound preparation for a life career.

"This has happened right along in connection with Dartmouth football stars and, I have every reason to believe, also with those of other colleges and universities: Some alumnus has reached out for this man and that before his graduation and offered him a business or professional connection which any young man at the threshold of his life career might well covet.

"One big Eastern business man, for example, came to me, named two of our stars and said, 'I want those young men in our organization. They've demonstrated on the field that they have the qualities I need in my business.' As a result they began at salaries which many young men work years to get. This happens so often to football stars that it is not a novelty. This kind of financial reward for valor on the football field is legitimate. To my sense it is the only really legitimate one.

"The real value of college sports is in character building, in the training of the mental faculties and in building up sound bodies and right habits of living, not in preparing a man for a career as a public entertainer. This country has a big heritage in its ideals of amateur sports and in what boys and young men develop in living up to them. Anything which detracts from or tends to undermine those ideals—and professionalism in sports certainly comes under that head—is not a good or a wholesome thing for the youth or the educational institutions of this country."

A Well-Educated Youth

Perhaps there is not another man in America more distinguished in athletic leadership than Amos Alonzo Stagg, who went from Yale to the University of Chicago when that institution was founded. He established its athletics as a regular educational department, the first of its kind in this country. Professor Stagg once confessed to me:

"When I entered college I intended to become a minister. College contacts convinced me that there was a more neglected field, equally useful, in the physical training of boys and young men. I'm satisfied that I did not make a mistake. It has been a work of great joy. I do not recall one of our athletes who has not done a useful and honorable work in life. There is no room for a yellow streak in amateur sports. As builders of loyalties, such sports seem to me beyond any other influence that touches boys.

"There are so many thrills in athletics that boys' enthusiasm is highly stimulated. Loyalty to their college spurs them to a high standard of personal living and to high achievement. No training like it for teamwork. The individual subordinates himself to the good of the team. Both social and business life have become highly complicated and demand teamwork. Nothing develops teamwork ability better than competitive athletics. Another basic requirement of success in athletics is a regimen of clean, wholesome living. This lesson is seldom forgotten in after-college days by any young man who has succeeded in athletics. He has learned that no worthwhile end can be secured without personal sacrifice and without coöperation with his associates.

"If his athletic training and experience have also taught him that a victory won by unfair means is the only shameful defeat, then he has been well educated in a most vital sense. Thousands of undergraduates all over America today are receiving that kind of an education from their athletic instructors."

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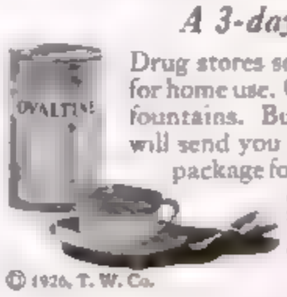

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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[One package to a person]

Send for 3-day trial

MAJORITY RULES

(Continued from Page 24)

Tuesday, January 20, 186 - today old Francis maid me stay after school. i thougt i was in for a licking but i was sirprised when he sed i had shew good ability in arithmetic and grammer and gogoraphy and he thougt if i wood only wirk harder i cood be a good scolar. i sed yes sir. then he sed that a good frend of the school had give a prize of $5 dollers for the best composition and he had herd about my book of poims but had never saw them but Mister Joseph Hilliard of the committee had told him they was almost as good as sum of the poims in the Exeter Newsletter and he thougt i had better wright a composition. all the compositions were to be about that grate and good man the father of his country about whitch so menny books has been rote and so menny sirmons preeched. so i sed i wood try. then he let me out.

Wensday, January 21, 186 — today old Francis licked Pewt. i never had so good a time in my life, most always Pewt is having a good time seeing me licked but this time he got caugt. this afternoon i rode Nellie and did errands and tonite i went to the liberry to get a book about the grate men of America.

Thursday, January 22, 186— nothing mutch today. it was cold and cloudy. i think we are going to have a snow storm. tonite i read about George Washington. he was a grate man. i told father i was going to try for a prize and he sed now dont copy ennything out of a book but read all you can about him and maik it interesting. i know you can do it. the most of the compositions will be all the saime. when he was born, when he died, when he was president and so on. father he sed if you wright a story diferent from evry other one you will stand a better chanct of getting the prize.

Friday, January 23, 186— snow storm. i wish it had been Sunday for then i woodent have to go to chirch and father wood be here to help me shovel snow. i have to wirk auful hard. but then i always had to. it is tuff to have a father whitch wirks in Boston.

Saturday, January 24, 186— stil snowing. all the paths i shoveled yesterday are covered up. father is coming home on the noon trane to help shovel. he got home at about 2 oh clock and borrowed a snow plow and hiched Nellie into it. then me and father got on. well the first thing Nellie done was to run half way up the banking and spil us out heals over hed. i went out of site in a drif and father got dragged a rod befoar he cood stop and got about a pec of snow up his sleaves. then he tried leading her but the snow plow woodent go deep enuf. then he told me and Cele and Georgie to rap up warm and sit on the plow while he led Nellie. well we had moar fun. evry now and then the plow would tip over and we wood all disapear in drifs and onct both father and Nellie fell down flat. but we broak out all the paths and then father put Nellie in the barn and come out and piled us up in the snow and we snow balled him good. gosh we had a good time. so tonite i set down to read about grate men for my composition. i wood have read all the evening but i got hold of Celes novil whitch i gave her for Crismas red headed Rufe the Hell Bender, and had to read it again. so i dident get verry far in my composition.

Sunday, January 25, 186— we all went to chirch that is to say most of us did. in the afternoon father and mother went sleiging. when they got home they let me drive Nellie round town a little while. it is the first time i have been out in a sleig sence i got run away with and it awakened sum very bitter memories of the girl the naime of whitch i shall never speek. in the evening i worked on my composition. i think it is going to be a ripper.

Monday, January 26, 186— nothing mutch. went to school. wirked on my composition. i feal verry sure it is going to be a lambaster.

Tuesday, January 27, 186— i havent read enny of it to father but from what i have told him he thinks it is going to be a ripper two.

Wensday, January 28, 186 today i had to retirn my libary book. i havent haff red it but the liberrian sed i coodent have it all the time and some one else must have a chanct. i told him i got it ferst but it dident maik enny diferense. old Pricilla Hobbs has got it now. it wood be jest like him to get that prise away from me.

Thursday, January 29, 186 - i am hard at wirk spliting wood, taiking care of Nellie going to school and wirking on my prise composition.

Friday, January 30, 186— still wirking on my composition. it is a old ringtaled peeler.

Saturday, January 31, 186— a feller has got to do sumthing besides wirk. nobody can wirk all the time. so me and Bug pluged a few stewdcats and broke a window or 2. it was a grate releef to me. i gess i have been wirking two steddy.

Sunday, February 1, 186 — i have got cold and had to stay in. i wirked hard on my composition. next Tuesday is the xibition. eech feller is to reed his composition jest as he has rote it and the school committy is to deside whitch one gets the prise.

Monday, February 2, 186— there is grate xcitement in our school. there is 10 fellers whitch has compositions to read. Pricilla and Nipper and Whack and Fatty and Danny Wingate and Parson Otis and Cawcaw and Pile Wood and Freckles and me. i finished mine today and coppied it. this is it.

George Washington
A essay.

George Washington was born a grate menny years ago on the 22th day of February. i do not remember the xact date because i can eat dates better than i can remember them unless i eat two menny at one time.

if Georges father had lived in these days he wood have been snached baldheaded by statues in such case pervided because he done things that aint aloud now but whitch was all rite then. he maid cherry rum, bot and sold nigers, both of whitch is a shaim and dide in the hoap of a glorius immortality when George was neerly or quite a number of years old more or less, his father being quite a number of years more old than George if not older.

so we see that althoug fare siense frowned not at his humble berth and mellancolly marked him for its oan, yet George done the best he cood and maniged to have sum fun. besides this his father had been a stern and unbending man whitch had left marks on George that he wore to the day of his deth, but as they only cood be saw when he went in swimming it dident maik so mutch diference. but the deth of his father maid George a feller whitch feered neether man beest or devil and reckless in the xtreme. as a further proof of this George lerned to play the flute whitch in them days was considered a dredful thing to do. but he never cood play well enuf to get into the town band even on alto horn. i have herd that they still keep Georges flute chaned to the melodian in Mount Vernon where he lived at the time he died. i suppose they did this because if ennyone stole the flute he wood have to taik the melodian two and nobody wood do that unless he was crazy.

The principal troppical fruites of that part of the country in whitch George lived was nigers, game cocks tobacco cherry rum and other things that refine and imbellish civilised life.

but George was a toteetler and dident beleeve in rum and onct when he was a boy he got into truble with his father by triing to cut down a cherry tree about whitch so mutch has been sed and rote that i do not wish to add ennything.

George became a good farmer and a indulgent master to his slaves when they

(Continued on Page 70)

Under this Pledge

You can confidently buy the years of unused mileage in One-Profit, Unit-Built Studebakers. *Worthily made—worthily sold.*

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 **All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.**

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 **All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.**

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 **Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.**

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 **Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.**

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

By *Your Studebaker Dealer*

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The Studebaker
Corporation
of America

A FINE Used Studebaker is today's *preferred* used car "buy." Any used car is a safe "buy" purchased under the terms of this Pledge.

It is simply the part of wisdom to invest a reasonable sum in a used car of Studebaker quality, expertly reconditioned, rather than to buy a *new* car of cheaper construction—lesser quality and uncertain results.

Because of Unit-Built construction and the high quality of Studebaker materials and workmanship—every Studebaker begins its long life with an enormous amount of excess mileage. Records show that it is practically impossible to exhaust this mileage.

Under the Studebaker Dealers' Used Car Pledge you can buy this unused mileage in confidence and safety. As a guaranty that the car you buy has been properly reconditioned, you are offered five days' trial. No matter what make of used car you are seeking, see your Studebaker dealer. By adopting this Pledge he has put used car selling on the same high plane that distinguishes his merchandising of new One-Profit Studebakers.

Why the thinking man buys a Studebaker

One-Profit value

Studebaker is the only One-Profit car in the quality field—the only car which has *all* bodies, *all* engines, *all* axles, *all* clutches, brakes, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, gray-iron castings and drop forgings designed, engineered and manufactured by one organization. Therefore prices are down to bed rock.

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Studebaker facilities make possible Unit-Built construction. Since the entire car is designed and built as a unit, it functions smoothly and yields scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

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Studebaker's $100,000,000 facilities enable us to keep cars constantly up-to-date. Improvements are continually added, so that Studebaker buyers may have the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements.

Low finance rates

Purchasers may buy Studebaker cars out of income at the lowest time-payment rates known to the automobile industry.

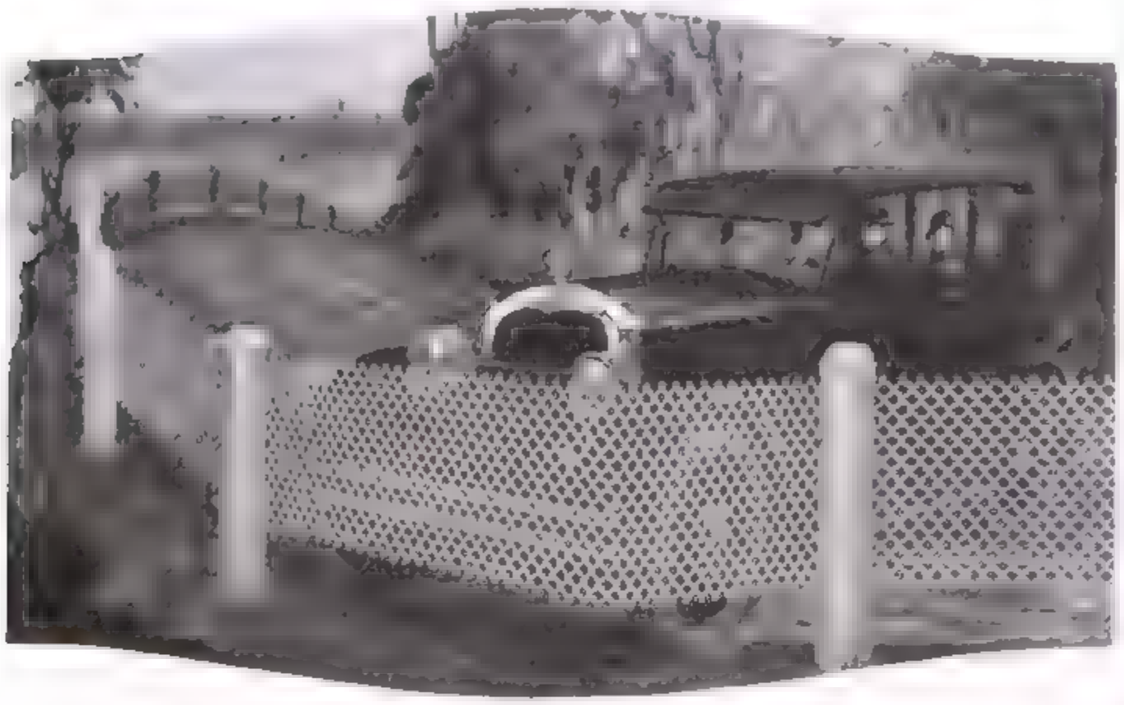
World-wide service

Studebaker cars are sold and serviced by a world-wide organization of responsible merchants.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

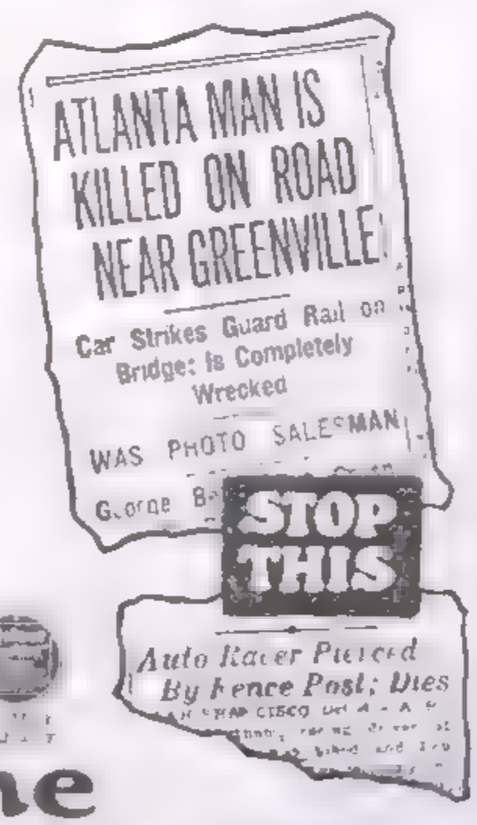
A Yielding Net of Tremendous Strength

—to Safeguard Motorists



Cyclone Road-Guard is the modern highway fence. It forms a giant yielding net that catches and holds cars, breaks the force of the impact. Saves lives! Saves dollars! Cyclone Road-Guard never has been broken through. Made of heavy Copper-Bearing steel wire, woven in a chain link mesh. Hot-dip galvanized. Practically rust proof. Economical to maintain.

Cyclone Road-Guard has been adopted as standard by leading highway commissions for use at dangerous curves, along embankments, at bridge and culvert approaches, road terminals, etc. It is the practical roadway fence, proved adequate to meet modern requirements.


ATLANTA MAN IS KILLED ON ROAD NEAR GREENVILLE
Car Strikes Guard Rail on Bridge; Is Completely Wrecked
WAS PHOTO SALESMAN
STOP THIS
Auto Racer Pierced By Fence Post; Dies

Phone, wire or write nearest offices for further information on Cyclone Road-Guard and name of distributor.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

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Pacific Coast Distributors

Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.

Cyclone ROAD-GUARD

Letter from
F. L. Powars, Weld County, Colo.
Board of County Commissioners

"... a seven passenger touring car traveling at a speed estimated at 50 miles an hour ran into a Cyclone Road-Guard. The car was brought to a stop and no one was hurt seriously. The car proceeded away under its own power. "This Road-Guard has proved its efficiency. There is no other form of guard which could possibly have held the car on the road without serious injury to the occupants".

Letter from
J. E. Murphy, Village Clerk
Hastings-on-Hudson

"... a portion of your Road-Guard recently constructed on the westerly side of Broadway, this village, was run into by a taxicab. It may interest you to know that had this fence not been there, the accident would have resulted in serious loss of life".

© C. F. Co., 1926

(Continued from Page 68)

done rite and dident sass him back. whenever they did he used a cart stake in whitch he was a xpert.

when they was sick he had the best veternary sirgeons to atend them. he was saiving of his money and never throwed enny away but onct when he throwed a silver dollar cleer over the natural bridge in Virginia. George hunted 3 weeks for that dollar and always spoke of its loss with grate regret and sorow. lucky for him it was a Mexican doller and only wirth $.40 cents. in time that fac sirved to reconcile George to his loss.

George fit in the indian war and became a captain. he was a ded shot and cood nale a indian at 100 yards evry time. he also was a field driver, pound keeper, sirveyor of wood and lumber, sealer of weigts and mesures, sealer of lether, Justice of the piece and notary publick. he was also the best land sirveyor in the state and that is why he was called the monerck of all he sirveyed.

he maried a widow naimed Custis with 2 children of whitch however Mr. Custis was the father and not George.

George afterwards became the head general in the American army in the revolution war. he had under him sum verry famous generals.

there was Lafyett whitch maid the shortest time on record from the Wolf tavern in Newburyport to the brewery in Portsmouth. Beneydic Arnold whitch was no good and became a traitor. old Isrile Putnam whitch clim into a cave and killed a gristly bear with his naked hands and then gumped on his horse and galoped down a long flite of steps whitch wasent mutch to brag of becaus ennything can go down hill eezier than up xcept rockits, roman candles and wimmins skirts in a hi wind.

then there was Anthony Wayne whitch was sed to be mad and had enuf to maik him mad as most evryone had at that time whitch tried mens soles.

this crowd of patriots licked old Clinton the english champeen at Charleston, Massachusetts, or North Carolina i am not sure whitch, but the important thing is that they licked him. then George and his frends licked old Cornwallis at Yorktown Virginia, or possibly it mite have been York Village Maine whitch is prety near where i live.

then George had a chanct to be king but he sed no by saint Bride of Bothwell no i want a gob that i can quit when i see the handwrighting on the wall and feet prints on the sands of time. so he became president and after he resined he run his farm and played the flute and had his pictures panted leening on the hine part of a very fat horse.

he also invented several things whitch are in constant use to this day. sum of these was the washington pie the G. W. never slip garter and the G. W. reliable suspender whitch he always wore and whitch gave him grate confidence at times when he needed it the most. no man can do his best wirk when he is afrade of losing his stockings or his britches.

George dide in his 68nd year leeving a unblemished repitation and several thousand streets and niggers and other things naimed after him for whitch no breth of suspicion can attach to him.

his last wirds was never give up the ship of state whitch we never have did thanks to his xample.

Tuesday, February 3, 186— well we have had the public reeding and i dident get enny prise and prety neerly got lammed. Priscill and Nip were the best and they had to divide the prise and so they is both mad. and evry other feller whitch dident get the prise and there frends is mad. old Joe Hilliard sed he gessed he and old Perry Moulton and old Gnatt Shute wood have to move out of Exeter. i wish they wood.

well everybody came to school. the platform was crowded and most of the iles had chairs in them and peeple set on the top of the wood box and in the entry. old Joe Hilliard made a speech and then the fellers stood up and read there compositions. Fatty went first. i came most to the last.

well when i came and begun peeple looked sirprised and then they begun to laff, and the moar i read the moar they laffed.

well bimeby old Francis gumped up and sed to the committy gentlemen i pertest agenst alowing him to read this composition enny further. it is full of inacuracies and totally lacks the respeck that is du the gratest man in history and i pertest.

then old Joe Hilliard he sed i think the lack of respeck is not intentionel and his story is interisting and i think he had augt to finish it and i think we all want to heer it and most of the peeple clapped. so i went on and finished it.

then the committee went out into the entry and staid a long time. we cood hear them gawing and yapping for a long time, and all the fellers whitch had read compositions was twisting in their seets and evrybody was prety nervous. bimeby the committy come back. their faces was red and they looked mad. then old Joe Hilliard got up and sed the committy is not unanimus. but magority rules and a magority of the committy have decided that the compositions of Charlie Hobbs and Johnny Brown are the best and one is jest as good as the other so they will divide the prise. and then Nip and Pricill come up and bowed and got their $2. dollers and $.50 cents eech.

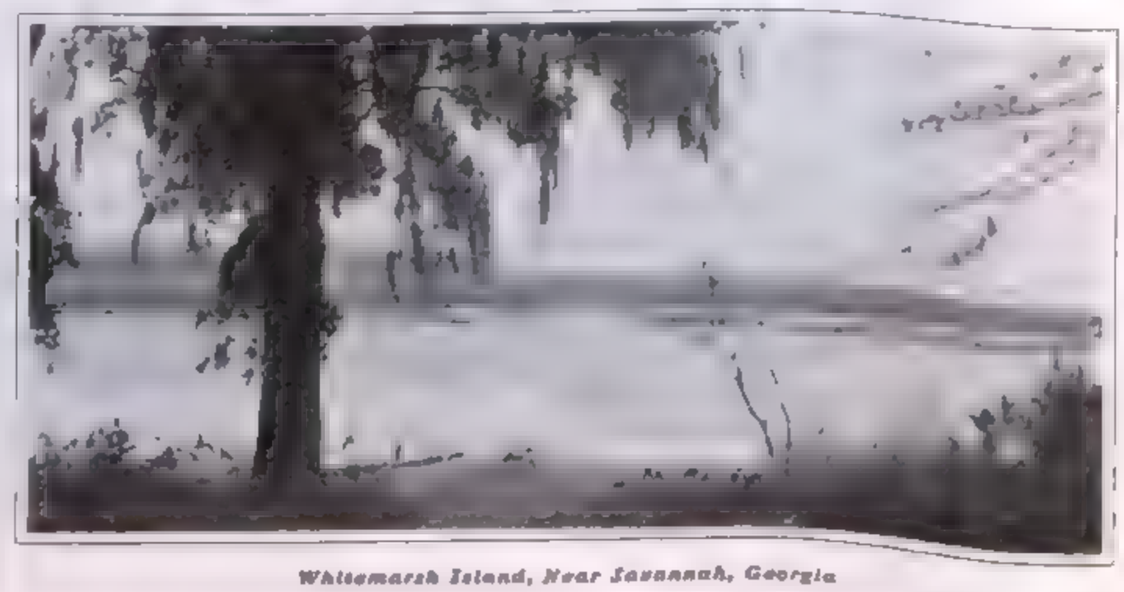
then school closed and we all went home. i was teribly disapointed but when i come out behine the committy i herd old Joe Hilliard say the only composition that was wirth the paper it was wrote on was the Shute boys and old Gnatt Shute he sed Joseph do you remember what Walter Scott rote in Marmion

a fools wild speech confounds the wise
a father daunts the braive.

and old Joe sed well if that is the case Gnatt you had better never maik a speech.

so i dont feal quite so bad as i mite althoug i did gneed that $5. dollers verry mutch. this has been a prety bad winter for me so far.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.



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A Car of Richest Beauty and Phenomenal Performance

Here are united, in extreme degree, luxury of appearance and luxury in performance.

The great new "Enclosed Car" Motor provides a power-flow of incredible smoothness and quietness together with lightning-like acceleration.

With a full 25% greater power, this brilliant new Nash achievement in motor design and engineering introduces you to a kind and quality of performance vastly finer in every phase of operation than you have ever experienced in a car of this size.

Long and low, and mounted on the 127-inch Advanced Six chassis, this exquisitely graceful car handles with all the delightful ease and eager lightness of an open car.

Superbly appointed, with hardware silver-finished in classic Old Empire pattern, a silver vanity case and smoking set, and genuine Mohair Velvet upholstery, this model also includes a heater, an air cleaner, oil purifier and gasoline filter, as well as 4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires and 5 disc wheels *at no extra cost.*

Advanced Six 4-Door Coupé

With the new

"Enclosed Car" Motor

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The Nash-Ajax Price Range Extends from $865 to $2090

(2969)

REED & BARTON

Silver Plate that is the Very Next Thing to SOLID Silver

THERE is a message for you on the back of every piece in the Sierra Pattern. To be sure it merely reads in its inconspicuous way "Reed & Barton." But you, your parents—yes, and your grandparents, too—know that it means silver plate that is thick, heavy, durable—that it will last through many decades of ordinary household wear. You cannot see the plating of silver that encases any piece of plated ware, but you can see on the back of all Reed & Barton silver plate a name that has stood for the very highest quality of craftsmanship for more than a century.

Ask your jeweler to show you Reed & Barton silver plate today. Do more than that—insist upon it.

REED & BARTON
Taunton, Mass.

At top: Sierra tea spoon in silver plate.
At left: Coffee set of old colonial type.

REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS

(Continued from Page 13)

sobbing softly as his hands tenderly caressed the still, tired face on the bedroom floor. The policeman watched him curiously, and presently, somehow, he sensed it. Catching his breath, he leaned over and kissed her lips, warm yet, and then rose.

"Fifteen minutes," suggested one of the plain-clothes men with a sporting streak, "is what I give her."

"But a doctor—isn't there a doctor?"

"Coming," replied the detective. "And now, young fellow, take a look at this and tell me if you ever seen it before."

Ownie accepted the piece of paper thrust at him and regarded it with inquiring surprise. A billhead from Goosch's Delicatessen. He knew it well, and he read again, casually, the line he had written:

"I am sorry not to be able to come this time as you asked, but must stick close to business. OWNIE."

"Well," he asked, "what about it?"

"Well," replied the detective, fixing him with a glittering sleuth's eye, "this woman ——"

"Lady," suggested Ownie politely.

"This woman," the detective repeated doggedly, "received this note, and then seeing how cold it was—almost formal, you might say—and the apple-sauce excuse why you couldn't come like she asked you, she decided you didn't love her any more and she proceeded to bump herself off."

It took several seconds for the import of this analysis to sink in, and, when it did, Ownie could only gasp.

"But ——"

"Is your name Ownie or not?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Did you write this note or didn't you?"

"Yes, but—but we were only—only friends!"

"Do I look like a sucker," questioned the detective, "or do I?"

"Well ——" Ownie began, poising between truth and diplomacy, when the door opened again. The detective turned and greeted an ambulance surgeon, who took one glance at Miss Gerrard and promptly shouted, "Stretcher!" In the hall the cry was relayed, "Stretcher!" Below, from two or three other invisibles, the tocsin drifted again up to the room: "Stretcher! Stretcher!"

Ownie, miserably confused, turned away. The detective caught him.

"That's all," he said curtly. "Get out—but be ready at any time to come down to headquarters. You'll be wanted."

The room was filling with people, two internes, another policeman, the janitor of the apartment house and his wife, two or three confident-looking young men of unknown affiliations. Ownie started for the door. Momentarily to his mind came a flashing thought of Nancy—how she would take this, what she would think of it all. Then, effacing that memory and all others, too, came a quick, quivering thrill to halt him as he reached the head of the stairs. He turned and boldly reëntered the crowded room. One glance selected his man.

"I say," he said, touching his arm, "you're from the Daily Pictorial, ain't you? You said you wanted to talk to me."

The young man answered promptly. "Yep," he said; "what's the dope on this thing? Who was this Gerrard woman?"

"Lady," corrected Ownie. "Miss Gerrard was a lady. And though circumstances are against me, we were only friends. Very truly, I had no idea she bore for me any deeper or more affectionate feelings than those of warm but casual friendship. Consequently, this tragic occurrence comes to me as an even greater shock."

IV

THE scene shifts. It is the following morning. In a furnished room on Madison Avenue a man who had slept in his clothes was undergoing what was practically an unprecedented experience. He was trying to remember whether he'd killed his wife the night before or not. The uncertainty annoyed him quite a little.

As nearly as now he could recall, he had, after leaving the Joy Land Cabaret, seized upon the idea as an inspiration of the very happiest character. Indeed, nothing during the whole evening had given him more satisfaction. This wife, as even now, this morning, he was still prepared to maintain, had never been very much of a wife. Rescued from the chorus, married and supported, after a fashion, for several years, she had rewarded him by moving out of the flat one day during his absence, taking with her his bed, the wardrobe trunk and his silver flask. And was that, he had been wont to ask his friends, the way to treat a husband?

On the other hand, as he was also wont to remark, she really wasn't worth killing; and now, as he lay blinking and dampening his awfully dry lips, he wondered if he had, during his temporary slavery to drink, so far betrayed his conviction in the matter as actually to bump her off. He hoped not, for he hated a man who didn't know his own mind.

Presently, unable to come to any definite conclusion, he rose, bathed, dressed again, and went out to get a morning paper. If, he reflected, he had killed her, the fact surely would be in the Daily Pictorial, since no longer, journalism being what it is today, has a man any privacy.

And there, to be sure, it, or something near it, was. The name, at least, was correct.

"Spurned by a delicatessen clerk," read the Daily Pictorial's account, "Miss Frankie Gerrard, gayest of the butterflies that sip from the fatal goblet that is Broadway, attempted last night to end it all.

"In her sumptuous apartment at No. 167 West Forty-something Street, a lilting step or two from the glamorous street that has lured many another butterfly to the ashes of remorse, she turned on herself the grim muzzle of a silver, pearl-inlaid revolver and fired the shot that would have ended her butterfly life.

"But her hand, the same hand that had raised many a sparkling glass of champagne when, but a brief year or so ago, she was the toast of that fatal lane of lights that is Broadway, trembled, and the deadly bullet, instead of penetrating the beautiful golden head that had set many a masculine heart awhirl, glanced off the bone and imbedded itself in the wall of the sumptuous apartment.

"'Why?' asked all of that pathway of broken hearts that is known as Broadway, last night.

"Because, bitter and disillusioned, remorseful for the light fantastic she had tripped along that primrose path that is Broadway, she had turned for love and comfort to one she loved from the very nethermost depths of a woman's heart—Owen Gollop, of Goosch's Delicatessen, a neighbor on Forty-something Street—and he had denied her sanctuary.

"Last night Mr. Gollop seemed heartbroken. 'I can scarcely believe it,' he said. 'Yesterday she was laughing and gay—and today she is in the Belford Hospital, No. 267 Hoskins Street, Manhattan. I am heartbroken.'

"So again that street of hidden tragedies that is Broadway laughed sardonically. Poor, poor Frankie Gerrard, one of the most pulchritudinous of former Follies beauties! Justly famed along that avenue of laughter and tears that is Broadway for her pulchritude, Frankie was, at twenty-two ——"

A little unnerved and quite bewildered, Aleck Gerrard—for no longer may the secret of his name be kept—ran a trembling hand across his forehead. What was all this? What did they mean by suicide?

"Picture," he read, "on first page."

(Continued on Page 74)

Thrilling Victories For Health . .

Clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders corrected—youthful vitality regained—all by eating *one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

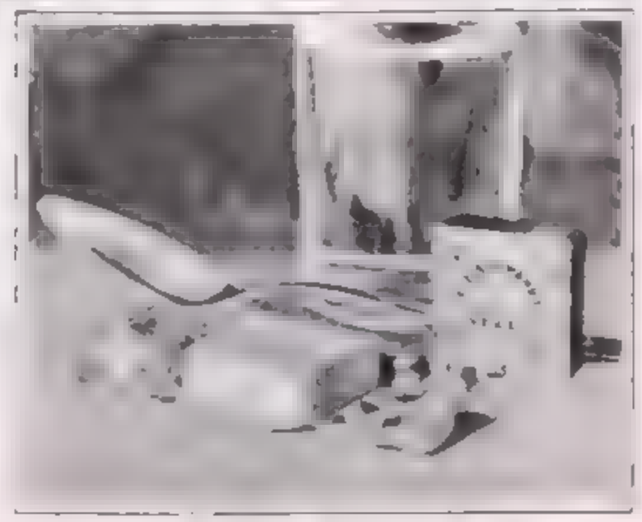
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"'ISN'T Frances' complexion bad?' These words came to me from the next room where several girls were talking. I realized I must do something to better my skin. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I started to take two cakes a day. To my amazement, in three months my face and neck were clear." [illegible]

FRANCES [illegible], [illegible], Ohio

"ABOUT three years ago, I was taken suddenly ill. The Chesapeake and Ohio doctor was called. He said it was my stomach. I grew worse. I lived on medicine. About three weeks ago I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. Now I can eat anything. The round house foreman told me that all the boys are remarking on my improved appearance." JOHN C. DIETZ, Covington, Ky.



"AFTER a winter spent in the constant social activities of New York, I found myself in a seriously run-down condition. I was nervous and irritable. Dinners, dances, the theater were a drudgery. I was completely worn out. A friend advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began by eating three cakes a day. I soon felt noticeably better. My condition steadily improved. Now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I can dance all night and still feel fine the next day." NATHALIE TRAVERS, New York City

"I AM an osteopathic physician. About six months ago I began to feel all out of sorts and generally run down. I attributed this condition to constipation and overwork. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast and have continued until the present time. I am now in fine physical condition. My constipation is gone." ERNEST M. HERRING, D. O., New York

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

STADIUM—*the wide, smart toe style for young men—broad but with the flat, aristocratic look that a gentleman's shoe should have. There is a Walk-Over style for any man, at the leading prices of $7, $8.50, $10. This style,* $8.50

For feet serving a life sentence *here's a double pardon*

FREE your feet. You have to spend two-thirds of your life in shoes—and for feet that are serving a life sentence in close confinement, here is a double pardon. It is the free and easy, roomy comfort of a pair of Walk-Over shoes.

Stop at any Walk-Over store. Choose the style you like best from the many new styles that you will like. Be fitted—and when you are fitted with Walk-Overs, you really are *fitted*.

Wear those shoes. Roam at will over the merry landscape with never a pinch or ache. Learn what it means to step down city curbs or up household stairs without a wince or flinch from tender toes or chafing heel.

Walk-Over shoes are made on special lasts that fit real feet. They are made with the *pear-shaped heel* that makes them fit at the heel and hold tight, without gaping, at the top and sides. They are made to give air-cushion comfort at the arch.

When you want new style and smartness, choose Walk-Overs, and get, besides, the glorious comfort, the half-century old quality, and the Marathon wear that are built into every pair of Walk-Over shoes.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

Next time you take off your shoes, notice the shape of the back of your heel. It is wide at the bottom, narrow at the top—and that's why the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel is made as shown in the diagrams below.

Walk-Over Shoes *for men and women*

The diagram at the extreme left shows in black the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder shoes gape. See at the right how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits. Look for this trade mark

Walk-Over
on every shoe.
© G. K. K. Co.

(Continued from Page 72)

There he found his wife's name under a picture of Lydia E. Pinkham at the age of nineteen, and next the picture of a young man apparently glad to testify that two and a half bottles had completely stopped his hair from falling out, here nominated as Owen Gollop, Dark Star of Flaming Love.

Mr. Gerrard bought two other picture newspapers and then returned to his furnished room to be alone with his problem.

At the end of an hour he emerged. During this time he had read seven columns of narrative and quotation and inspected five pictures of Owen Gollop, all different. One glint of satisfaction he had gained, and that when he read of the pistol's having been found in the broken blossom's right hand. Not, of course, a shooter of wives by profession, still Mr. Gerrard found some pleasure in the evidence of his canniness even while under the influence of drink. Drunk or sober, he felt, that was quite a bit of a maneuver.

He emerged from his room filled with a somewhat belated concern for and distress over Mrs. Gerrard's fate, and took the Subway downtown to the Belford Hospital. His mission was vain.

"Miss Gerrard," a white-coated man informed him, "is still unconscious. She has a fighting chance to pull through. I suppose you are from one of the papers. Well, my name is Thomas J. Bennett—I spell it with two *t*'s, if you should care to use it—and it is my belief ——"

"No," confessed Mr. Gerrard, "I'm not a reporter."

The white-coated man turned abruptly and walked away. Mr. Gerrard wandered slowly out of the building.

He spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening buying fresh editions. All had seized on the lowly Mr. Gollop as one whose views were worth no mean consideration, and slowly but surely there began to rise in Mr. Gerrard a sort of antipathetic curiosity about him. He attended more closely to the numberless interviews credited to him.

Later, having with some disappointment read the unfairly shortened stories in the midnight editions of the next morning's standard papers, no more than notations that Miss Gerrard was still unconscious but likely to recover, Mr. Gerrard retired to sleep most fitfully until daybreak.

Daybreak brought the Daily Pictorial and its sisters, and to Mr. Gerrard's mounting annoyance these seemed given over entirely, so far as his particular story was concerned, to the Dark Star of Flaming Love.

"I did not know," he was quoted in one—"I did not even dream of the depth of Miss Gerrard's love. But now that this tragedy has brought it home to me, I shall never rest in peace until I have repaid her with all the love that she wanted. I am only a humble delicatessen clerk, I know, but I feel that my very calling has been elevated by the honor that she has bestowed on it by caring for me.

"No, I must confess I do not care for the so-called gay White Way. I am more studiously inclined, I fear. What I have always wanted is a little vine-covered cottage, a wife who would be my pal as well as sweetheart, and some kiddies and a dog—a home-loving man, you might call me.

"I misjudged Miss Gerrard. I thought that the so-called gay White Way held all her affections. I see now that it did not. At heart she too wanted a comfy little home, the love of a real man, and some kiddies. And if she recovers, which I hope she does, she shall have them if I have to work my fingers to the very bones.

"Have I had any other love affairs? Ah, now! That is asking questions!"

Mr. Gerrard read that: "Mr. Gollop, though young, has a pair of laughing blue eyes that are now twinkling with good clean fun and now deep and slumbrous with passion. Though for him one of the most glamorous of butterflies of that thoroughfare of pain and joy that is Broadway abandoned all the millionaires and *bon vivants* who were laying money and jewels at her feet, he remains modestly charming—an unspoiled delicatessen clerk."

And, according to Roto News, Mr. Gollop said: "One should never jump at conclusions regarding a so-called Broadway butterfly. Gay and happy and care-free they may appear on the surface, but one does not know but what may be behind a smiling face but a sad heart, a lonely, starving, wistful heart, yearning only for the quiet simple life that has made America what it is today—the greatest nation on the face of the earth."

Except at shooting wives, Mr. Gerrard was not a man of swift decisions. Anger, for one thing, rose in him but slowly. So it was now. Gradually, almost without being clearly aware of it, a definite resentment against Owen Gollop, the Dark Star of Flaming Love, was beginning to foam in his breast. Likewise curiosity.

He made a second anxious visit to the Belford Hospital that afternoon and was again told that Miss Gerrard was still unable to see him. Before going to sleep, he studied three more pictures of Owen Gollop, and getting nothing from them but that he wore a white apron, he made up his mind to call incognito at Goosch's Delicatessen the first thing the next day and see for himself a dark star in the flesh.

This cosmic matter being settled, he slept heavily.

And so it was that at ten o'clock the next morning Aleck Gerrard, disguised as a man from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, just arrived in the East to buy a tube of anchovy paste, entered Goosch's Delicatessen and recognized the contour so conspicuously exhibited in the less fastidious papers as him for whose love women were prepared to slay themselves.

He entered warily, as one would who came with an ulterior purpose, and succeeded in becoming an absolutely unnoticed observer of a minor tableau. The Dark Star of Flaming Love stood gazing frightenedly at a fresh young girl whose pleasant little chin was thrust forward and whose eyes were serious with determination.

"You're simply making," she said as Mr. Gerrard made his unostentatious entrance, "a jackass out of yourself. I know, and you ought to know, she didn't do it about you, and if she gets well—well, you can figure for yourself."

Apparently for the first time facing this wholly unexpected contingency, Ownie for a minute could only stare pleadingly at her.

"But—but she may have."

"You ——" She stopped suddenly, and the sharpness left her voice. Her eyes softened and the left corner of her mouth curled tenderly. "Ownie," she began again, "you're just a little boy. Won't you let mother tell you what to do? Mother doesn't want to see her little boy make a holy donkey ——" She saw Mr. Gerrard. "A cash customer," she concluded curtly, and Ownie turned slowly, indifferently, distraughtly.

"I'd like," Mr. Gerrard said, studying the Dark Star, "to see some tubes of anchovy paste."

Silently, tragically, Ownie laid a salted herring on the counter. Mr. Gerrard looked at it expertly.

"That is very pretty, indeed," he decided. "I'll take two."

Ownie wearily wrapped the fish, accepted the dollar bill, rang up four dollars and a quarter, gave Mr. Gerrard a dollar and thirty-five in change and turned again to Nancy.

"Do you," he begged again, "really suppose ——"

Mr. Gerrard put the money and the fish in his pocket, thanked Ownie and left—left in what is generally and deftly described as boiling fury. Frankie shoot herself for that sap! For not in the remotest degree had he been impressed by the Dark Star of Flaming Love. Rather, he couldn't recall having known anybody in the past, say, thirty years who moved him to less admiration. A sap, that was all!

(Continued on Page 76)

Along the byways of 1905 *and the highways of* 1926

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE, when the motor-car was usually the grotesque and terrifying toy of the rich, Prest-O-Lite gave the automobile its first dependable eyes, and there was less roaring home to beat the dangers of the dark.

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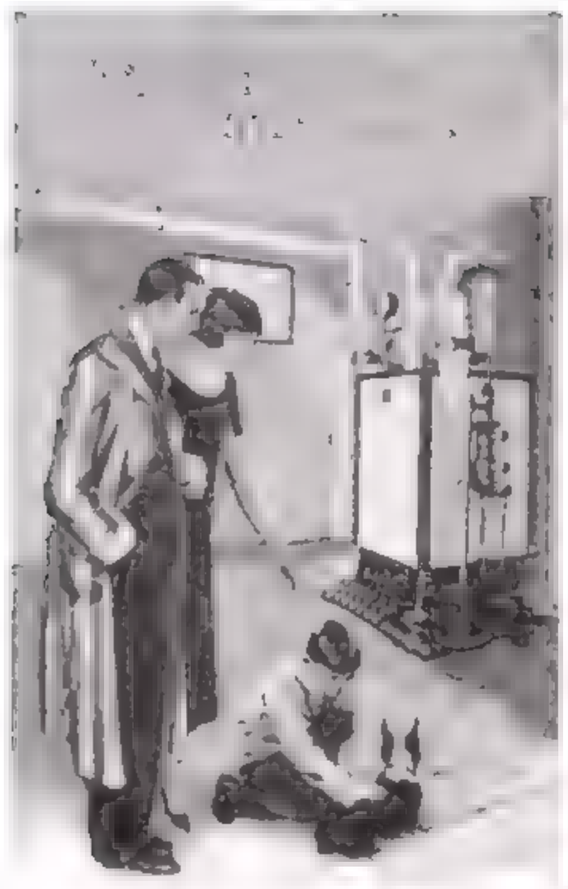

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(Continued from Page 74)

He dived into a Subway kiosk and boarded a downtown train. Figuratively, he frothed about the mouth. If only, he seethed, Frankie had come out of her coma! They'd fix that baby, they would! He got off at Fourteenth Street and headed crosstown to the Belford Hospital.

The white-coated attendant had good news. Miss Gerrard was coming around. Who should he say was calling?

"But," the white coat added positively, "she can't eat fish."

"What?"

"Fish," repeated the guard. "So don't try to sneak any in."

Mr. Gerrard sniffed the air. "Oh!" he exclaimed, suddenly understanding. "Oh!" He took a parcel from his pocket and dropped it into a wastebasket. "Tell her," he said, "Aleck is here. While you're gone I'll be telephoning."

He slid into the booth, and presently he was connected with the press room at police headquarters.

"Never mind who this is," he said, "but if the boys that are covering the Gerrard story will drop over to the Belford Hospital they'll get a nice break." A second call got Goosch's Delicatessen. "Mr. Gollop?" he inquired. "This is Police Commissioner Albright. Come at once to the Belford Hospital. It is imperative." He heard a gasp and then the connection was broken.

The white coat led him to a room on the sixth floor. Still fuming, and now nervous, too, he entered slowly, his eyes fixed cautiously on the wounded lady in the bed. The attendant withdrew.

"Well?" he said tentatively.

"Well," echoed the lady, "where's the warden?"

"The warden?" He'd forgot he was the one that shot her.

"Yes, the warden, and the striped clothes and the ball and chain. Aren't you in the coop?"

Mr. Gerrard drew a chair up to the bed. From a coat pocket he drew one of his several copies of the Daily Pictorial and Roto News.

"Just," he said deliberately, "cast an eye over that."

He sat back stiffly as, with an angry start, she got the import of the first story. Presently she laid the copy down and Mr. Gerrard silently handed her another. Her fever rose somewhat, but he continued to lay before her the evidence.

"That sap!" she exclaimed finally.

"Exactly"—Mr. Gerrard nodded his head—"what I said!"

"Can you," she demanded, "beat it?"

Then, as fate would have it, there came a knock at the door. Mr. Gerrard raised a significant eyebrow.

"Come in," he called. Three reporters entered and took charge of the situation. "I sent for them," Mr. Gerrard explained to his wife. "This thing is going to be cleared up. I won't be," he declared bitterly, "a delicatessen clerk's unsuccessful rival another minute—and such a delicatessen clerk!"

As he spoke the door opened again. The attendant thrust his head in.

"Here's another," he announced. "What are you all planning to do in this room, anyway—play one old cat?" Without waiting for an answer, he withdrew.

A brief pause and then the Dark Star of Flaming Love appeared nervously in the door frame. One glimpse of the malevolent life glistening in Frankie Gerrard's eyes and his worst fears were confirmed. He stood transfixed, waiting for the current to be switched on.

"Boys," began Mr. Gerrard, obliging him with the current, "I got a good story for you. It's got to do with this sap." He pointed dramatically at Ownie. "For three days you boys been allowing him to make a sucker out of you. He's been conning you with a lot of horse-radish about being loved by this little woman. He give you to understand that she shot herself over him. He took advantage," he said indignantly, "of her being cuckoo all this time and not being able to call him a liar.

"Well, now," he continued, while civilization crashed down over Ownie's head, "you going to get the truth. The truth is, I shot this little woman by accident. I'm her husband. A little trouble separated us a couple of years ago, but"—with a glance at Mrs. Gerrard—"it's over now. Mrs. G. herself will tell you that she wasn't no more in love with that sap there than she was with Mazeppa the Human Horse."

Stricken with shame and misery, Ownie's eyes dropped to the floor. He fumbled with his hat and wished that some sudden but painless catastrophe could kill him where he stood.

"My name," Mr. Gerrard volunteered, "is Alexander Thomas Gerrard—two r's, please—and I'm a promoter." He hesitated a few seconds before adding, "I haven't any good pictures of myself, but I'll be glad to pose for you if you want me to."

The three reporters stared curiously, cruelly, at the upright corpse that had but lately been Owen Gollop, the darling of the dailies.

Their sharp eyes pierced the mask of a man that he wore and saw him as he was, a naked, crawling, miserable clown, and he knew that three more hours and everybody in the whole wide world would be laughing and jeering at his mangled soul. Shamed, ruined for life, the supreme boob of the entire universe, this tortured soul shed bitter, burning tears, and presently they posed one on each cheek.

Silently he stood begging a single little hint of pity, understanding, in the five faces before him, and stood begging in vain. Then, unable to bear it longer, he turned suddenly, slammed the door behind him and ran sobbing down the corridor.

"You see," Mr. Gerrard remarked, "how guilty he is."

The reporters rose.

"Are you," the most nimble-witted asked of the wounded lady, "going to prosecute?"

"Prosecute?"

"Yes, prosecute your husband—make a charge against him."

"What do you mean—make a charge against him?" she demanded.

"Well, he shot you, didn't he?"

"Well, he's my husband, isn't he?"

Bowing before this logic, they left, and Frankie Gerrard and her gun-toting husband looked into each other's eyes tenderly. Then he knelt beside the bed and folded his arms about her. For five minutes they remained there, until Mrs. Gerrard spoke.

"I never knew," she whispered, "you loved me like that."

"Like what, baby?"

"Like that—like shooting me with a pistol."

"Shoot you!" he cried softly. "Sugar baby, daddy not only shot you—he tried to kill you!"

A look of sweet ecstasy came into the wounded lady's eyes.

"You darling!" she murmured happily. "You darling cave man!"

■

IT WAS late. Day paused down behind Hoboken to draw carefully after her the soft gray georgette of her trailing twilight, threatening always to catch and tear on the pinnacles of a dozen buildings thrust mischievously up from Wall Street to Times Square. Night's pitiful little jewels began to fleck the sky, and the city retorted with a dozen fifty-watt bulbs for every star this sky could show.

One of the few not too busy catching the Subway to watch the lovely transfusion of day into night sat alone in an unlighted room, gazing gravely out of the window. Her eyes were a little tired and on her face was a look of troubled concern and sympathy. Occasionally she turned her dark head quickly, listening, and presently, when the gray of dusk had changed to the cloudy blue of night, the soft knock came.

"Come in."

The door opened. Ownie's shoulders drooped. To the girl, his silhouette in the door was a figure of weariness. Slowly he entered and softly closed the door.

"Nancy?"

"Yes."

He did not speak again at once, but moved to the other window, and by the light from without she saw that his face was drawn, that his eyes were hurt without understanding why.

"I—I've just been walking around," he explained.

"Are you tired, dear?"

"What?" He turned toward her with timid, eager surprise in his voice.

"Are you so tired?"

He looked at her for a minute, as one who scarcely dared hope ever to hear tenderness again, and then, suddenly, he was sitting on the floor at her feet, his head in her lap.

"I thought," she said, "you'd come maybe."

One hand held tightly to his shoulder and the other brushed his hair back from his forehead again and again.

"Did you see them—the papers this afternoon?"

"Yes."

He didn't speak again, but catching the hand on his shoulder he drew it around his neck until the palm was against his lips, and kissed it, slowly, twice, three times, a hundred times. Nancy continued to gaze out of the window. A clock in the room ticked on and on. Here and there windows in high office buildings turned black, one by one. She lifted her hand from his head long enough to pull her scarf closer about her shoulders.

"Nancy?"

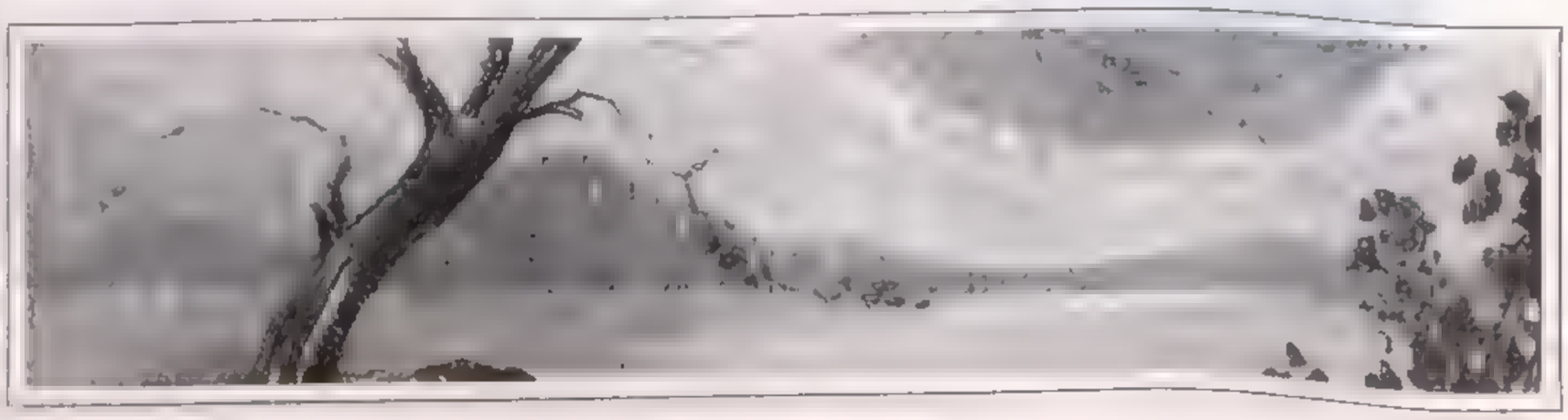
He spoke thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear."

"You saw the Daily Pictorial?"

"Yes."

"You know," he said, "I believe that the picture of me they used today was by far the best of the whole lot—and altogether there was nine, not counting half-column pictures. I think," he added, "I'll call the fellow up tomorrow and thank him. He's an awfully nice chap."



In this bathroom is a new GOLD SEAL INLAID—*Belflor Pattern No. 7151-5. Notice the square blocks, straight with the goods. In the bedroom the brown and tan of Belflor Pattern No. 2047-3 harmonize effectively with the furnishings.*

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NAIRN GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

A HOLIDAY FROM SIN

(Continued from Page 27)

she should draw their faces round to one side of their heads, but a great, bland and benignant orb glorifying the snow field of the blossom, bewitching the world with soft glamours.

He was thinking; David had hoped he would think. For himself, the Scarron line meant little. Placid, stagnant squires, surviving as specters in a world that had outlived squirarchy; little pomposities like colonels and Indian judges and colonial bishops—the Scarrons had never risen higher. Yet in his thought he was composing a defense. There is in all established and immutable things a challenge; civilization has been made by the men who have picked up the glove. After all, he despised it all as he despised the name of Algernon—and monocular remittance men and sentiment and women. He, at any rate, had broken loose. He had lived.

There was a mild and hesitant tapping at his door.

"Come in," he said, and the door opened to reveal Tito, his face a-wriggle with deprecatory and conciliatory grimaces. He carried a blanket and a pillow and his trousers under his arm, so that, below the hem of his shirt, the great knobs of his knees and the outward curve of his shanks were revealed in all their beauty.

"What you want?"

Tito tiptoed into the candlelit room and closed the door behind him.

"Say, boss, what you been an' give to 'at baby? Ole cook 'ooman, when she sees it, she says, 'My, ain't it lovely!' And she takes it and brandershes it up and down right front o' my face. An' now she sleepin' in nex' room to me an' snorin' like a sawmill. Ise skeered, boss; 'at's what I is! This here ain't no healthy place, nohow; old white trees like they all gone dead an' nobody to bury 'em; an' now you goes and jerks a mass of obi or voodoo—I dunno—spang into the middle of it."

"You can sleep on that couch," said Bull Scarron.

"Go' bless you, boss!" Tito proceeded forthwith to make his simple arrangements for the night.

"You're afraid of obi and all that muck?" asked Scarron casually.

Tito was only too willing to talk. He sat on the edge of the couch with folded arms resting on his knees, so that the hideous mask of him thrust itself forward toward the candles and toward Scarron.

"Boss," he said, and there was as much of gravity on him as such a face can carry, "I jus' has to be!" Bull Scarron's still face lightened a little, as though a smile had just failed to make its way through. "Dunno why Ise skeered," went on Tito. "P'raps I was bohn in Haiti or Sam D'mingo or else some other devil place, whah eve'ybody skeered all the time. I worked in ships an' cuttin' cane in Martinique an' loadin' cotton in New Orleans an' I was a soldier in Mexico. Oh, I been all places whah there's niggers workin'. An' ev'ywhah the same. Obi walkin' round in the dark; voodoo waitin' foh you in yoh bed; talkin' to you in the night when you know thah ain't nobody thah to do no talkin'. An' in the Davida, runnin' no'th to Noo Yawk, you 'member there was a nigger went missing?"

"I remember," said Scarron.

"Obi man," said Tito, nodding vigorously. "I knowed him when he come aboard. Got a little bag with bones an' feathers, an' a baby's finger and little bottles. The hands wuz crazy with fright of him. We wuz off Hatteras, if you 'members, boss, an' the wind wuz headin' us an' we wuz makin' plaguey bad weatheh of it. An' I was goin' fo'ward f'm the wheel and I come across him in the dahk, lee side o' the galley. Didn't see me at firs'. Theh he wuz, an' the spray comin' poolin' over the galley, an' ole Davida bangin' her bows into 'em seas like a mad ole drum an' rollin' hay-foot straw-foot, an' the night as black as the hobs of hell. He wuz by the rail, wavin' his arms an' conjurin' the sea wi' something he'd got out o' his little bag. An' all 'e time he wuz talkin'. I c'd heah him. An', boss, you knows me! I speaks United States an' Haiti French an' Havana Spanish, but it wasn't none of them he wuz talkin'. No, suh! Jus' droolin' out sounds 'at hadn't got no meanin'—kinder singin' 'em, he wuz. 'Cos, you know, boss, they got they own language; they gits it learned to 'em by"—Tito paused—"well, I don't just rightly know who learns it to 'em." He cocked an eye toward his master to see if this would pass. Scarron said nothing.

"Neveh saw me, jus' the same," went on Tito. "Wavin' an' beckonin' into the dahk, an' wash f'm the scuppers sloshin' roun' his shin bones ev'y time she'd roll, an' me inchin' an' inchin' neareh to 'm. Till by'm' by I wuz right 'longside of him. He wasn' no big man, an' I jus' touch him by the stem of his neck an' the hind of his belt an' give a lift an' a heave an' old obi man goes flyin' oveh 'at rail like a flyin' fish."

Bull Scarron nodded. "I thought there was something of the kind," he said calmly. "Obi didn't help him much, did it?"

The candles shone on the yellow man's eyeballs, white and still as marbles. "What you reckon he ship 'board of us for, boss?"

"What?" asked Scarron.

Tito rose. For all the shape of him, like that of a wind-wrenched tree, and despite the comic horror of his face, he had yet the negro's inborn gift of drama. He took a pace forward and his forefinger, gnarled and leather skinned, shot out as though he would pin Scarron down to hear him.

"You didn' know him. Likely you never prop'ly look at him. But I know him. He wuz the man you kick oveh the side in Port-au-Prince, an' he come back to us to git dat gadget what you done give to the baby tonight!" He continued to stand for a space of seconds.

"Bosh!" said Bull Scarron easily. "He didn't get it, anyhow, with all his obi. You're a fool, Tito!"

Tito sighed and sat again upon the couch. "No," he said. "Didn't get it 'at time. So now he come here to get it."

"Go to sleep," commanded Scarron, "an' shut your trap. An' be out o' this by seven o'clock *sabe?*"

"*Yo tengo,*" answered the yellow man, and lay down in his blanket.

Scarron turned again to his window and let himself be carried on the current of unbidden thoughts. And in an eddy of that current he found a parable in Tito's foolish tale. Suddenly all the landscape that slept below him looked pitiful and defenseless, crouched mutely for the blow. The feathers, the obi man—that was just a garnishing of nonsense to a fact that must be faced. He had brought to Tonne the dire spirit, the authentic power of darkness which ruled the world in which he was at home. There was blood on his hands and a price on his head; his much money stank with the manner of its getting; and it was to him, Bull Scarron, that David designed to pass on the Scarron torch. He rose and began to undress, sighing and frowning in a perplexity of indecision. "Only thing is to tell him the whole yarn. He won't want a rum runner in Tonne Manor House. But how's he going to believe it all? He doesn't even know the words!"

And so, heavily musing, he got to his bed and lit himself a cigarette. He had smoked five before he blew out the candle and set himself to go to sleep. The moonlight blazed in the window, reflected from the sea of blossom even as it rebounds from the waters of the Caribbean. And Tito, slumbering upon the couch, moaned once or twice and shivered.

III

"YOU can smoke here, Algy. We all do," said David Scarron, sitting back after breakfast in the little paneled breakfast room, sun-flooded through its broad window, and producing his pipe. "Let Madge and Ellen see your Irving trick."

"Yes, show us," urged the younger woman.

They all watched him with playful eagerness while he, smiling a little, flicked a cigarette into being and lit it. Then they applauded.

"Do make one for me," begged Ellen Cranmer. "I can imagine dark-eyed Spanish girls doing it just that way."

"That's where our dear Algy probably learned it," remarked David.

Ellen Cranmer lit her cigarette, drew on it twice and laid it down on her plate with a manner of emphatic rejection. Scarron laughed.

"What is it?" she demanded.

He was watching the life in her face as she spoke.

"That's tobacco," he said. "Nothing else in it. You have to get used to it." He turned to David, who was filling his charred old pipe. "Don't light up that old scent spray of yours yet, Dave. I've brought you a thousand cigars. Pass the word for my nigger and we'll have 'em down."

"My good ass!" protested David.

"Couldn't think of anything else to bring you," explained Bull Scarron. "They're cigars you can't buy. An' I brought—er—your wife a few little pearls."

"You aren't going to leave Ellen out?" said David.

Bull Scarron glanced at her. "I didn't know about Ellen," he answered, speaking the name for the first time. "But I gave her a good cigarette and she didn't like it."

"It wasn't a cigarette," put in Ellen; "it was a firework."

The suitcase full of the unbuyable cigars appeared, and a little bag of wash leather. Scarron passed the bag to his sister-in-law.

"Picked 'em up here and there," he said casually.

Tito, lingering in the hope that somebody would throw a word to him, grinned suddenly and kept silent. Mrs. Scarron rolled the contents of the bag out upon the white cloth.

"Oh!" she said. "Algy, you shouldn't; I can't take them! Give them to the queen or—or——"

"—— or wear 'em myself, I suppose," suggested Bull Scarron. "After I've carried them all this way—to have them flung back at me!"

"David, look what he's given me."

David rose, his lighted cigar between his fingers.

"These are cigars," he remarked as he went round the table to bend over his wife's shoulder. "Hullo!" he said. "What's all this?"

They made a little pool of palest, softest brilliance, like moonlit sea foam, the choice fruit of the ocean. David knew nothing of pearls or of any other gems, but there was no mistaking these. He pushed them here and there with his fingers, and looked up for a sudden serious moment—at the giver.

"They're very beautiful," he said. "They must be very valuable. But I didn't know there was any pearl fishing out there, Algy."

"I never heard of any," answered Bull Scarron composedly. "No; these were probably poached somewhere in Japanese waters. I got them in trade."

It was true; he had got them in trade. "Take w'at you like," the frantic kneeling man had cried, while from behind the canvas partition of the shack there came the monotonous raving of the woman in the grip of her fever. "Take all w'at I 'ave—only—only ——" Bull Scarron had taken the unexplained pearls and handed over the Davida's medicine chest in payment, and had thrown in his own stock of quinine. Whence they came he did not ask; it was none of his business to trace them from the pearl poacher to the pirate and thence to the thief, and so to the hands of the lover, hiding on his poisonous key in the Tortugas.

"We've got some family jewels at last, anyhow," said David.

"And I'm going to give them away," said his wife suddenly. "I may, mayn't I, Algy?"

"They're yours," answered Scarron. "Drop 'em down a drain if it gives you pleasure."

"I'm going to have them graded and strung. And I'm going to give them to your wife as a wedding gift—the Scarron pearls!"

"Good!" said David. "And now, Algy, what do you want to do this morning? There's a sort of horse you can potter round on, or would you rather loaf? I've got some confounded letters to see to and Madge will be cumbered with cares of much serving. How would you like to go for a stroll—and push the pram for Ellen?" He smiled.

"The stroll for me," declared Bull Scarron. "But why keep a dog and bark myself? Tito shall push the pram."

"So be it!" said David, and rose. And so it was.

Blossom, blossom everywhere, a monotony of beauty; another day of benign sun; and the tangled scents of growing things and of the clean earth that suckled them at her breast. Tito went in advance, where an eye could be kept on him and his impulses to break speed records with the baby carriage could be held in check. Ellen Cranmer and Scarron walked together, at first a little silent.

They went toward the village, whose tiled roofs and church tower rose above the orchards.

"Did you come over on your ship?" asked Ellen.

"In the Davida? Oh, no," said Scarron. "She isn't a yacht, you know. The Davida has to earn her living. My mate's in charge of her."

"I'm sure she's a splendid ship," said Ellen. "Have you got a photograph of her?"

Scarron shook his head. "She's not what you'd call a splendid ship at all," he said. "She was a warship of sorts; belonged to Colombia till there was a revolution and she was taken by the rebels."

"And you bought her from them?"

He shook his head again. "Never bought her," he said. "I was the rebel that took her. And I kept her, that's all!"

She turned her head to look at him. "How splendid!" she said. "And have you been doing that kind of thing all the time? And oh, have you ever seen Rum Row?"

He stared at her. "What on earth do you know about Rum Row?" he demanded.

She smiled. "I know a lot," she said. "Our newspapers never tell us anything else about America but Rum Row and bootlegging. And yet when I was over there with my husband we almost thought we had come to the wrong country by mistake. We saw nothing that you couldn't see in England. Just well-to-do, happy people who have learned how to live. We were ever so disappointed. But you haven't told me whether you've ever seen Rum Row."

There was a pause before he answered. "I've seen it," he said at last. "The Davida's there now."

She uttered a little gurgle of low-toned laughter.

"I knew it," she said. "How wonderful! The last of the pirates! You're a figure of romance, Algy."

"I'm nothing of the kind," he retorted quickly. "I'm just a lawbreaker. I thought you'd be shocked; you ought to be."

"Then why did you tell me?" she asked.

"So that you should know," he answered. "And I'm going to tell David, too, and he can tell his wife. And then I'm going to up anchor and back to where I belong."

She shook her head. "You won't," she said. "You won't, Algy! Do you know

(Continued on Page 83)

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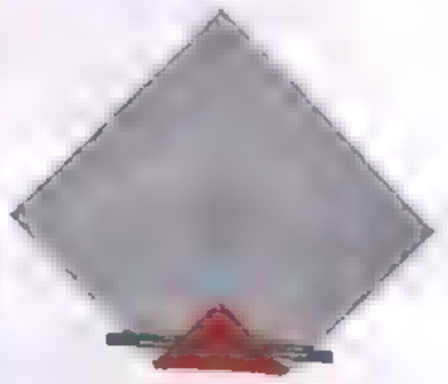

Back View of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" and how it is attached to each shingle. The turned-under corner of the shingle makes a double thick butt. This gives to the completed roof a texture which entirely dispels the flat, monotonous appearance of the ordinary roof.

Note that the metal "key" which locks each shingle tightly to those underneath is entirely invisible on the completed roof. Note also the shadows cast by the double-thick butts. Architects call this the "shadow line"—a feature that adds beauty and distinction to a roof.

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Genasco Latite Shingles

Genasco Sealbac Shingles
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Genasco Mineral Rubber
(Used in rubber compounding)

Genasco Roll Roofing
(Smooth and Slate Surface)

Genasco Standard Trinidad Built-up Roofing
(For factories, schools, hotels, office buildings, etc.)

Genasco Asphalt Putty
(Roofing Cement)

Genasco Waterproofing Asphalts, Felts and [illegible]
(For waterproofing subways, reservoirs, basements, etc.)

Genasco Asphalt Mastic
(For flooring)

Genasco Paints
(Roof Coating, Asphalt Fibre Coating, Industrial Paint, Acid-Proof Paint, Battery Paint, etc.)

Genasco Insulating and Sheathing Papers

Genasco Stucco Base

Gilsonite
(Used in the moulding industry, as well as in insulating products, baking enamels, etc.)

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Protective Products

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(Continued from Page 78)

what David will do when you tell him? He'll laugh! And if—if—you go away he'll just break his heart. You know what he wants you here for?"

Scarron growled. "He dropped a hint, but it's no good."

"You miss it all so much then?"

"No," he answered. "I don't miss it."

"Then ——"

"No," he said again. "I've come over for a holiday, not to look for a new job. And when the holiday is over I go back to work. And you needn't think it's easy work either."

"It wouldn't be easy work here, for that matter," she said. "But it doesn't matter—you won't go!"

"Suit yourself," he said shortly. "Not worth arguing about."

The village was a single street, its houses standing aside here and there as though to make way for some end of pasture or orchard that ran down to a roadside hedge. The church was at the end of it, square towered and squat; Tonne knew with pride that it was mentioned in Doomsday Book. There were two or three small shops, of which the chief was the post office. A sound of bell music rang from the forge; the alehouse door stood open. Two or three red-brick cottages, frankly, almost proudly hideous, were all that had sprung up in twenty years.

"Of course there will be nobody left that I knew," said Scarron.

"Plenty!" Ellen answered him. "They all knew that you were coming home, and by now they all know that you've come. Our servants have got tongues in their heads, you know."

"I'll try the blacksmith," said Scarron. "He used to do all our shoeing."

It chanced that Tito had halted to let them come up—just outside the smithy. The bell music ceased in full chime as the smith and his boy stood agape at the spectacle. This smith was not a brawny man; he was a lean and elderly man, with a ragged gray beard, and thin arms whereon the muscle stood in ridges.

"He've a-got the squire's baby," he enunciated, staring at Tito.

"What is it?" whispered the boy, and stepped back a pace, for Tito had smiled blandly on them. To them it seemed that he was showing his fangs. And then, before worse could befall, Scarron turned up with Ellen.

"Hullo, Smeed!" greeted Scarron. "Bet you half a crown you don't recognize me."

"I can do wi' 'alf a crown, Master Algy, sir," was the slow answer. "An' glad I am to see you back in your own place." He smeared a blackened hand on the seat of his trousers, inspected it and held it forward in greeting. "But be that—that objec' outside there yours?"

"Tito, you mean? Oh, yes, it's mine. I caught it in the West Indies and trained it. They run wild out there. It's quite tame."

"Them Indies mus' be full o' vermin," said the smith slowly. "Ah, thankee, Master Algy," as Scarron laid the half crown on the anvil. "It's good to lay eyes on you again. I'd liever pay my rent to you nor to anybody."

"Oh, well, you won't have to," said Scarron. "I'm off again soon for good, and you'll have seen the last of me."

The smith regarded him searchingly, then broke into a cackle of laughter.

"No," he said. "There'll be no more going off, I'll be bound. You'll turn yourself round in your place, same like a dog does, to see what's under you, an' you'll settle yourself where you was got and born."

"Well, we'll see what we'll see," said Scarron, and got himself away.

"Somebody put him up to that," he said, when they were out of earshot. "Has the whole village been put up to it? And you—did David put you up to it?"

She looked at him calmly. "Nobody has been put up to anything that I know of," she answered. "We're sensible people and we see things clearly. You're here; you belong here; your duty is here; you're one of us. Only a madman could see things otherwise. And that is not taking into account the pain and disappointment you would cause."

He shook his head, but did not answer.

"There's one question we didn't ask you last night," she said. "It might make it possible to understand you. Are you married over there?"

"No!" he answered.

"Is there a girl, a woman ——"

"No!" he cried. "Nothing of the kind. Never has been, never will be."

She nodded. "Then I know what it is," she said. "It's worse than I feared."

"Don't understand you," he said gruffly.

"You've got the Scarron conscience," she said. "It's a curse and a bondage. You're not fit to govern Tonne, to be squire and lord of the manor and a justice of the peace, are you, Algy? Nobody is except God; all you Scarrons think that. You've sinned, sat on yourself in judgment, and sent yourself to hell; so good-by to the Scarrons!"

"Tito!" called Scarron suddenly. "'Bout ship, there! We're goin' home."

Ellen looked at him with just a trace of mockery. "Running away from it—you!"

"Yes," he answered. "I'm tired of it. Let's talk about something else. Look here, I've got a lot of trash in my baggage. Will you come up sometime and take your pick? I'd like to give you something."

"Something you traded for?" she suggested.

"It shan't be any of the things I've looted," he answered. "Nor bought with rum-running profits either."

"Then perhaps I'll come," she said.

And Scarron knew that he was glad, knew it resentfully.

David and his wife must have found their duties less exacting than they expected, for both had garden chairs upon the lawn when Scarron and Ellen returned. The nurse appeared to claim the slumbering Billy, and Tito followed her indoors. So had all the other maids except the cook.

"Well?" said David, looking up. He had one of the unbuyable cigars in his mouth. "Been revisiting the scenes of your dead youth, Algy? Have a cigar?"

"Do, Algy!" pressed Madge. "Have several. Have them all. He's been smoking all the morning."

Scarron laughed and sat down on the grass. "Don't smoke cigars," he said, and brought forth his pouch and his roll of cornsilk papers.

"Doesn't smoke cigars and doesn't drink!" mourned David. "And calls himself a sailor! The service is going to the dogs. By the way, did you get Ellen to talk?"

Scarron nodded and looked up to where Ellen stood behind her sister's chair. Her dark face showed a flush for a moment.

"Oh, yes, we talked," he said. "Saw old Smeed, the smith, and bet him half a crown he didn't know me. He won."

David laughed. "All the financial astuteness is not on the other side of the Atlantic," he said. "Seeing his boy is engaged to be married to the housemaid here and sees her at the back door every evening, he would win. And oh, have you got such a thing as a dress suit, Algy?"

"I have," said Scarron. "Got it in London as I came through. Tito admires it no end."

"Good!" said David. "The rector and Mrs. Rector and the doctor and Mrs. Doctor are dining here tonight, so we're all dressing up like little ladies and gentlemen. You'll be the lion, Algy; you'll have to roar a bit."

"Lions only roar when they're hungry, I believe," said Scarron. "But I'll do my best."

Presently, when Madge rose and went in upon some housekeeping errand, the others drifted after her. Ellen came close to Scarron's side.

"I'm glad you didn't tell about our talk," she said in a low voice. It was like a confidence, an understanding between them. Once again Scarron rebelled against his pleasure in it.

"Oh, that!" he said. "I'd forgotten all about it."

And now there was mirth, genuine mirth, in the face she turned upon him before she moved away after the long narrow back of David.

IV

THERE is a club in Havana which you will not find noted in any directory of clubs. It has no name, no committee, no secretary, no subscription. It meets upon the first Monday in every month in an upper chamber of a second-rate hotel; and there it dines and talks and goes home sober, or at least it leaves the premises sober. For qualifications are required of members; each must possess a dress suit and each must be a gentleman. That is to say, he must have come from the class where trade is despised, which finances the remittance men all over the world, which is present in a zigzag social streak through the aristocracy, the landed gentry, the services and down into the professions. And here, to dine in a fierce and unchanging precision of formal etiquette, to taste again the restraints and the decencies, each accurately shirt-fronted, each sedulous in the employment of the right fork and the right glass, came the shells that had been broken to make the social omelet. Ex-naval officers who earned their bread as ship chandlers' touts; Americans for whom America was not big enough; gentlemen who were not so young as they were when Jeddah won the Derby. Once a month they came, out of the gin-soaked slume of their shame and failure, peris adventuring a toe across the threshold of a forever forfeited paradise. Hither, too, Bull Scarron was wont to come when he was in Havana upon a first Monday. So there was nothing to teach him about the forks and the glasses.

When he came down to the drawing-room in the stipulated dress things, only Ellen was there before him, leaning before the hearth with one arm stretched along the mantelshelf. He did not note her dress, save that it was of some shimmering gray stuff and low at the neck. She was looking down at the toe of her shoe as though in thought, and he had her in profile for some moments before she knew he was there. One of the wonders of the world is the way in which a good chin fits itself to a good neck; he was aware of this for the first time in his life.

He made an incautious movement and she looked up.

"I didn't hear you come in," she said. "Oh, Algy, you look lovely! Why, you ought never to wear anything else! You'll put us all in the shade."

"That was about the idea," he answered. "Tito's waiting at table and he asked if I would lend him my 'waiteh's clo'es'—meaning these. As it is, he's to be present in white ducks and bare feet."

"Why bare feet?" asked Ellen.

"Because he makes a noise like a horse when he has boots on. Tito never wore a boot in his life till I bought him some in Liverpool."

"He's fond of you, isn't he?"

Scarron sniffed. "He may be," he said. "So long as he's afraid of me, I'm satisfied."

The young widow looked at him. "That's disgusting," she said.

"Sorry," said Scarron, and then—"Hullo, David! Couldn't you find your lipstick?"

"Been giving you time to practice your roaring," answered David. "Does he give it forth fairly well, Ellen?"

David Scarron had possessed but two dress suits in all his years, the one he had had made when he was at Oxford and the one he now wore. It was twelve years old and in that time he had shrunk in girth, so that the garb of ceremony made a little the effect of having been hired for the occasion. It needed the thin face, with its unmistakable print of culture and breeding and its unquenchable kindly humor, to carry it off.

(Continued on Page 85)

Accuracy

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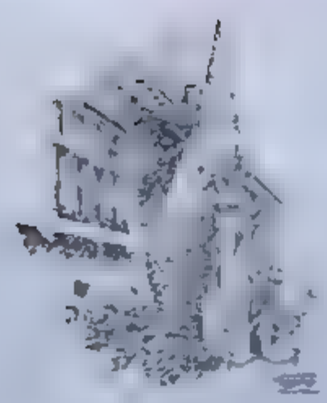

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Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 83

"I like your coat, Algy," he said. "How do you like mine?"

"I don't like it; it's beastly," replied Scarron. "I thought you were in fancy dress at first. You ought to give it to Tito, and the waistcoat and the pants too. He'd be your slave for life."

Madge arrived. "If only those pearls were strung," she lamented, "I'd make the Queen of Sheba look like a charwoman. Hush! There's the doctor's car."

"Let us dissemble," murmured David

The four guests entered together, for the doctor had picked up the rector and his lady and brought them along. All were strangers to Scarron; they had come up since his time, and introductions were in order. The Rev. James Forshow was young, no more than forty years of age, but already mellowed by plumpness and blandness. Doctor Madden was a brisk, thickset little man with a merry eye and a clipped mustache that bristled.

Of the two ladies, the tall one in black belonged to the rector, the little one in claret to the doctor.

"This is a great pleasure, my dear Captain Scarron!" David had given him that title when introducing him. "A pleasure one had almost ceased to hope for. But the home ties are strong, are they not? The painted tropics have their lure, but Kent never lets go of a Kentish man."

"Wonderful bit of earth," agreed Scarron.

The doctor was briefer.

"Glad you're back," he said. "Twenty years you've been away, eh? Twenty years, by Jove! I'd like to have a yarn with you when you've got half an hour to spare."

"Delighted," said Scarron. "'Fraid you'll have to do the yarning, though, doctor."

"Come and see me; I'll do the yarning all right." The doctor gave him a look which he did not understand. "Come tomorrow."

"I'll try," said Scarron. And then he saw that David, who had been listening, was smiling to himself.

There was a slight commotion at first view of Tito which he seemed rather to enjoy.

Scarron had the parson's wife on his left and a gap between the rector and the doctor's wife opposite to him. And even with soup the rector's wife began to question him.

"A negro crew! How interesting! Converts, of course—Christian negroes?"

His foolish buck niggers, with their empty gayety, their ferocious courage and their strange cowardice! Scarron decided to lie.

"Of course," he agreed.

"And your Sundays at sea? What do you do on your Sundays?"

"Well, my chief mate preaches to them a good deal," said Scarron. "He is a very simple man with a wonderful gift of language. He's quite famous for it."

"How beautiful!" said the lady. There was more of it, and then David took her off his hands and left him free to turn to Ellen.

"You were careful enough not to shock her," she said, smiling

"Well, the cattle may be converts for all I know," he answered. "What kind of animal do you think they are? Some of 'em are convicts, a lot of 'em are voodoo worshipers—sort of devil worshipers, that is—and the rest are just the scum of the beaches and the slums. And then she asks me what our Sundays are like!"

"Tell me what they're like—what they're really like!"

Bull Scarron meditated. "No!" he said.

"Really not?"

"Really not! I want to enjoy this mutton. Remembering all that would take my appetite away, telling it would spoil yours."

"Don't remember it then," she said, and turned to him with a smile which he found enigmatical.

The ordeal passed, and presently Madge Scarron marshaled her ladies to the drawing-room. Cigars went round and David called upon Scarron for his cigarette trick.

"Tell me now, Captain Scarron"—the rector had moved up nearer to him—"have you seen any birds of paradise?"

Scarron suppressed a groan.

"No," he said. "There aren't any over where I come from. But I've seen paradise fish; I've eaten 'em, and the birds can't be much more gorgeous than the fish."

He could talk when he liked, and he did his duty to David manfully. None of his hearers had been outside of England and they expected strong colors and strange shapes. He told them about obi and voodoo—"Poor creatures, poor creatures!"—from the rector—about Caracas, and Cayenne, that city of torment; about the strange light that grew upon the sea, like a sunrise upon the day of the last judgment, when Mount Pelée blew its cork out and the town of St.-Pierre went the way of Pompeii and Herculaneum; of the little club in Havana and its members—"Poor creatures!"—of Nassau in New Providence, with its warehouses pouring liquor into the United States; of the cigar girls in Cuba; of tempests from clear skies which exploded as suddenly as a cannon shot; of coral and turtles and land crabs and flying fish. Good measure, pressed down and running over, he gave them. David gave him a smile of approval.

"Well, what about joining the ladies?" he suggested.

At the door he gripped Scarron by the arm. "Thank God, we've produced a good liar at last!" he whispered, smiling.

Scarron gave him a look of indignation.

"Wait till I do start lying, an' you'll believe every word."

The rector was making genial excuses.

"You must blame Captain Scarron," he said. "He set before us—er—'magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.' I never really understood those lines before. 'Perilous seas'—yes! And 'faëry lands!' Wonderful!"

"And you have monopolized it all!" said Mrs. Madden. "And now poor Captain Scarron will have to tell it all again."

Across the room, perched on the arm of a chair, with a cigarette in her lips, Ellen was looking at him in a malice of amusement David came to the rescue.

"Oh, he'll be here long enough for us to hear all that he can tell," he said. "And I've no doubt lots of it will even be true."

Ellen spoke. "Don't goad him, David," she counseled, "or perhaps it will."

They laughed at that, and Scarron crossed the floor toward her. She rose as he arrived and dropped her cigarette into an ash tray on the table beside her.

"I've got to run up and take a look at Billy," she said. "I shall be back in a few minutes. But tell me, before I go—is this all acting?"

She still wore her manner of amusement, but there was sober intention in the eyes with which she held his.

"Is what all acting?" he demanded.

"All this tonight," she answered. "If you're acting the part of Algy Scarron, you're wonderful It's perfect! It's too perfect! It made me wonder whether you weren't really Algy Scarron after all, and only acting on the Davida and Rum Row."

Scarron smiled. "I'll think up an answer while you're seeing Billy," he said.

She made the smallest grimace, a mere twitch of the lips, and moved toward the door.

"Well," said David, "we'd better have a rubber of whist, after all, if only for Algy's sake. It'll save him from the mermaids and the sea serpents. Who'll play?"

Madge Scarron and the doctor stood out. As the table settled down, the doctor drifted over to where Scarron stood tapping tobacco into a cigarette paper.

"Funny, the luck some people have," he said. "Life's just as much an adventure for one man as for another. We're all walking precariously on a knife edge over the depths, but it's only the few who move against such a background as you've been telling us about."

"Not much knife edge here," answered Scarron, looking about him at the softened lights, the chintzes and the pleasant mild people.

The doctor glanced round likewise. "No; you wouldn't think so, would you?" he said. "We're quiet people, but perhaps it costs some of us a good deal to keep quiet. And as to the knife edge—well, I shouldn't see much of it during a holiday trip to the Caribbean, should I? Only the palms and the paradise fish and the glow and the color. Just the upholstery in fact. And what but upholstery do you think you're looking at now?"

Scarron looked pensively at the end of the cigarette, then raised his eyes to those of the doctor. The latter met them calmly. There was no defiance or show of preparedness in his regard; he was a man—many doctors are like that, thank God!—who stood on his feet as squarely as Scarron himself, assured that the ground under him was solid.

"There's a moral to all this, of course," he said. "I've not been here forty-eight hours yet and you are the fourth who has been preaching it at me. Old Smeed, the blacksmith, was one. Suppose we come straight to the bloomin' moral and cut the prologue."

The doctor's surprise was plainly genuine.

"Don't know what you're talking about—moral—preaching!" he retorted. "I was suggesting something which I thought you might agree with me about. I didn't guess you'd be so touchy about your—er—romantic status. However—sorry, of course."

He made to turn away. "Look here!" said Scarron, and detained him. "We're not understanding each other. You seemed to be talking in a strain that—well, I've had enough of it. Since you weren't, the mistake was mine. And as to"—he grimaced—"what you call a romantic status, the idea of it makes me sick. I haven't got one. I'm a hard-working and—yes, a successful business man, and I'm over here on a holiday. A short holiday. And that's all."

"Eh?" The doctor frowned in consideration. "Holiday? You mean—you're going back to—to all that?"

"Of course I am," answered Scarron. "I'm coming down to see you tomorrow, aren't I? And if you want them, you shall have a yarn or two that'll make you glad to see the last of me!"

"Will you, though?" retorted the doctor. He looked the other up and down. "You're a devil of a man, Captain Scarron, aren't you?—even if you haven't got a romantic status. But before you start your yarning tomorrow, will you listen to a yarn of mine—a very short one?"

"Very pleased," said Scarron, with the faintest shrug.

The doctor nodded briskly. "That's all right then," he said. "You won't go back to your wonderland. You'll stay here." And he nodded again.

Scarron would have answered with vehemence, but it was at that moment that Ellen Cranmer returned and came forthwith toward them. She glanced from one face to the other in swift momentary scrutiny, the impression was irresistible to Scarron that she knew the manner and the burden of their talk. But it was to the doctor that she spoke.

"Am I interrupting?" she asked perfunctorily. "Sorry; but I wanted to ask if you could steal a couple of minutes presently to come up and see Billy. I think he's a little feverish."

"Of course I can," said the doctor. "I'll come now."

They went to the door together, and Scarron, looking after them, wondered for a moment what it was that made them seem suddenly different from the man and woman with whom he had sat at dinner and chatted. And then he saw it; it was no more and no less than the difference between a sailor

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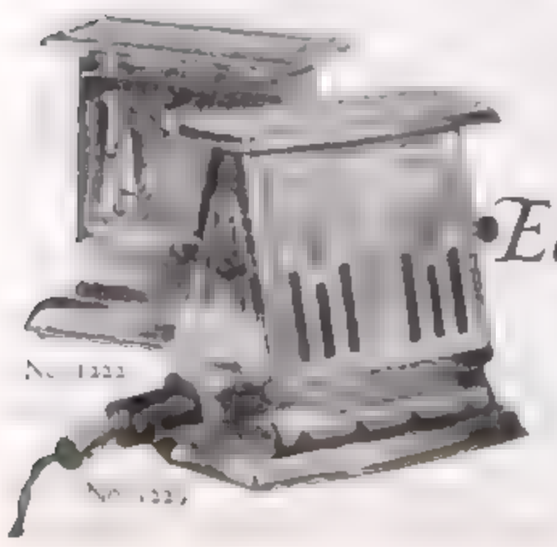

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ashore and the same man rolling aft along a wet and unstable deck to his trick at the wheel.

He looked over to Madge Scarron where she sat alone, but he did not move to join her. She was watching the bridge players idly. Her good and strong face was relaxed in half reverie; she needed no small talk or trivial companionship. Scarron lit another cigarette and straddled before the hearth.

Presently Ellen and the doctor returned.

"No," said the doctor in reply to his inquiry, "nothing to worry about as yet. This is the open season for all kinds of colds. But I'll come in tomorrow and have another look at him. I'll drive you back from my place, Scarron, and I'll see the young man then."

"What time?" asked Ellen.

"Say about one," suggested the doctor. "Then perhaps I'll be able to billet myself on David for lunch. You'll be down at my place about noon?" he asked Scarron.

"I'll be there," promised the other.

The evening came to its end at last. The rector had won his game and was jubilant. There was the ritual whisky-and-soda for the men while the ladies got their wraps, the good nights at the gate, and the tail light of the car diminishing along the road. The four of them returned together to the door.

"Well," said Madge to Scarron in the hall, "how do you like us?"

"Need you ask?" he answered.

"No," she said, "I needn't really. Because I saw for myself—you're afraid of us."

Ellen laughed and David smiled broadly.

The brothers sat together for a while in the library when the women had gone up to bed. David, as before, was at ease in his deep chair, in a comfortable languor through which the come and go of his smile shone with a kindly drowsiness.

"Well, old boy," he said, "think you can stand this giddy round of dissipation? It doesn't seem to have driven you to drink, at any rate." He lifted his own tumbler as he spoke. "Funny that you don't drink anything," he added.

"Don't need it," said Scarron, "and don't like it, so it would be funnier still if I did drink."

"Ye-es," said David. "By the way, what did Madden say about Billy?"

"Got a cold," answered the other. "Coming to lunch tomorrow, and he'll go over him again."

"That kid's always getting something," said David reflectively. "He's got a gift for it. A couple of weeks ago his nurse came squawking across the lawn and said that he was playing with a live snake. He was, too—it was a viper. He'd got hold of the thing by the middle with one hand and was patting it with the other, and it was hanging in his fingers as quietly as possible. I shouted to him to drop it, but he didn't understand, and the snake raised its head as I went near to grab it."

"Did you grab it?" asked Scarron.

David nodded. "Yes, thank God!" he said. "I shudder now when I remember the feel of it. I couldn't even hold it long enough to kill it. Ugh!" And he did shudder.

"You might have been bitten," said Scarron.

David smiled down at him. "I was bitten," he said. His smile broadened. "I treated the case with whisky, and Madge operated on the bite with a razor. And Ellen smacked Billy and kissed me. But I'm convinced it was the whisky that did the trick."

"I believe you enjoyed it," said Scarron.

"I believe so too," chuckled David and drank with appetite from his glass.

"Well," he said rising, "you're calling on Madden tomorrow, aren't you? Good fellow, Madden. You'll find him interesting."

"It'll be a change, then," answered Scarron, rising likewise. David smiled.

V

THERE is a fashion of house which is common enough in Kent in the little towns and the bigger villages. It dates back to Queen Anne or to some model of that period; it is of warm red brick, with wide windows, and a dwarf porchment about its door; and commonly it lifts its grave and comely face from the edge of the sidewalk, with no intervening strip of ground. To such a one, whose door bore a shining brass plate, Scarron came on foot at the appointed hour.

The doctor came to him presently in the room to which he had been shown, a small room with a warm carpet and large armchairs and untidy shelves of books. Its single window looked south over a pleasant garden, not too prim. Plainly the doctor's private place of refuge from the stresses and forms of his life, where, in an old jacket and slippers, he could sit with no companion but his pipe.

"Morning!" said the doctor cheerily as he entered. "Nice day, eh? I'm glad you came. What do you say to a glass of sherry? Oh, I forgot you're a teetotaler."

"Don't let me stop you, though," said Scarron.

"Thanks," said the doctor briskly, moving toward a corner cupboard. "I usually dose myself about this hour. But sit down, my dear feller; sit down."

He poured for himself his little glass of the golden wine and carried it to a seat under the window, where he could sit with his back to the light, facing Scarron. He sipped daintily and spoke.

"Tell me," he said, "what do you think you've come here for?"

"For the pleasure of seeing you," answered Scarron promptly.

The doctor smiled briefly. "But really?" he insisted. "I tried to leave you guessing. Did I make a mess of it?"

"It's something you want to tell me—and David knows what it is," answered the other. "But I haven't guessed yet why the devil he doesn't tell me himself. I feel as I used to feel at first in the voodoo countries, when it seemed as if there was something that everybody knew except me. Uncomfortable feeling till I found out that there was nothing to know. So, frankly, I'm not expecting much now."

The doctor sipped again, making a little ceremony of it as though in honor of the wine.

"Yes," he said, "David knows. But he wanted you to hear it first from me, so that you couldn't doubt or question it. Does David strike you as worried at all?"

"No," said Scarron. "What's he got to worry about?"

"And his wife?" pursued the doctor.

Scarron paused before he answered. "Don't know," he said. "Haven't had much to say to her yet. But what's it all about?"

The doctor rose and placed his wineglass on the table. With his hands in his pockets, he commenced to stroll to and fro in front of the window.

"I know you'd like it short," he said. "You would?" For Scarron had nodded. "Very well, you shall have it. It's his doctor speaking, mind! You left him well and comfortable this morning, half an hour ago, when you started down here. Now listen! There is not the slightest reason why you should ever see him alive again." He paused in his walk. "That's what he wanted you to hear from me," he said.

Scarron sat up in his chair and stared at him.

"Any day, any moment!" said the doctor. "We spoke of walking the knife edge last evening. And he—he isn't content with just walking; he—he ambles along it towards the certain fall."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Scarron at last. "Not snake bite. He was telling me ——"

"Snake bite!" The doctor brushed it aside. "That was nothing. No, he carries his snake inside him, coiled and poising to strike. Have you ever heard of an aneurysm? Do you know what the aorta is? It's the main blood channel from the heart; it's the pipe by which your body is fed with life. And close up to David's heart that

(Continued on Page 88)

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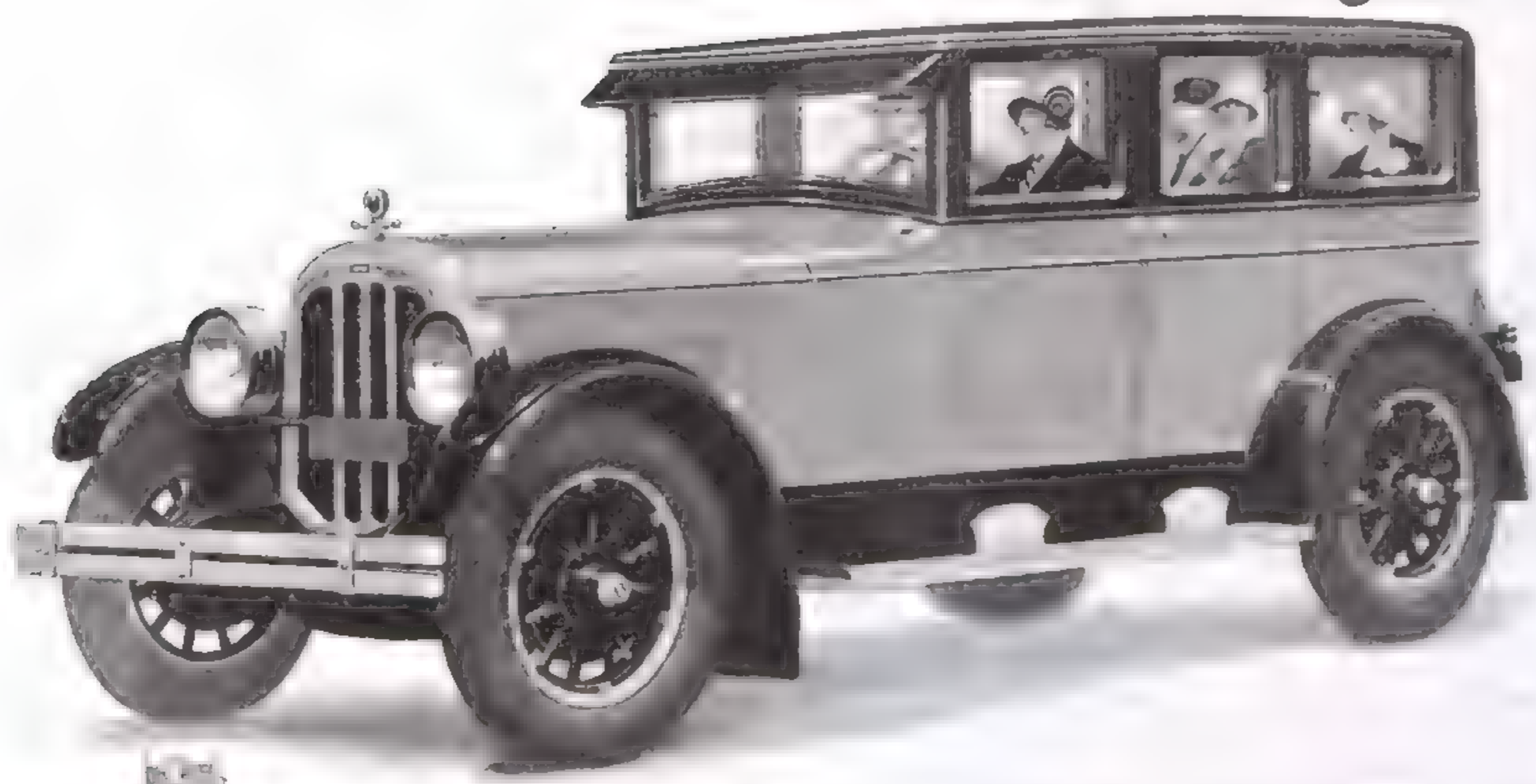

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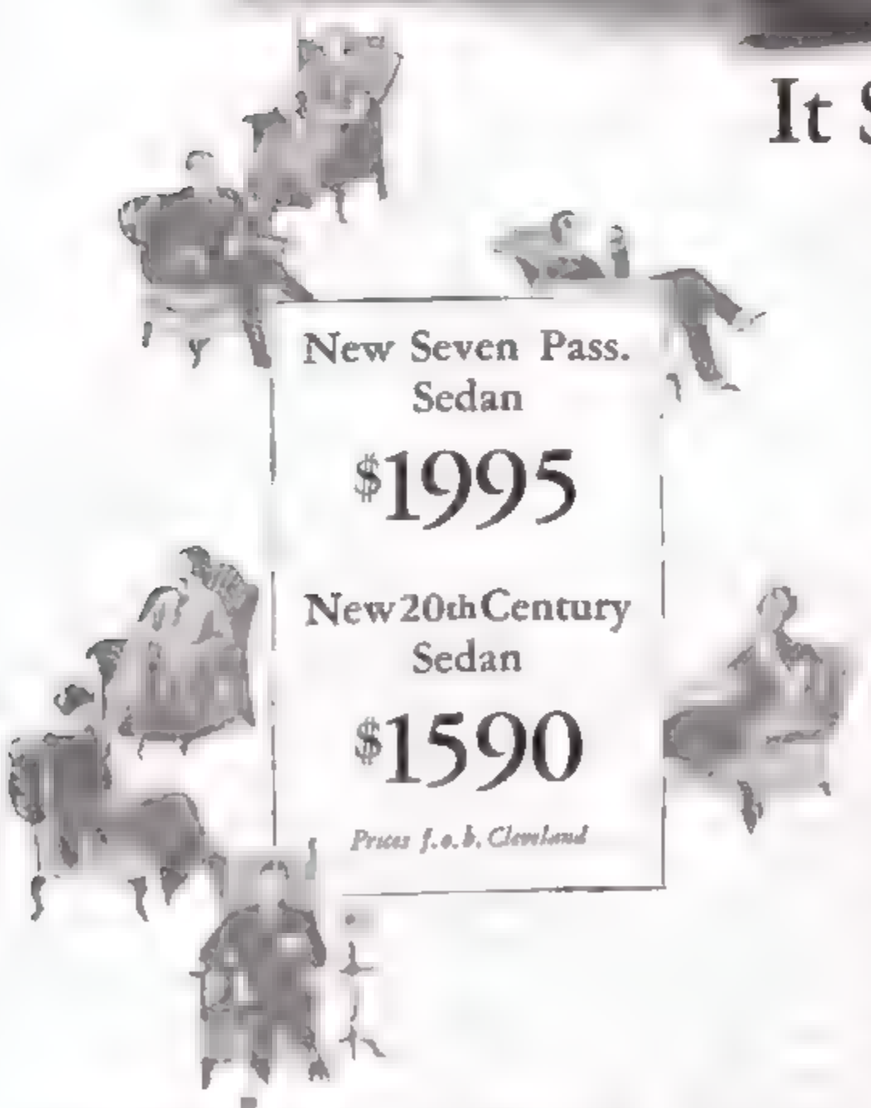

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SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 86)

pipe has worn thin; its thick wall is only a film, scarcely bloodproof, and all the time his heart is pumping at it, stretching it to a sort of bladder, which sooner or later must burst. I wonder that snake-bite business didn't do it. Anything might; and, Scarron—there's nothing to be done!" He shook his head. "Nothing to be done!" he repeated.

Scarron cleared his throat. "That's certain, is it?"

"Quite certain," answered the doctor. "You're thinking of specialists and consultants, naturally. We've had them, the best and biggest men in the world. There wasn't even room for an opinion; the thing was too clear. Of course, we could urge him to go to bed, to cut off stimulants and tobacco and avoid every kind of effort. It might at least prolong life a little or a lot. It's the regular thing, but not for David Scarron. 'I'm not going to be embalmed till I'm dead,' he said."

"Does his wife know?" asked Scarron.

"She knows," said the doctor. "So does Mrs. Cranmer. So does the whole countryside; and no one ever speaks of it. We can hold our tongues in Kent, you know. No wonder you had that voodoo feeling."

"Well!" said Scarron, and went no further.

This, at least—this strange and deadly thing he had not brought with him; it had been here, lying in ambush for him, before he left the Caribbean—waiting to trap him and hold him. He had seen men die in strange fashions; some had died at his hands; but death here, a subtle death that lurked and bided its time to pounce, had a character that daunted him. "Nothing to be done!" Not valor, nor strength, nor money, nor device could aid. He shook his head. He felt futile and puny.

"Your coming home, at any rate, has made him very happy," the doctor said. "Not that he was unhappy, you know. But he has some plans for which he depends on you. I don't know what they are, and they're no affair of mine, but for his sake I hope you'll fall in with them."

Scarron frowned. "Can't say," he said. "I feel rather as if somebody had got the lashings on me and was heaving them tight. But how can a man like me, a man with my record and my habits, live here?"

"It's a quiet place," agreed the doctor.

"Quiet be damned!" snapped Scarron. "Babies playin' with snakes and a man dying contentedly on his feet, with his wife watching, and—nothing to be done! That's not my idea of a quiet place. I was thinking of something different; never mind what."

The doctor nodded. "You asked to have it short."

"I got what I asked for then," said the other. "You said that Ellen—Mrs. Cranmer—knows?"

"She knows."

Scarron caught his look, carrying a changed interest at an abrupt tangent from the main matter of their talk, but he did not trouble to interpret it.

"That's why she was so certain about it!" He was talking to himself, though he spoke aloud.

The doctor did not ask what "it" was, about which she had been so certain. He said nothing. There was a silence.

"She's a witch," said Scarron. "To know that and tell me—me!—nothing!"

The doctor decided to speak. "She's been schooled to hold her tongue, and in a hard school. You've heard about her husband?"

"David told me he was killed in an aeroplane smash."

The doctor nodded. "He was drunk," he said. "He always was drunk—and nobody knew it. She hid that; it couldn't have been hidden but for her. But she lived with him and shielded him and never faltered. She gave him her life, shuddering and silent; but women are great givers, don't you think? They don't call it a gift unless they beggar themselves in the giving."

Scarron nodded. "Ah!" he said. "That look she has—that explains it! As though there was a shadow on her and she leaned forward at moments to look beyond it."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and, thank God, she has something worth looking at. A man dying with his head and his eyes clear at the end of a glad and good life, beloved and sorrowed for. That's something, after—after what she's known!"

"Yes," said Scarron. "Good and glad life! That's it; that is something. And now—and now hadn't we better get back to the house?"

"I'll get the car," said the doctor at once. "And I'll risk one piece of advice to you. David's happy and not in the least afraid. He's what he always was, a good sample of the Scarron output. Don't be melancholy with him. Take it as he takes it. Nature has set a booby trap for him, but he can take a joke."

"He can set a booby trap himself," said Scarron slowly.

The doctor looked at him, hesitated on the brink of speech, and departed to bring the car round to the door. Mrs. Madden did not appear at all.

Ellen was at the door when they arrived at the Manor House, and claimed the doctor at once, merely giving to Scarron a swift estimating glance. He set himself to show her nothing. She had known and had not told him; now, if she wanted to know more, let her dig for it.

David was in the garden reading a paper, with other papers strewed around him. He had a cigar, of course, and his environment was fragrant with it. The paper crackled cheerfully as he lowered it and looked up at his half-brother's approach.

"Well, old chap," he said, "welcome home! I knew there was something I'd forgotten to say when you arrived, but I've said it now, at any rate. Doctor upstairs, is he?"

"Yes," said Scarron, and sat down on the turf.

"Good!" said David. "He's in luck. Madge, like the classic Mary, has got a little lamb, and old Madden likes lamb. Did you have a good talk with him?"

His eyes twinkled mirthfully as he asked the question. Scarron moved in an impulse to protest.

"Oh, frightfully jolly!" he answered. "I enjoyed it no end."

David looked at him thoughtfully for a second or two.

"You had to know, old man," he said. "Sorry to crowd it on you so soon; but, you see, I couldn't know how much time I might give you. Best to get it over, wasn't it?"

Scarron shrugged his shoulders. "How do you feel?" he asked inconsequently.

David sat up and cast his paper from him briskly. "Now look here, young fellow! None of that! I'm feeling damned glad that you're here. I was anxious till you came; I could never be sure that bumboat of yours—or raft or barge or whatever she is—wouldn't strike an iceberg or a coral reef or a continent or something, and leave me here lamenting. But if you're going to bathe my brow and sit by me in the watches of the night—well, if you think that, just think again!" He paused and lay back in his chair. He went on in a different tone. "Don't worry about it, dear old boy. I'm Hindenburging—retiring according to plan. Don't spoil it now!"

"What do you want of me?" asked Scarron.

"I?" David raised his eyebrows in a travesty of surprise. "I don't want anything of you. What can have made you think that?"

"What is it?"

David Scarron bent forward. "Algy," he said, "I've got what I want. There's a Scarron on the place, in the house where he and I and our fathers before us were born, sleeping in the room from which he was carried to his mother's deathbed. If he wants to get away, let him if he can; if the place and the traditions can't keep him, then it's

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

time they were ended—and be damned to them!"

He sat back again.

"I've lived a hell of a life," said Scarron slowly. "I don't fit in here at all. I—I'm not exactly a credit to the family, David."

David was smiling. "'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,'" he quoted. "'Member that, Algy? You're better off for an elder brother than that chap was anyhow. It's no good, old boy; I'm not going to be shifted from my base by any amount of blood-and-thunder yarns. You're here; so we'll make the best of each other while we can. Ah!" He had looked up toward the house. "There's Madge; it's lunch. Come and watch old Madden starting a famine."

Scarron rose in silence. David dropped a hand within his arm as they crossed the lawn to the house door. It was a gesture as casual as a smile. Men do stroll like that, in intimacy and understanding; Bull Scarron had a sense that he had lost his game. The place was closing round him.

"Well, how's the kid?" demanded David of the doctor as they met in the wide hall before going in to lunch.

"Touch of croup, it seems," answered the doctor. "He's staying in bed for the present, and I'll be sending him up what he needs. Mrs. Cranmer"—Ellen was standing behind him and a little to one side—"and Mrs. Scarron and the nurse can do all that's necessary."

"Oh! Croup—that's the windpipe, isn't it? Is it serious?"

"It needn't be," said the doctor. "It can be pretty uncomfortable though. Still, we've got it at the start and we'll go to work to hustle it out of him as quickly as we can."

Madge Scarron appeared in the doorway. "Lunch!" she said. "Doctor, I've robbed a cradle for you; there was a lamb in the cradle. Come on, people!"

"Come on, Ellen," said David.

Scarron and she had a moment behind his back, only a moment. Her question was only a look, for it needed no words.

"You could have told me yourself," he said in a half whisper.

"You wouldn't have believed," she answered, and passed on.

It was when he and David were seeing the doctor off that Scarron made a suggestion.

"I say," he said. "About this croup—isn't it possible that you might be wanted suddenly?"

The doctor hesitated. "Possible, of course," he admitted.

"Then take Tito home with you now and let him bring the medicines back," said Scarron. "He'll know where you live, and he can go like a race horse when he's got to. Shall I fetch him?"

"It's a good idea," put in David. "Get him, will you, Algy?"

Scarron gave Tito his orders in the back hall. The tall misshapen yellow man heard him in silence, then shook his head.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?" demanded Scarron. "Get a move on you now!"

"Yes, boss," answered Tito. "But they ain't no white doctor goin' to do no good heah—not afteh that obi stuff you brung into the house. Boss, I c'n smell it."

His great beast face lowered in fearful earnest.

"Smell what?"

"Like 'at house in Maracaibo 'at I set fire to. Same smell. I knows 'er. Obi man just gotta have somebody now. Ain't put no sign on door nor nothing—just send smell. Don't see nothin'; don't hear nothin'. Just little smell—dead-man smell—crawlin' in the house, an' such as judgment ——"

He broke off at sight of Scarron's face and the chill of the narrowed eyes.

"A'right, boss! 'S a'right! I'm goin' right now!"

"Come!" said Scarron. "And keep your fool talk to yourself."

"Yes, sir, boss. Nothin' out o' me."

And heavily, clumsily, with his bloodshot pig eyes downcast, the seer of visions, the confidant of the fear by night, lumbered at his master's heels.

The car drove off. David turned to his half brother with a face unwontedly grave.

"He didn't tell Ellen; said there was still a good chance that he might be wrong; but you can be sure she knows. He's coming again tonight; he fears it may be diphtheria."

Scarron looked at the mild, concerned face and looked away again. Voodoo once more; velvet-footed doom, intangible, invisible, ambushed by the wayside; nothing that a man could rush and grapple and conquer.

"It's hard on us," he said, and David understood.

VI

IT WAS diphtheria, the strangler, the child butcher, the Herod among human ills; few days sufficed to make that clear. In the day nursery, the gay, southward-bearing room, stripped now of its jolly amenities down to the hygienic bleakness of a hospital, a tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Scarron had a view of it upon that day when the nature of the sickness was no longer in doubt; he saw it from the threshold for only half a minute through the half-open door. The narrow, rigidly trim bed, the three quiet deft women—Madge Scarron, Ellen and the nurse—the little table with the inflowing sunlight making jewels of its bottles and glasses; and upon the pillow the chubby infantile face, strangely flushed, and the tumbled hair of the chief warrior of them all. Walking the knife edge, he whose steps were yet unsteady upon the firm ground. Scarron went away on tiptoe. He, the fighting man, had no skill or competence to fight such as this.

Tito slept nightly now in his room, so that upon an alarm he might be discharged like a shot from a gun to summon the doctor. His orders were drilled into him; Scarron left nothing to his intelligence.

"Tito," he said, "remember that run you had at Cayenne, when you let me know that the Frenchmen were fixing to get me? Remember that?"

Scarron was undressing for bed; Tito was taking his clothes as he shed them and folding them away.

"I 'member," he answered, without looking up.

Scarron glanced at him, frowning. He had been surly and taciturn of late, ever since he had been sent to make sure of the doctor's abode. There was a trouble upon him; he feared the place and the presences with which he peopled it. On his own ground, where fear is a religion and Nature is the slave of the wizard, he could propitiate according to set forms, he could pay, he could fight back. In this strange land he was adrift and blind, lost like a damned soul which has been exiled from heaven.

"You do?" went on Scarron. "Nearly killed you, didn't it?"

"Didn't kill me none," answered Tito. "Runnin' ain't nothin'."

"Good!" said Scarron. "But the next run will be something. You'll run this time, Tito. And when I say run, I mean run!"

Tito straightened up from bending above the trousers press; nothing could make him impressive; his face was a filter through which there penetrated only the gross, the grotesque and the grim. But dammed up behind the crust of him was an utter earnestness.

"Fetch 'at white doctor?"

"Yes," said Scarron.

The yellow man took a step nearer. "Boss, ain' yoh neveh goin' to see 'at white doctor no good? Can't do nothin'! I run foh yoh; nev' min' if it kill me. On'y ——"

"Only what?"

"—— 'at witch fixment 'em feathers w'at yoh gave to the baby."

Scarron was seated on the edge of his bed buttoning his pajama jacket.

"Damn the feathers!" he snapped. "I told you I'd had enough of that Haiti talk. What you've got to do is listen to me and be ready to run when I start you off. Got it?"

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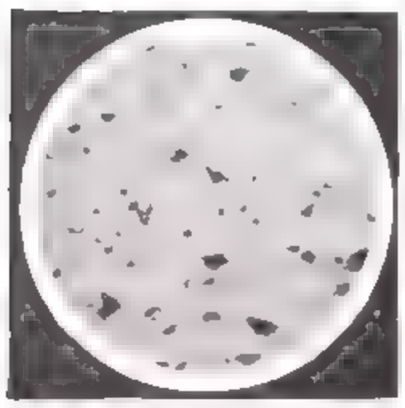

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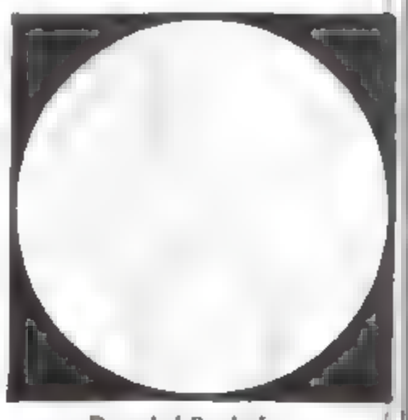

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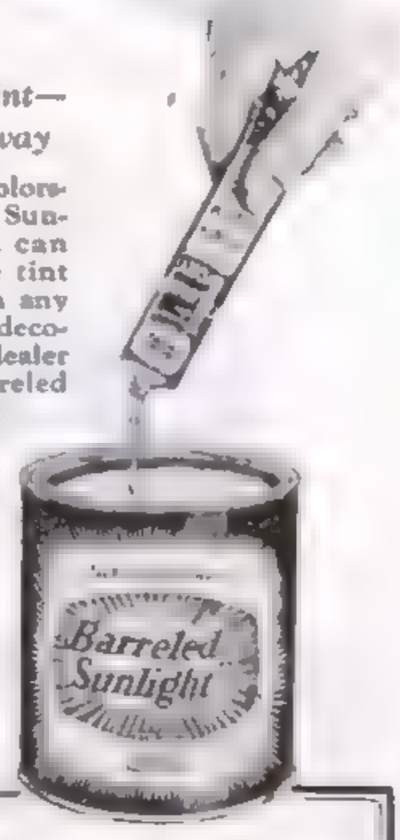

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(Continued from Page 90)

But this time Tito did not crumple.

"Yoh git 'em feathers back, boss! Yoh git 'em an' give 'em to me; I knows what to do wi' 'm. An' nen I shows you some runnin' w'at is runnin'."

"What would you do with them?" asked Scarron.

Tito came a step nearer. He was suddenly persuasive and supplicatory.

"Boss," he said, "nothin' ain' goin' be right aboard o' this hyer house until 'at ole obi man got his fixment back. Pow'ful set on it, he is. He comin' for it all the time, scroogin' an' scroogin' up, neareh and neareh, an' 'em w'at's in the way to it he puts the dead smell on 'em. I done all I can, but he too strong foh jus' ole rooster ——"

"Oh!" interrupted Scarron. "I heard that some chicken stealer had been about and a cock was missing."

"Wan't no good," said Tito. "Nothin' ain' goin' to satisfy him 'cept 'em feathers. I put 'em whah c'n git 'em; an' nen, mos' like, he knock off an' go 'bout his bisness. You git 'em, boss," he coaxed. "You git 'em an' give 'em to me, an' no flyin' fish won' go 's fast 's w'at I'll go. Run? That wan't runnin' 'at time in Cayenne; 'at was jus' a *pasear*."

"Was it?" said his master. "Well, you yellow-bellied heathen, when this is over I'll take a club and I'll change the looks of you. I've said it, so you know I'll do it. But just now I want you ready to run. I'll get you the feathers."

"Ga' bless yoh!" said Tito fervently.

Scarron secured the feathers next afternoon by asking Ellen for them. Madge Scarron, who before her marriage to David had been a highly trained nurse and matron of a nursing home, had sent her down for two hours' rest in the garden. She was strolling slowly to and fro before the cone-shaped evergreen trees at the end of the lawn, and the sun was on her face and lighting gleams of bronze in her hair. She came to a stand when he was yet some distance away and waited for him.

"Yes, walk with me a little while," she said

"If it won't bother you," he said, and fell into step with her as she moved on. "How is the little chap getting along?"

She was looking straight before her; one could not say that she was pale, for she was always pale, but in her face was a straining, a rigidity of composure, as though she had set it to the shape she meant it to wear and held it there with effort.

"I don't know," she said. She paused. "He's going one way or the other," she added. "This thing, it seems, doesn't stand still."

"I'd give one of my hands to be able to help," said Scarron.

"I'd accept it," she said. "But there's one thing I wanted to ask you. You knew from the first day that the doctor feared diphtheria. You could have told me. Why didn't you?"

"How could I tell you?" he asked. "Even the doctor wasn't sure. And how could I mention the thing to you while there was a bare chance that he might be wrong?"

She turned her head and looked at him. "You thought you'd spare me as long as possible?"

"I suppose I thought that too. I was deeply sorry for you."

"It wasn't"—she hesitated—"it wasn't just to get even with me for not telling you about David?"

"Good Lord, no!" He was shocked. "What on earth gave you that idea?"

She tossed her head slightly. "You're so conscious of being a strong man," she said. "It's your chief weakness." Her lips moved in a stillborn smile that vanished forthwith. "It might have been your pose."

Scarron pondered. "I don't think that might have been," he said, "and I'm not conscious now of being a strong man, nor anything but a helpless one. David needs no aid; he's as strong as ten men; and Billy needs nothing that I can give him. And you don't either. What's the good of me? What have I got to pose about?"

"Or I?" she said, and sighed. "Did the doctor tell you anything about me?"

"Yes," said Scarron, "he told me."

She was still for a moment. "My husband and my son. I couldn't save the first; I can't save the second. So what's the good of me?"

"You're feeling like that just now," said Scarron awkwardly. "I can understand it Some people always blame themselves for everything. If Billy was –was hurt in a shipwreck you'd feel just the same."

She nodded. "That is true," she answered. "Billy wasn't to know any shipwrecks."

"He won't know any," said Scarron. "He's scraping the ground, that's all—same as I've done myself. And if he can't back off, the tide'll float him clear. I haven't got second-sight or anything, like that fool Tito; but I've got a feeling about this."

"Has Tito got second-sight?" she asked quietly.

"Lord, no!" he said. "He hasn't even got a brain. But while I think of it, do you remember that feather thing I gave to Billy? Will you let me have it back?"

"Of course, if you want it. But," she pressed, "what does Tito say?"

"Oh, it's about those feathers. I took them from a sort of black wizard who was frightening my niggers with them, and Tito is utterly convinced that they are heavy with bad luck. He wants to get rid of them in some fashion of his own. I'll give Billy something else."

"They're in the night nursery," she said. "Let's go in and I'll get them now."

She fetched the thing down to where he waited in the hall. They were no more than feathers, brilliant and variegated with strange and strong colors and tied together at the ends with something like catgut. Pretty things for a lady's hat, striking trophies for a traveler's collection; and big black men and young black girls had shriveled and died with terror at the sight of their beauty in the skeleton hand of the obi man.

Tito received them with joy. "Oo-ee! You got 'em, boss. Now I fix things jus' right. Ole obi man fin' 'em feathers sho as a houn' dawg. Nen he don't pester us no mo'."

"Don't forget what you promised me," Scarron warned him.

"Eh? 'Bout de runnin'? I don' forgit nothin'. Boss, you stick yoh head outta winder when I stahts an' yoh won't see nothin', on'y hear a whiz, an' 'at'll be me."

"An' don't forget what I promised you either."

Tito smiled. "Boss, it's you w'at's got to do the forgittin' about 'at."

VII

IT WAS two nights later, at about two o'clock in the morning, when the alarm came, a flurry of tapping upon the door, the rattle of the handle as it was pushed ajar, and Ellen's voice, low-pitched but shrill with urgency.

"Algy—Algy! Send Tito for the doctor!"

Scarron was awake, of course, upon the instant, and turned up the low-burning lamp at his bedside.

"Right!" he called, heaving himself clear of the bedclothes. "You, Tito!"

"Here, boss!" The yellow man was on his feet, wearing only the shirt in which he slept, gaunt, hideous and ready. "Ah'm on mah way, boss."

He made one stride to the door, brushed past Ellen, where she pressed back against the wall to give him room, and was gone. They heard him on the stairs and the clang of the front door. Scarron, at his window, saw him pause at the gate for an instant while he ripped the shirt from him; then, naked, unbelievable, between the hedges and orchards that flanked the Kentish road, he went in steady speed down toward the village.

"Coming, Ellen," said Scarron, as he dragged on his dressing gown and shuffled into his slippers. "Coming now, at once."

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Congress
No. 1

I went to Washington the other day. I visited "The House of Representatives," they were in session. What I mean by being in session, the tax bill was up for debate and they were arguing on "Better Golf courses for the medium salaried man." I suppose if the World Court bill had been up, they would have been talking on "Shall America park oblong or parallel."

Well, then I went over to the Senate. They had adjourned, so I felt that America was not having such a bad day at that. We were only 50 percent inefficient THAT DAY.

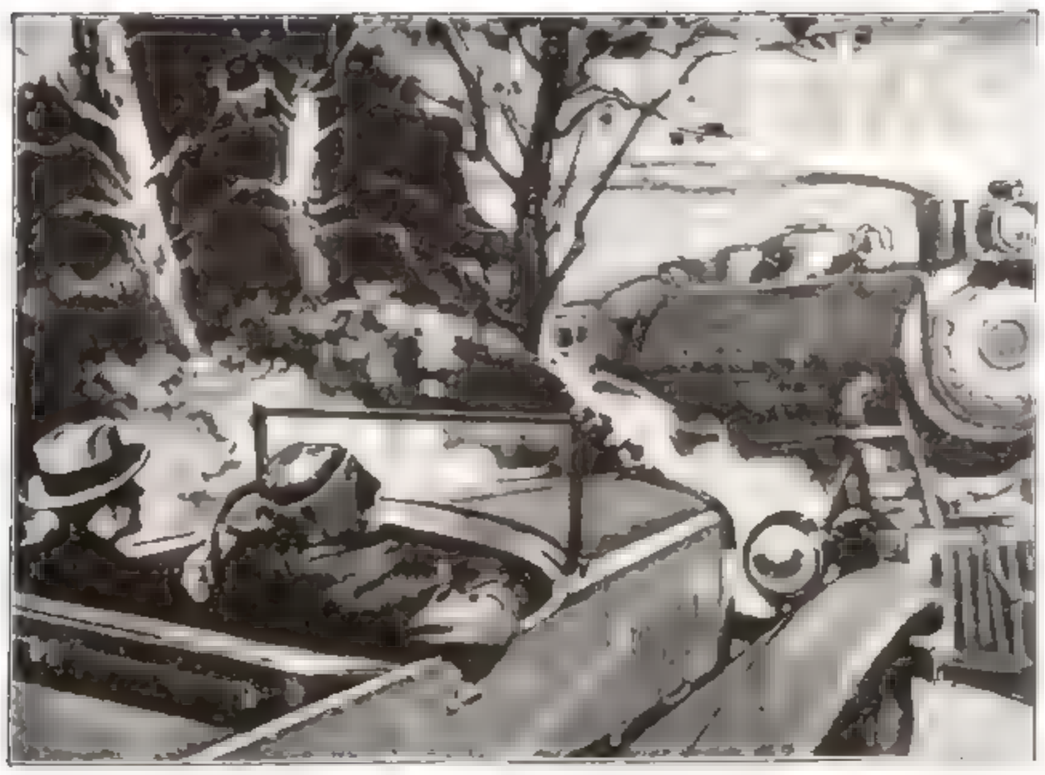
You know we all joke and kid about Congress, but we can't improve on them. No matter who we elect, he is just as bad as the one he replaced. So with all their faults we love 'em. They are as good as the people who vote to put them there, and they are 10 times better than the ones who don't vote at all. They are like "Bull" Durham, they are not perfect but they are the best in their line.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.



Stops Quicker

Stopped my car in 26 feet going 20 miles an hour!

"We were riding along a country road enjoying the March air, which, though cold, had a wonderful taste of spring. I'll say it was the blindest railroad crossing we came to, I've ever seen. No gates No flag man. A bank of earth with scrubby trees and evergreens made a perfect blind. I just heard the whistle and jammed down on the brake. My companion said, 'Good stop! Quick work! You're a good driver!' 'No,' I said, 'I'll pass that compliment on to my Rusco brake lining'"

After a series of tests made on January 7, 1926, Mr Thomas Fitzsimons of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., signed the following statement: "My Hupmobile with two-wheel brakes, lined with Rusco Brake Lining, can be stopped in 26 feet, going 20 miles an hour."

That's Rusco Safety for you The police say 35 feet Rusco lining stops you 9 feet quicker! With death or a costly crash just ahead, 9 feet leeway is a lifetime

Brakes when Wet, too

Rusco is an all-weather lining. It will stop your car in wet weather just as quickly as in dry. It is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It keeps you Safe, rain or shine

Costs you no more

Your repair man pays more for Rusco than for ordinary brake lining. But he doesn't charge you any more When your brakes need relining, get the benefit of Rusco extra safety. Get the conscientious service of a Rusco repair man who takes less profit to give you a safer job, and who is an expert in using special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper countersinking of rivet heads

Rusco brake lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." *The Russell Manufacturing Company*, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

RUSCO brake lining keeps you Safe

"A.M. to the morning. Home again at night With all the dangers of a day's driving between. Insular as your Safety [illegible] brake lining (and what else does all depend upon so much!) Rusco [illegible] Safe

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Endless Fan Belts

Transmission Linings—a type for every purpose:

"Truckbestos" for trucks; and "SS" to prevent chatter

Tire Straps and Towing Line

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RUSSELL MFG. CO., DEPT. E1, Middletown, Conn.

Send me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station

Name .....

Street .....

City *State*

He had no notion of how he could serve: he did not think of that: but he had a sense that the battle of waiting and enduring had suddenly become a battle of action, and that reënforcements were required and that at last he could take a hand.

Ellen hovered in the doorway. "Will Tito be long?" she asked in a whisper.

"Nobody in the world can run like Tito," he answered, and he believed it. Perhaps it was true. "He's running naked and he's going like the wind."

She moaned, and moved to return to the sick room, whose door showed a light at the end of the corridor. Scarron followed her noiselessly. Halfway along the passage the door of David's room opened and David appeared. In the long gown which covered him from neck to ankles, with the tasseled cord about the waist, with his thin mild face and spare hair, he had the look of a patient and gentle monk. Scarron stopped while Ellen passed on to the day nursery.

"I heard them calling you," said David. "That was Tito who went out?"

"Yes," said Scarron. Both of them spoke in whispers. "He'll do it all right. I know what he can do when he's got to."

"Pray God he's in time," said David. "Listen!" He glanced up toward the line of light that showed at the edge of the nursery door. "Thought I heard something."

"I didn't hear anything," said Scarron. "What kind of thing is it likely to be, David?"

David shook his head. "It might be—the end," he said.

"Would it hurt him? Would he cry out?"

Again David shook his head. "I think not," he answered.

There was a pause. "God!" broke out Scarron suddenly. "Waiting out here in the dark for—for that! And nothing, seemingly, to do but wait. It reminds me of too many things I've seen and done. Let's do something anyhow!"

"What?" asked David.

"You go down and light the lamps and stand by for the doctor," said Scarron. "It'll be better than just waiting to hear Ellen crying when it happens. You do that, David."

"All right," agreed David, "I'll do that. But what'll you do?"

"I'll take my chance," said the younger man. "It's always possible there'll be something to do. I'm going to the nursery door and be handy for it. I haven't got into the way yet of leaving women to face things alone."

"You'd be in their way," said David, but he moved off to the stairs slowly and wearily. Commonly he had only that stoop of the shoulders which is called scholarly, but as he went now he had the effect of one bowed by burdens and sorrows, to whom age has come as the usher of grief. He had contemplated his own sure and near death tranquilly, even with humor. The prospect that another should break the circle before him, that a grave should open between him and his own grave, bewildered and saddened him.

Scarron watched him go, then moved on tiptoe to the nursery door. It was closed just now; he stood, his head bowed intently.

There was no sound that he could hear, save once or twice a murmuring, as though Madge and Ellen or the nurse commented or passed instructions. From Billy, in his bed, exalted thus suddenly to the center and axis of that little world, came no sound, not even a weak complaining. He heard David below, as he moved from room to room, making an illumination in that shadowed house; he turned his head and saw how the soft radiance of the big lamp in the hall flowed up the staircase and made an island of light midway in the gloom of the long corridor.

From without, the house must look festal: no belated passer-by would be reminded of candles, tall unflickering candles, set two at the head and two at the feet of him who no longer needed their light.

Then, suddenly, startingly, he heard.

"Madge!" It was Ellen's voice. "Madge! What is it? Oh, look! Billy! Billy!"

From Madge he heard no answer, but there was movement inside the room, a stifled cry from the nurse—and a new sound that he could not identify, something like the echo of a strangled snore, then low weeping

"Now!" said Scarron, half aloud. He put his fingers to the door and thrust it wider, so that standing upon the threshold he could see the whole room. The narrow bed was in the middle of it, with Madge Scarron kneeling beside it or stooping over it on the side farthest from him. Close to the head of the bed was Ellen, upright, with clenched hands pressed to her bosom, her face writhen and convulsed. The nurse stood at the foot, peering and shaking so that the starched linen of her accouterment rustled and crackled. And between them he had a clear view of that adventurer who was pressing forward to the darkness. Upon the pillow, the fair curly hair was yet tousled, but the baby face, that eager mirror of so many happinesses ——

The widened lips, the straining little jaws, the tinge of blue that spread and deepened where there had been roses and sun gold, the fists clenching and unclenching above the turned-back sheet.

Madge Scarron had something in her hand that looked like a short and slender rod. She was adjusting it between the parted lips and pressing it into the clogged throat. And, suddenly, breaking surface in his memory like a breaching fish, came to Scarron the knowledge of what it was. This he had read of somewhere.

He walked forward into the room. They had not seen him standing in the door. Ellen gaped at sight of him, and then there came a mad flush of hope to the stare of her eyes. He went round the foot of the bed, with swift noiseless feet, to where Madge bent above the child. Her face was lowering toward the tube. He put his right hand under hers and took hold of the tube. His left arm brushed her back.

"My job!" he said.

"Suck!" said Madge Scarron. "Suck hard!"

His lips were about the mouth of the tube; there was no need to tell him to draw hard upon it, for Bull Scarron was in action again, and Bull never fought by halves.

"Again!" urged Madge, as he spat into the pan she held for him. "Again! Oh, splendid!" And at last—"That's enough. Let me come. Wash your mouth out with this"

She bent to the child busily, expertly, while Scarron did as she directed with the contents of the tumbler she handed him. It was when he had passed it back to the nurse that he saw that David, his lamp lighting hnished, had wandered upstairs and was standing in the doorway, motionless, his head bent forward, watching them. And then, feebly as a newborn kitten, Billy began to cry.

"Thank God!" cried Madge Scarron, and looked over her shoulder at him. "You've saved his life!"

There was a gasp from Ellen, and her clenched hands fell away from her bosom. The nurse was crying.

"The doctor must see you," said Madge again. "You're in terrible danger."

From the door David spoke. "And I wasn't there!" he said, and his voice was deeper than its wont. "The only man who had the right to take such a risk—and I wasn't there!"

He turned and padded softly away along the dark corridor toward the light which overflowed from the stairs.

Scarron stood and watched; he saw the color of life return to the child's face and the dire blue recede before it. He saw, too, how Ellen gazed on him, the stare gone from her eyes. He watched the deft ministry of his half brother's wife; and next he heard the swift pulse of a motor car that came at speed to the gate. Tito had kept his promise.

The doctor, buttoned in a motor overcoat above a sketchy toilet, was one man in a drawing-room or at a dinner table: he was

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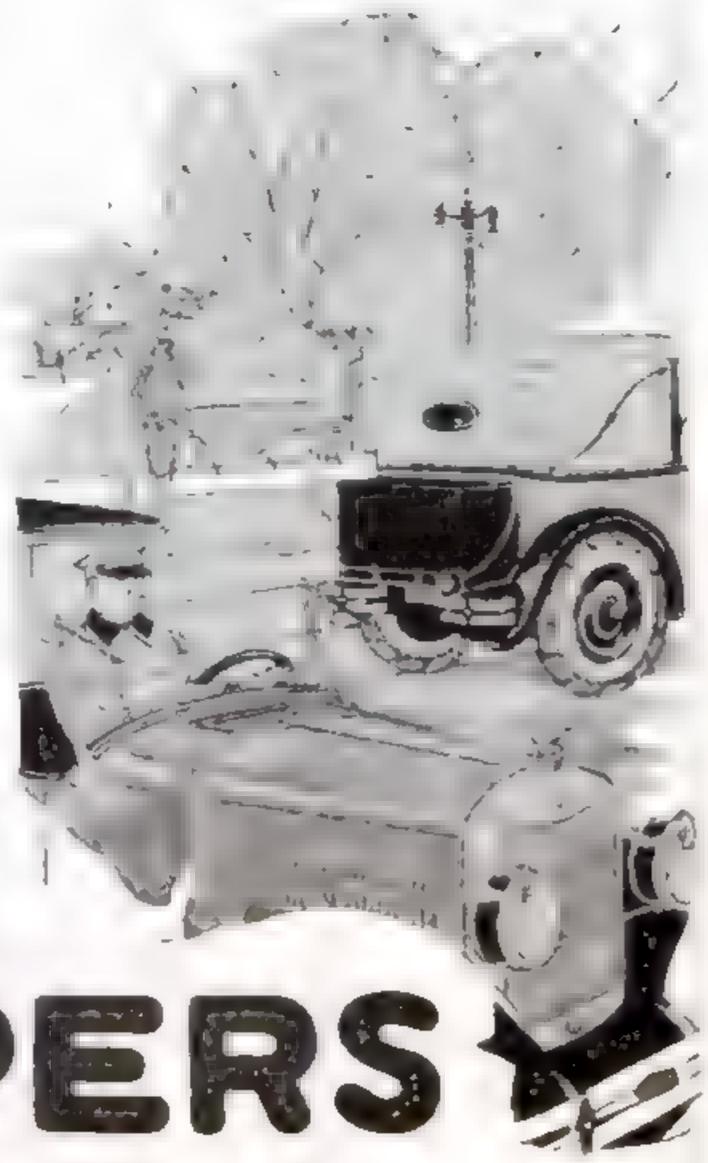

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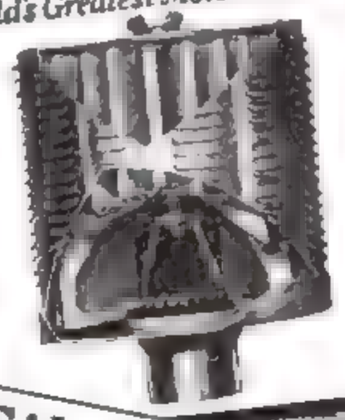

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another man in a sick room. He had authority and the confidence which breeds confidence. He heard from Madge Scarron her concise and sufficient account of what had occurred, and his eye rested on Scarron enigmatically for an instant and traveled from him to Ellen.

"I want fewer people here," he said crisply. "Scarron, I'll see you presently. You'd better take Mrs. Cranmer downstairs. There's nothing to worry about for the present, and she can do no good here. Hurry now, please; I've work to do."

He closed the door behind them with a snap, and they walked slowly together to the wide landing at the head of the stairs. There Ellen stopped; Scarron stopped with her. They faced each other. He could not see her well, for she had turned her back to the light from below; only the pale oval of her face in its heavy frame of hair.

"How do you want me to thank you?" she said. There was yet weariness in her voice, but it was the voice he knew.

"Let's leave that out, Ellen," answered he. "Do you know, I was glad to do it. To do something instead of standing off and on, offering you sympathetic talk? To—to show you ——"

She made a sound in her throat like a caught sob.

"You saved Billy's life," she said in a vehement whisper. "Madge said so. You know—I know that you knew the risk you were running; you walked in quietly and—and saved Billy's life! 'My job!' You didn't say another word. Oh, Algy ——"

Scarron tried to step back in real dismay. For as she spoke his name she broke down. She sank floorward on her knees; her arms were about his ankles and her face was bowed upon them. He bent quickly to raise her. She resisted

"Let me kneel," she wept. "Let me kneel to you."

"No!" he implored. "Get up, Ellen. Come down and have some water. It's all right now."

Still she sobbed quietly there at his feet. He bent again and put out his strength, raised her and held her upright.

"Come!" he said. "Hold on to my arm. You'll feel better downstairs. We'll find old David in the library and you can have a sip of his whisky to pull you round. Can you walk? I could carry you if you liked."

"No," she said. "I shall be all right."

She disengaged herself from his supporting hands, bent swiftly forward and kissed him. He stepped back.

"I meant to kiss you on the mouth," she said quietly, "because I suppose it's dangerous. But ——" She shrugged and turned to the stairs.

The front door was open, framing a view of the paling night, with the lamps of the doctor's car brilliant beyond the gate. The library door close by them was open also.

"I'll put you in there with David," said Scarron. "Then I'll nip out and see what's become of Tito. I suppose he's asleep in the car. But he can run, can't he?"

Her kiss was yet alive on his cheek; he had to talk; he had no skill in the business of kissing. She, watching him gravely, understood, of course.

"Very well," was all her answer, and she turned and walked before him into the lighted library.

David had his wonted chair before the dead grate; an untouched glass was on the table beside him. He did not stir at their entrance, nor speak to greet them. His eyes looked straight before him and his lower lip was caught up between his teeth as though some twinge of pain had touched him.

"David!" said Ellen, and went forward.

But Scarron halted short for an instant, then strode forward and caught her by the arm and drew her back. He had seen faces like that before; he knew the signs.

"Wait!" he said. "Sit down or go out."

She did not go out; she stood and watched while Scarron made sure. Presently he looked round.

"Yes," he said. That was all. For here there could be no doubt. The man who had looked death in the eyes and tamed it had gone down before it at last. "And I wasn't there," he had said in chagrin and self-reproach, and after that he had spoken no more.

Ellen came to Scarron's side and looked down into the dead man's face.

"I am so sorry for you," she said at last, in a low voice, and it was not clear whether she spoke to the Scarron who could not hear or to the Scarron who was not listening. Then she went out and left them together.

Presently the doctor came, and they carried David Scarron to his bed, and his wife came and sat beside him.

VIII

THE blossom was going and the leaf was thrusting strongly; Billy was convalescing hearteningly; and for four weeks now David had lain beside his father and mother and many other Scarrons whose small marks upon the world had been washed out by kindly time.

And time is so quick about it; emotions are blunted so soon; and a vacant place fills itself like a vacuum in a leaky vessel. There was sunlight in the garden of Tonne Manor House and the borders were arrogant with promise, and in the house, where doom had quartered itself like an oppressive invader, there was once more a hospitable and healing peace.

Madge Scarron was to leave soon, to join a brother and his wife in Wales. She was well provided for under David's will, and to Scarron's sincere protest she had remained unmoved.

"The place is only mine because I was a sort of symbol to David," he urged. "I was a link, he thought, in a chain. I know no more about running it than Billy does. But you—you've lived here so long that it's part of you. And you're a part of it. It'll all be strange to me again as it was when I first came back, if you clear out."

This was in the drawing-room after tea. They spoke to each other across the table, dainty with silver and china. Madge Scarron was in black, and it seemed to her companion that the gray in her hair was plainer and more plentiful of late.

"I'd clear out myself if that would make things easier for you," he went on. "That would be simple for me. If it makes things any clearer to you, I may as well tell you that I did well out there. I'm—I'm a rich man, Madge."

"I'm glad of that, Algy," she answered, "for I don't think you'd be satisfied with the quiet and simple life we lead down here. But I must go. You'll understand when I tell you. Ellen knows; but David, thank God, never knew at all. Algy"—she bent forward to drive the words at him—"I hate the place."

He was amazed. "Hate Tonne?" he exclaimed. "You can't!"

"I hate it," she answered. "There was a time for me, I suppose, when I knew it for the beautiful old house you see, so spacious and full of gracious significance and set in such an abundance of beauty. But that time isn't clear to me at all; what came after just smeared it out. I loved David; he was wonderful and utterly good, and since his trouble came he was—I think godlike is the only word. But there was no godlike rôle for me in all those years when I knew—knew consciously every hour and every minute—that the next hour or the next minute might snatch him away. There isn't a room in this house that doesn't remind me. It was in this room that I was first told of it; it was in the library that he and I had our talk together about it. He used to carry Billy upstairs, with me standing in the hall below in terror, lest even that might be too much for him. We haven't got a car of our own, or any horses. That's my doing. If we'd had them he'd have driven them—and I dared not risk it. You see, Algy, for me this isn't the house where he lived; it's just the place where for years he was a dying man. I must get away to where I can remember the years before that. If I lose those years I shall have lost him altogether. Do you understand now, Algy?"

He was staring down at the carpet, his hands locked between his knees. He sighed.

"I thought—I hoped —— But that doesn't matter. You're sure it isn't me that's in the way of your staying?"

"No, Algy; it's not you at all," she answered. "It's as I told you; I must go."

"That means, I suppose," he asked awkwardly, "that Ellen must go too?"

She hesitated. "Yes," she said at length. "Ellen must leave, of course."

He said no more, but when he sat up he saw in her gaze that indefinable something which he had seen in David and in the doctor when he had spoken of Ellen.

They were all going then. He was to have the great place to himself—the house, the gardens, the farms, the cottages and half the village. "Like putting a cowboy on the bridge of a Cunarder!" The last defection was that of Tito. He came each night to fold his master's clothes and carry away his shoes. He had had two days in bed after his run, and would have remained there much longer, but that a rumor reached him which he could not restrain himself from investigating. The servants all had it, for they had not been informed of the intimate facts of the great race to the doctor's.

They were all girls and women of Kent; none of them had ever been farther from her home than London on a day trip; and for them, born and nursed beneath the North Downs, at the foot of which runs the immemorial and inviolable Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, there was nothing unbelievable in the tale related by a gamekeeper and by a villager who had chanced to look forth from a cottage window in the earliest morning. A vast figure, too great for a man and not like a man at all, with eyes that shone and glittered hellishly in the moonlight, and a mouthful of gleaming fangs, naked and misshapen, that sped along the road at a pace that no man could ever rival. Not a ghost, for its feet padded and beat upon the earth audibly. The gamekeeper, after a while, came forth from behind his hedge—where he had been waiting for that early-rising cottager—and looked for tracks. He had an electric torch and he found them. Then he went straight home to bed.

For it happened that Tito had once been bitten by a snake on the middle toe of his right foot. He had first stamped the snake to death with his bare iron-skinned heel, and then, in his primitive savage manner, he had drawn his razor-edged sheath knife and amputated the toe, so that the print he left in the dust was cloven.

That story was a joy to him from that day. He kept his secret and let the devil run at large through reluctant Kent. Tito liked devils.

"Boss," he asked, "whah 'bouts yoh reckon ole Davida is now? Sholy would like to take a ride on 'at old scow again."

"She'll be off New York, I reckon," said Scarron. "Like to be back in her, would you? What's wrong with this place?"

Tito considered. "Prett' good place, boss; yes, suh, prett' good. Mighty good! On'y, I wuz jus' sort o' thinkin'; it takes a lot o' knowin'. Not like them ole places of ours whah you couldn't go wrong. Heah, I dunno is I a white man or a niggeh."

"You're a nigger," said Scarron decisively.

"Yes, boss. 'At's what I aims to be. But seems like neitheh of us ain't the same w'ich we useter be. All 'em gals calls me Misteh Tito. It don' soun' natchal, boss. I ain't no misteh nothin'. An' seems to me I hearn them white ladies callin' you Bilgy."

"No you didn't," said Scarron quickly "You've got that wrong, you fool."

"Man call you 'at on the old wharf in Nassau an' he'd need some mendin' 'fore he was fit to call it again," persisted Tito. "Boss, how long we stoppin' heah 'fore we goes back to ole Davida?"

"I don't know," answered Scarron. "But you'd like to go back, eh?"

"Boss, Ah'm ready when yoh is."

"Never mind me," said Scarron. "Perhaps I'm not going back. Now don't gibber at me like a yellow ape. I can send you

(Continued on Page 99)

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CREATED and made only by du Pont, Duco is a [illegible] and refinishing duration.

Extremes of temperature do not harm it, neither do [illegible] storms, the sun, [illegible] rains. Duco is easily kept shining by using Duco Polish No. [illegible], its lustre actually increasing as time goes by. Mud, grease and oil are wiped away without injury. Even [illegible] stops have no effect upon it. It is easy to keep clean. Reasonable precautions [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] by the [illegible] makers [illegible] [illegible] Furthermore, Duco [illegible]

DU PONT

[illegible] old cars. There's a Duco Refinishing Station [illegible]. Renew the [illegible] your car under the protection [illegible] [illegible] qualified to apply genuine Duco and du Pont [illegible]

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To meet this need the electric truck was developed. Propelled by rugged Exide-Ironclad Batteries, these efficient delivery trucks are solving the transportation problem for firms of all kinds the nation over.

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For your CAR You will find it true economy to put an Exide in your car when you need a new storage battery. The cost is very low for an article of recognized high quality, and the length of service is notably long. There is an Exide dealer near where you live.

For your RADIO There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and the right type for every tube, and they assure the greatest distance and the clearest reception of which your set is capable. At radio stores and Exide dealer's.

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back as easy as spitting over the rail. So speak up—do you want to go?"

Tito straightened up and looked at his master's quiet face and beyond it—to the sun blaze and the palm shade, the stenchful, fever-laden airs of the bush, the many-colored people, the peace of the sea. For him, its weaving currents of mystery and fear and sin were as the passages of a childhood home.

"Well?"

Still Tito hesitated. Then he broke out: "Boss, tell me w'at I'd orter do!"

"Go, of course," said Scarron. "I'll fix it for you so you don't lose yourself. Now shut up and get out."

Tito went without a word.

Upon that sunny morning he walked again up the winding lanes from the station in the little town, whither he had gone to deliver Tito to those who would pass him from hand to hand till they set him ashore at Nassau. It had been easy to arrange. There are clerks in tourist offices in London who have never been out of England who can tell where and how to go to shoot bison, and the cost of motor hire in New Zealand. They had spread their magic carpet for Tito and he had gone aboard it. Rich, fortunate, unhappy Tito, paid lavishly, nobly equipped and masterless.

Ellen was at the gate of the house, bareheaded in the pleasant sun.

"Got him off all right?" she asked as she moved to let him enter.

"Yes, he's gone," answered Scarron.

"Another link snapped," she said.

"All the links are snapped," he returned. "None left with anything. There's only a chain round my ankle, with a weight at the end of it. You haven't seen the ghostly convicts being hounded along to work in Demerara and Noumea, each one of them carrying his iron ball in his arms. That's what I was thinking of."

"Is it hard, Algy? Are you sorry?" she asked.

"It's hard enough," he answered. "If it were easy I wouldn't stay. I'm going to make a frantic fool of myself in a hundred ways, and though I've often been alone, I'm going to be lonely for the first time in my life. But I'm not sorry."

"Not," she said. "And you won't be lonely. People are sure to like you and you'll make lots of friends."

"Damn them!" said Scarron forcibly.

"And Tonne will make much of its squire, and expect a great deal of him too."

"I'll bet they will," he agreed.

"Algy"—she laid a soft hand on his arm—"don't take it like this. See it through. Everyone will help you. You've forgotten your Kent, Algy, all good and very quiet and very strong. They like strong men when they're quiet, and you're both. And you come to them with a glamour; all they've heard of wonders and dangers, you've seen and lived with. Don't fail them; they'll never fail you."

He growled inarticulately.

"Doesn't that stir you?" she asked. "The loyalty they'll give you, and the pride in you. Isn't that enough?"

"No!" he said. "Tito gave me all that, the poor fool, and Tito knew me at the times when there was nothing to be proud of or admire. A spaniel admires you when you kick it. No, it isn't enough."

They were face to face on the brick-paved path and the house with its many windows was grave and benign beside them.

"Then"—she began, and paused; she was a little breathless—"what do you want?"

He waited some seconds. She had ample time to step back, but she did not move. His arms went about her.

"This," he said, and kissed her unresisting mouth. She bent her head on his chest.

"You knew I loved you," came her murmur.

"No," he said. "But you knew what bent me into staying here?"

"Yes," she answered to that.

He half bounced, his right arm still about her shoulders, and looked up at the long house front.

"House," he said aloud, addressing it, "this is where you steer small. Here's your mistress, and your master is with her."

Two servants, who were looking from a window, saw them kiss again, and withdrew to giggle delightedly and spread the good news.

They had tea on the lawn together, near the row of cone-shaped evergreen trees. Madge had invented a call to pay and had left them together.

"I'm glad Tito's gone," said Scarron during an interval. "He'd have made a bonfire and danced round it yelling, or something quiet and refined like that."

"Oh, Tito!" Ellen laughed. "Tito's an intriguer. Do you know what he really wanted those feathers for?"

"Obi or voodoo stuff," said Scarron. "There was an obi man looking for them—fellow I took them away from—and Tito was going to put them where this man could get them without doing any harm. That's what he told me, at any rate."

"Well, he didn't!" said Ellen. "You know he didn't get on with the cook very well—I don't know why. Cook was willing enough to be agreeable. She said that God had made him and it wasn't her place to find fault. But Tito would have none of her. However, at last there was a reconciliation. Cook was moved to tears, and Tito, stricken in the conscience, fetched the feathers and gave them to her for a hat trimming. And now she goes out in glory, with those splendid things mounted among her cotton roses and glass cherries. Isn't it lovely!"

Scarron stared and laughed.

"And Mrs. Rector would say that Tito had a soul," he said. "Tito believes in those feathers; he dreads them; he is absolutely sure, beyond any argument or proof, that to have them is certain death. So he gave them to cook, eh?"

"You think he meant ——"

"Of course he did," said Scarron. "He is a simple soul."

She was looking at him intently.

"It's all so strange, that awful muddle you have come from. Shall I ever understand it?"

"Never!" he said. "Never, as long as you live! I'll see to that."

He rose. "Nobody's looking," he said. She raised her face to him.

A DAIRY BY THE HORNS

(Continued from Page 19)

he might have been even more inspirited. For if an apple had been instrumental in freeing Eden of undesirable tenants, what might not apples now accomplish in ridding the Misenhelders of the undesirable Ezer?

As Grandfather Tudt reached the barn he turned and looked back. Mrs. Pfeffer was advancing with long strides toward the house. Something in the high poise of her head, in the fine freedom of her limbs, even in the long creases of her gown, rippled backward by the light breeze, slackened his step. Unaccountable depression swung him upon an uneasy heel. As Ida had said, a body did like her.

In the rear of the barnyard, Eben was mending the corncrib. Ezer was telling him how to do it, spatting axle grease upon the wagon hubs meanwhile. At the moment when Grandfather Tudt stepped over the sill, however, Eben's hammer hung limp. He was staring in hurt puzzlement at his brother.

"It ain't moral to look onto marriage such a way," he was protesting. "Marriage ain't only just passing ower deeds from property. Ain't the woman anything, I ast you?"

"She's somepun if she's got somepun, I reckon," chuckled Ezer shortly as he dabbed the stick into the can. "But this Pfeffer now. It's my opinion she ain't got nothing. Else what does she go prodigin' around the country fur? Livin' on us free of board, that's what she is."

"Board don't cost so expensive," Eben expostulated. "And if she ain't got nothing, it's all the more reason fur why we should give it to her free-handed, ain't not?"

"No!" shouted Ezer. "Dopple! I ain't running no poor farm. Two eggs that woman downs every morning, and eggs at thirty per the dozens."

Eben's eyes slowly turned toward Grandfather Tudt. Their glances clung in mutual shock.

"Take shame to yourself!" Grandfather Tudt stepped forward with asperity. "Such nearness I ain't hearing since I am born a'ready. The very ideas! Two eggs or how many a woman eats! A visitor yet! And such a looker like what she is, and such a houseworker! You draw my breath."

"She could have all the looks in the world, but she ain't looking good to me if she ain't got nothing by her," epitomized Ezer. He turned and gazed penetratingly at his grandparent. "And tell me this now: What put you up to thinking she had got a dairy and a crowd of goats? She keeps awful dumb about it."

For a moment Grandfather Tudt's tongue hung suspended while he stared at his grandson as though he had never before seen him. But his original purpose was still strong within him. He dug his heels into the gravelly soil and retorted with feeble urge.

"I guess if youse was to git around her and ast her was she feeling fur second matrimony, you'd pretty quick find out. The sect gits always limp in the tongue such times."

Ezer's proud head tossed.

"When you ketch me proposing marriages till I know oncet what I am gitting, tax me with it, will you? I ain't fur putting my head into no dumb noose till I know oncet is there somepun fur me to ketch my teeth into on the other side of it. And this one here, I pass it as my opinion, if she ever had somepun, she has up and lost it fur debts or whatever. But then ag'in"—his eyelids drew shrewdly until they all but touched—"I would bet she ain't ever had nothing." He turned with deliberation to the grease can.

"Make me a liar to my face, would you?" screeched Grandfather Tudt. "Your own grampop! Slinker! I ain't telling you no more was she got a dairy or ain't she; no, nur goats neither. You ain't worthy fur them. No, I would guess anyhow not! No, I ain't fur helping you to no woman's dairy, now I seen it fur the first time what you was anyhow!"

"Hold your whiskers!" retorted Ezer. "Wait oncet till I ast youse fur your help. And take a thought to this: When I see somepun I feel fur, I go and git it." He braced his feet widely and tossed his powerful high-colored head in the direction of the house. "And if I ever see a woman I am wanting, I will go and git her." He turned amused, challenging eyes upon Grandfather Tudt, picked up a twig, snapped it between his fingers and threw it away.

It was a prankish gesture. Ezer's eyes held a definite twinkle. But to Grandfather Tudt, tense with outrage, the action was horrible; he seemed to see a woman flung, broken, at Ezer's feet. Grandfather Tudt's eyes flew to Eben's for a brief moment, then wrenched away; and in that wrench the conspiracy between them was broken.

In steaming welter, he got back through the barn and stood in the sunlight. Where was he? He had gone into the barn intent

(Continued on Page 101)

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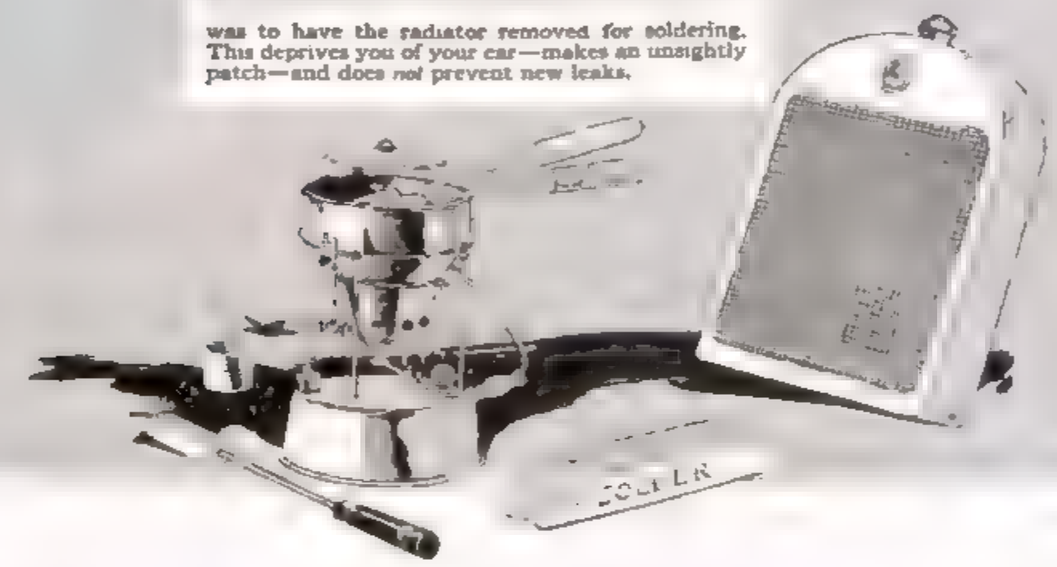

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(Continued from Page 99)

upon making a match. He had come out of it intent upon preventing the same match. He was not used to swift mental process. He was a trifle giddy and he was more than a trifle conscience-stricken. Halfway up his hill he paused, panting, and fumbled down upon a rock. His eyes ravaged the Misenhelder holdings below him. Down there was the widow; down there was Ezer; and he himself had deliberately brought them together.

What—oh, what, would the harvest be? Marriage, of course. Marriage as soon as Ezer had wheedled from the widow the confirmation of her resources. Again Grandfather Tudt saw the proprietary, challenging toss of Ezer's handsome head toward the house. Again he saw the speculative warmth in the widow's eyes as she had commented upon Ezer's good looks. And he, he himself, would then be responsible for the lifelong unhappiness which would undoubtedly ensue for the widow!

There was but one thing to do, of course. He had got the widow here. Now he must get her away, and quickly. He must get her away and he must keep her away for the duration of her visit, and there was but one place to take her. That was the rub. He lifted his eyes unto his hill and groaned aloud.

After an hour of fightings without and fears within, he did it. Like a disabled cricket, now drawing back, now hitching on, he got down the hill. He stood before the widow. He was not cast in heroical mold. Yet he was every inch a soldier as he threw a final tragic glance at things as they were upon his hill top and faltered, "I'm old a'ready. And we're relations that way. So it wouldn't fault your morals none to come a-wisiting me." He cringed as she began to feel meditatively for her tooth, but he rushed on to his ultimate sacrifice—the offering up of Joshua: "And Joshua—he's only, now, a pig."

He bowed his head for the sentence, in incipient hara-kiri pushing into his inwards the nail which had served him as letter opener. Ezer came around the house and stopped abruptly.

"Well," considered Mrs. Pfeffer, "there's the barn, of course. I've been figuring on a little carpentering there. They've got the oat bins where the shovel handles them wrong every feeding time. But, to be sure, I want to be where I am the most needful."

Shudder riffled Grandfather Tudt. Ezer braced forward.

"What's this now? Who is needful fur youse? Him? Now see here, we ain't tired of youse till a while yet. You stay by us." He flamed upon Grandfather Tudt in angry puzzlement. "Is this here one of your bum jokes? What's ower youse, anyhow?"

Grandfather and grandson stood in open combat. Huge grandson and small grandfather. But to dramatic souls crises suggest their own gestures. Grandfather Tudt threw open his coat, exposing his buttonless shirt, and he thrust farther through the rift in the shoe leather his little toe. It was an eloquent gesture, and adequate. The widow screwed up her tooth. She waved a decisive palm.

"Well, there," she said. Marvels of compassion glowed in her fine eyes.

"But his place ain't but a pigsty," blurted Ezer. "You can't ——"

"Then he is sure needful fur me," Mrs. Pfeffer settled briskly. "Besides, I kin home myself anywhere. Leave me see now. Tomorrow I got to snitz the beans fur canning. Idy's left them hang at the vines full long a'ready. Day after tomorrow then."

One day more then; one day more of life and liberty. But even so, what might not a day bring forth? Already his responsibilities as chaperon pressed hard upon Grandfather Tudt. He cast a final doubtful glance at Ezer and hurried in panic after Mrs. Pfeffer.

"Stay by Idy and the beans then!" he warned behind a cryptic palm. "And don't go furgitting how Saint Paul puts it out. He says oncet where the females should keep middling quiet ower their own business or whatever."

Mrs. Pfeffer gazed deeply at Grandfather Tudt. It almost seemed as though she were smiling.

"I ain't ever much fur the blab," she observed finally. "My dear departed give me a sour taste fur the talking. He done always too much of it, the sweet soul."

Grandfather Tudt drew heavy breath as he moiled up his slope. Not even his conviction that he had snatched the widow from lifelong misery sufficed to stifle the feeling that he had betrayed things near and dear. He stood in his side yard in a colorful litter of bits of crockery and rusting cans and gazed about him. Everywhere was pleasant confusion—disordered leisure. In the barn, his one horse was nudging off a loosened board. In the chicken yard, his one rooster was tilting ribaldly upon a discarded bed spring aslant the henhouse. His one cow, gorged with forbidden mash, hooked toward him rakishly. Joshua ambled forward. Grandfather Tudt smote his breast after the manner of the mourners of old, nor recked that his palm was stabbed by the one crooked pin which maintained his shirt.

But, after all, it is one thing to suffer for a noble cause. It is quite another thing to suffer without a cause, noble or otherwise. It was late afternoon upon the following day when Grandfather discovered that his self-inflicted torment was quite without a purpose.

He was upon his knees when this stupefying revelation was borne to him, though he was not in the penitential mood which such posture would seem to signify. He was upon his knees behind the gooseberry hedge which separated his pasture from the Misenhelder apple orchard, hard upon the scent of a nest which a wayward pullet had stolen, when voices in earnest conversation struck upon his ear. Grandfather Tudt forsook the trail of the lonesome egg, eased back upon his haunches and peered through the prickly branches.

That which he had greatly feared had come to pass. Ezer was alone with the widow. Moreover, the young man looked red, triumphant and every inch the possessive male as he ravened his companion with eyes of admiration. She seemed unconscious of his regard. Her gaze was cast calculatingly upon the tree against which he had rested a ladder. Grandfather Tudt's dehorned gums churned nervous saliva.

"So you have got a dairy by you then!" Ezer ejaculated. "And was it, mebbe, a hunert cows or some such?"

"Twicet ower."

The widow began snatching apples into a pail. He took a step toward her.

"And goats on the top of the dairy?" he prodded.

"Best make the ladder against this limb," she calculated.

But Ezer stood in warm daze.

"I got more pasture than what I am needing," he insinuated softly.

She looked at him then, one swift, clicking glance. She resumed her picking.

"Why ain't you gitting yourself some cows fur it then?" She was not smiling, but she looked as though she were.

Ezer's hand convulsed toward her.

"That there's just what I'm calculating to do," he said thickly. His hand drew back. "But look here, it wonders me you could give yourself dare to go off and leave it that way. I mean, I guess nobody's got a claim on you fur it, was they?"

She laughed. "Well, the undertaker seems to think he has. Anyway, it's him where's running it fur me."

Ezer's foot jerked backward as from a precipice. His heel caught the ladder and it crashed; but he did not note it.

"You mean," he said sepulchrally, "where he's taking the profits fur himself—what you might call debts, or whatever?"

"I guess that's what you call it," observed Mrs. Pfeffer cheerfully.

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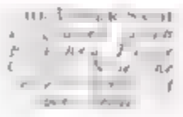

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Ezer snatched the ladder, prodded it into the ground and began mounting it tempestuously. Halfway up he paused.

"Pfeffer must have been some manager!" he gritted scathingly.

"The worst manager ever born into Buthouse County," agreed the widow.

Ensued the fall of apples into pails. Ensued also the fall of Grandfather Tudt from limp haunches. Indeed, for the silent moments in which Ezer and the widow plucked the fruitage, Grandfather Tudt was a total loss to the egg-hunting profession. Of what use were his fine heroics now? Of what use to safeguard a widow when there was nothing to guard her against? He had given his liberty and his pursuit of happiness for something which was nothing. There is no more foolish job in the world than that of chaperoning a widow who does not need to be chaperoned.

Early upon the following morning Grandfather Tudt, peering forlornly from behind the tattered bandanna which served him as parlor curtain, beheld the lady as she lifted the frazzled rope over the gatepost. Faint hope stirred within him as she rocked backward upon her heels, unscrewing her tooth in evident dismay as she looked about her. But she suddenly started strongly forward; and her face, as she swept onward, bore the most devastating determination he had ever seen. He fumbled open the door and fell back before her.

She stood for another moment after she had clicked through the three rooms and screwed up her tooth. The light of battle was now definitely in her eye. Her nostrils quivered combat. She had found task worthy of her mettle and she was champing to begin. She seemed fairly to breathe out slaughter as her eye fell upon a beloved drapery of cobwebs above his dining table.

"It's all the same family lived there four years," he pleaded. "And they have got their little ones by them now."

Mrs. Pfeffer vented a curdling laugh.

"Hitch awhile," she commanded, "and git to town as soon as youse otherwise kin. I want some lye and some scouring soap and some whitewash and a good heavy broom and a scrubbing brush with stiff bristles at and—leave me see now ——"

Grandfather Tudt harried his shaken frame to the buggy shed, glad to escape even upon so lugubrious an errand. When he returned he sat upon his sprung-wheeled wagon and wondered if he were he. In his yard, naked to the staring elements, was everything he possessed in the world. Even his chaste bed, with its blankets which he soused in the creek annually each Fourth of July, was tilting dizzily against the side of the house, the keg which served it as leg raped from beneath it. From the house issued a harsh sound which he had never heard, but his prescient soul knew it for what it was. Mrs. Pfeffer was stripping from his walls successive layers of newspapers gummed together with flour paste, an accumulation of thirty years.

Days passed. When the house was finished, she began on the barn. When the barn was finished, she began on the outhouses and the yard. When these were finished, she began on Grandfather Tudt and well-nigh finished him. He found himself going about in a clean and buttoned shirt and in fastened shoes. Freedom had been reft even from his little toe; his visitor had neatly half-soled his footgear. Grandfather Tudt felt like a deposed Pharaoh wandering about his erstwhile domains, bound hand and foot in grave clothes. Joshua narrowly escaped horrible demolition.

"How old is that there pig?" demanded Mrs. Pfeffer one day.

"Nine years, and still going strong," pridefully responded Grandfather Tudt.

"I guess, strong," commented his companion dryly. "But he might mebbe make middling pickle."

"Pickle!" Grandfather Tudt got his breath and expounded the law according to Joshua. He scurried to town, purchased a padlock and remanded the prophet, protesting valiantly, to durance vile, himself guarding the key within his buttoned shirt. He never entirely recovered his equanimity, however; never did he behold the widow slicing bread with her clean, decisive strokes but that cold grue shivered his spine.

Scrubbed to a thin and cutting edge, Grandfather Tudt dodged about, wondering feebly when the end would come. Most galling of all were the taunts of the astute Ezer on whose account all this indignity was being suffered.

"Thought you'd grab her off me, heh?" The young man would laugh uproariously. "Well, you got her; now you kin keep her. The joke's on you, grampop!"

Nevertheless, that Mrs. Pfeffer held attraction for him was evident. Once at least each day he climbed the hill and watched her as she strode about like a golden-brown Victory. The dust which rolled about her seemed as so much life-giving incense, the pails of water she sloshed about as so much invigorating tonic.

Came a Sabbath morning when she stood in the doorway and announced blithely, as her eyes roved from spot to spot:

"And now it seems like it ain't nothing more to be did. So I guess"—she felt for her tooth. Her host looked up with more spirit than he had been able to summon since her arrival—"so I guess you and me have got to be hunting us up somepun, ain't not? Leave me see now. I guess I could stop by you till next Saturday two weeks mebbe."

Grandfather Tudt sat down. His mouth woppered open. His fingers worked at his collar.

"Leave your shirt shut and closed up, grampop. The reason I can't be staying by you longer is my dairy. I got to be gitting soon back and fetch it off of Kindlebarger."

"Fetch it off ——" twittered Grandfather Tudt. "Then you kin git it back? I mean, you got a dairy then?"

"Did I have a dairy? That does now make a laugh fur me. Did I have a dairy oncet? Ain't everybody knowing I got a dairy? The biggest dairy in Buthouse County."

Grandfather Tudt's heels feebly scraped the floor.

"Don't go scutching the matting with your heels; it makes a wear on it. But my dairy now. I guess Kindlebarger throwed you off. Well, him—it's some funny about him. He's the undertaker, you know, where's running the place fur me." She paused in bright meditation. "Oh, well, where's the use? I might as well blab a little."

She was in fine fettle. Color flew beneath her fine skin. She laughed frequently as she briskly sketched her life in the past, as she briskly outlined her plans for the future.

"And now I ain't giving you nothing more." She twinkled at him after some moments. "You look to have all you could stand."

Grandfather Tudt wanted nothing more. Indeed, he could scarcely digest all he had. He picked his way across the yard, stretching his neck like a chicken with an overgorged craw. He opened the padlock to Joshua's pen and sank down upon the disemboweled sofa which had been immured therein. This symbol of his erstwhile manly estate he had dragged thither some days since with trembling gusto after he had barely saved it from the ax.

The imprisoned prophet sat dourly in a far corner and regarded his jailer with a hostile eye. But Grandfather Tudt did not note the inhospitality. He was even then filing and pigeonholing the incredible bits of information he had just received.

For upward of an hour he sat taking out the bits and looking at them, arranging and rearranging. He was beginning to feel himself once more a man of business; and as a man of business, he was sensing in Mrs. Pfeffer's amazing revelations the solution of his problem. The problem in itself was a difficult one, involving as it did the polite shunting of an invited guest from his premises; but it was further complicated by his heart-deep desire to perpetrate upon Ezer a hoax so spectacular that the young man's lips would be forever sealed to badinage against himself.

Finally he spiked thrice and rose with alacrity. He stole a glance toward his guest, who was searching the Scriptures in the shade of the house, and ramped down the hill to the Misenhelders. Eben and Ida sat upon the porch in peaceful meditation. Between them snored Ezer. Grandfather Tudt prodded the latter and what he had to say he said swiftly and impressively.

"And she has got the biggest dairy in Buthouse yet," he emphasized for the third time. "So, to be sure, she can't be stopping by us just so much longer. That is to say," he concluded with a prodigious wink, "she ain't stopping if somebody ain't persuading her fur to stop."

Ezer was now never more awake in his life.

"What do you mean by that now? You ain't gitting cracked after no woman, was you? At your age!"

If Grandfather Tudt's little toe had been a free agent as of yore, he would have wriggled it. As it was, he murmured with downcast eyes, "Of course, a stylish dairy—and goats on the top of it."

"A body does like her"—Ida's little hands flustered in her starched lap—"and if grampop feels fur gitting married ——"

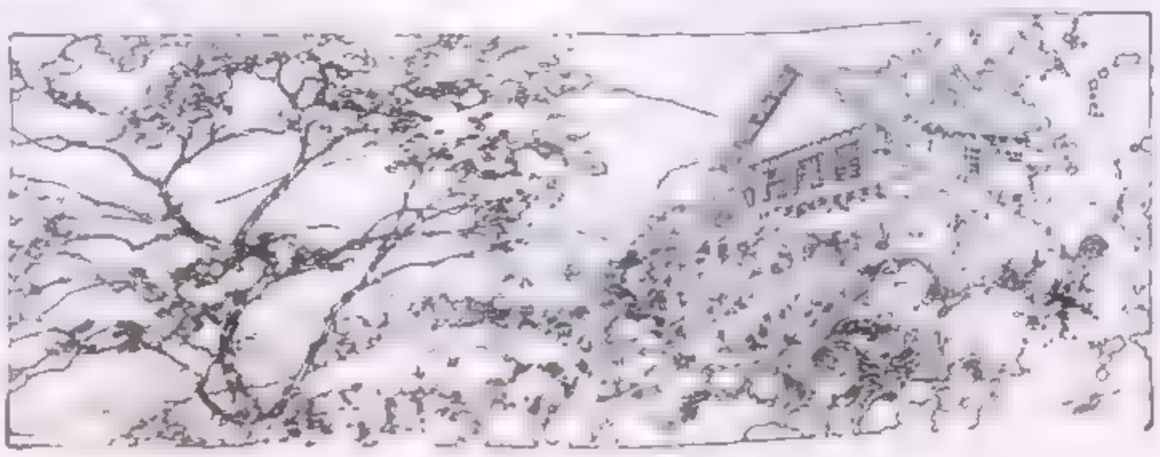
"That's enough dum foolishness!" sliced Ezer. "Here's this barn now. Why ain't she gitting at it like she give her word?" He started slightly and eyed his ancestor with rising suspicion. "I am gitting onto the hint of this here. You knowed all the time she had a dairy. You drug her off, that's what you did. Old goat! In all my life I ain't hearing of nothing so underneath."

Grandfather Tudt, artist in minor climaxes, hesitated for a moment in dramatic suspense. Then he proffered mildly:

"I ain't, just to say, ast her fur her promise. Some such other might git ahead of me yet if they stepped lively."

Again Ezer fixed his grandparent with a penetrating stare. He rose and stretched elaborately. He spat between his teeth. With exaggerated slowness he sauntered into the front door. Ten minutes later Grandfather Tudt, from strategic position, saw him with exaggerated rapidity bolting from the back door. The young man had performed marvels with his toilet in the short time; he had donned his ceremonial Prince Albert, a white collar and a new straw hat.

Grandfather Tudt airily flung open the top button of his shirt. For some considerable time he sat in pleasant dalliance with Eben and Ida. Then he, too, made for his hill top by roundabout course. Arrived at the rear of his dwelling, he cocked an ear toward the sound of voices, then inched jauntily along the clapboarding.



"Well, it never rains but it pours oncet, as the old addict puts it," Mrs. Pfeffer was summarizing: "I guess I averaged a proposal a month since Pfeffer fell off fur me. But don't take it so nervous now. As I was saying to your grampop a while back, I likely wouldn't have put the second thought onto Kindlebarger if he wouldn't have made such a neat job out of Pfeffer. But when I seen oncet how he made so handsome with a corpse where really, just to say, didn't give him nothing to start on—well," concluded the lady in some embarrassment, "it was only natural, ain't, fur a body to start in taking notice? Such an efficiency that way!"

"Grampop? Grampop?" panted Ezer hoarsely. "You was telling grampop this here a'ready?"

"And then, of course," pursued Mrs. Pfeffer, "when Kindlebarger would have it that he would give me the undertaking job fur a wedding present, what could I otherwise do? Especially when he had went and done Pfeffer up in satin linings and a pillow with tassels at. Yes, Kindlebarger was cute about it, that I give him; he give me the itemized bill and he says, 'I'll take you fur it,' he says. But you're to understand," she adjured earnestly, "that we wasn't going on so romantic till Pfeffer was out of the way fur us three months or some such. And then even, I set on the fence fur a good spell, fur it's bound to be a tame life, keeping steady company with the dead that way. But he has got me into a box, in a way, fur I am always one to pay my debts some which way or another. But now this barn of yourn. To be sure, I'll be gitting at it. Leave me see now. Wait oncet till I give grampop good-by and I guess I could be going with now. It does kreistle me to set; and we wouldn't be breaking nothing fur the Sabbath if we was to go looking the oat bins ower, I should guess."

Five minutes later Grandfather Tudt followed across the yard and watched the two as a fine breeze blew them through the gate. The widow was in the lead; her skirts billowed before her in strong, buoyant puffs. Ezer stumbled behind, head down, his coat tails blown limp between his legs.

Grandfather Tudt could wait no longer. He ripped down his shirt, mounted the pasture bars and crowed cryptically after the beaten figure, "You git always what you go fur, heh?"

Ezer did not turn. But his companion did. She stopped. But her eyes fastened themselves upon Ezer, not upon Grandfather Tudt. Admiration was in her gaze and a curious reluctance; she was as one who takes the measure of a difficult task and who is fascinated by the very difficulty. She unscrewed her tooth entirely and took it out.

"To be sure," she hissed in slow challenge through the cavity, "if you was to go to work and pay fur Pfeffer, that would be trading me out of the box, ain't? Then I would be obligationed to you, not anyways to Kindlebarger."

Ezer's eyes went wild beneath sudden scowl. His hands clutched his pockets. His powerful head lowered. His mouth opened, then shut ineptly. Before him the widow stood, her head high, one hand lightly upon her hip; color flew high upon her cheeks also.

His hands slowly withdrew from his pockets. But after all, it was to Grandfather Tudt, perched like a smitten crow upon the fence above them, that Ezer addressed his betrothal remark.

"Yes," he retorted belatedly, "I do git what I go fur!"

Mrs. Pfeffer screwed up her tooth and went billowing down the slope. Ezer followed. Grandfather Tudt stumbled across his swept and garnished yard, feeling numbly for the key to Joshua's padlock.

"Anyhow, it was me that done it," he observed with feeble spirit. "I brang her here fur to marry him out of the way, and I done it."

But the prophet eyed him doubtfully and flaunted a question mark of a tail.

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Your Buick

THE cylinder diameters of all 1926 Buick models have been enlarged, slightly increasing the horsepower output. The Master Six has cylinders of 3½" bore by 4¾" stroke. In the Standard Six the bore is 3⅛" and the stroke 4½". Other features of engine design remain the same as on last year's models.

Cast iron pistons are used in both engines. These are each fitted with three rings above the piston-pin. Close clearances are maintained and the cylinder bores, which are made of a hard alloy iron, are given their final finish by a honing process. The combustion chambers are machined and proportioned to give a compression pressure of approximately seventy-five pounds per square inch.

The lubricating system employed in both models is of the force feed type, oil being delivered under pressure to each of the main and connecting rod bearings, also to the overhead valve mechanism through the hollow rocker shaft. The timing gears receive their supply through a connection from the rocker shaft, all other engine parts being lubricated by the oil spray thrown from the connecting rod and main bearings. The oil is circulated by a gear pump located at the bottom of the oil reservoir, its intake being protected from dirt by a fine mesh screen. A relief valve governs the oil pressure.

Due to the method of fitting the bearings and to the accurate piston and ring fits maintained, excessive oil consumption and carbon accumulations are prevented. Consequently a fairly rich lubricating oil may be used in these engines without difficulty from this source. It is important, however, to minimize the power and fuel waste resulting from the friction drag which heavy bodied oils induce in cool running engines. This is particularly the case in Buick cars which, due to their cooling system design and large reserve power, run exceptionally cool.

All Buick cars are now equipped with a special design oil cleaner or filter and an air cleaner. Both of these accessories are intended to assist in keeping the lubricating oil in better condition by removing as far as possible the harmful foreign substances.

For best results we recommend the use during summer of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in Buick cars, all models from 1923 to 1926 inclusive. When freezing temperatures are likely to be encountered, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in order to insure ease of starting and a reliable oil flow through the fine mesh oil screen employed. This grade also is recommended for the lubrication both summer and winter of all models previous to 1923.

Your Ford

IN design, construction, operation and lubrication, the Ford has many unusual features. The engine oil must adequately and efficiently lubricate both transmission and multiple disc clutch. In Ford engine lubrication the following points must be considered:

1. Ford connecting rod bearings are so constructed as to form oil grooves between the cap and rod. When an oil is used which will atomize readily, thorough distribution over the entire bearing area will take place, thus assuring adequate lubrication.
2. The Ford Planetary transmission operates in a bath of engine oil. The close fitting sleeves and bushings demand a free flowing oil of the correct body in order to assure thorough distribution to these parts.
3. The Ford multiple disc clutch operates continually in a bath of engine oil. A free-flowing oil of the correct body and character assures positive, quick engagement with no slipping and an instantaneous release of the clutch without dragging.
4. Carbon deposits are detrimental to satisfactory engine performance since they interfere with the action of the valves and spark plugs as well as induce "knocking" or "pinging." To avoid possible excessive carbon formation the pistons on the new models of Ford engines are provided with 12 drain holes which aid in removing any excess oil from the cylinder walls and return it through to the inner side of the piston from whence it drains back into the crankcase. As a further aid in reducing to a minimum difficulties resulting in carbon deposits in the Ford engine, an especially clean burning oil is essential.
5. Correctly adjusted transmission bands coupled with the use of a free-flowing oil of the correct body and character, will practically eliminate any possibility of the transmission band linings becoming glazed and chattering, providing the oil is kept at the correct level and replaced at proper intervals.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of the correct body, character and fluidity and especially manufactured to meet scientifically the requirements of Ford cars in both summer and winter.

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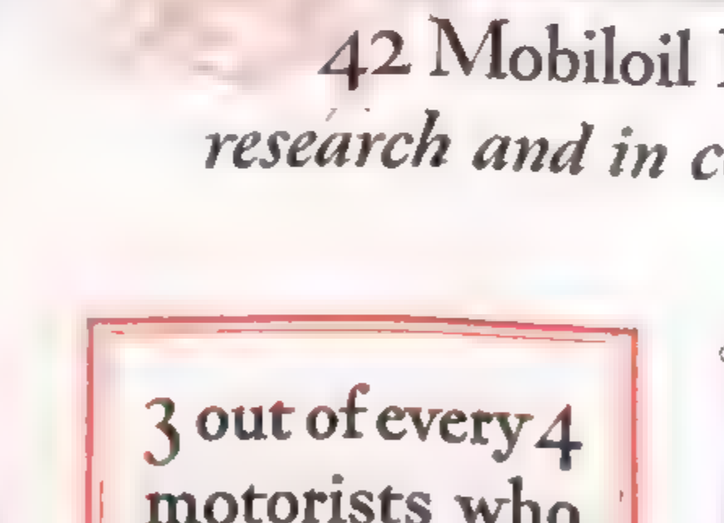

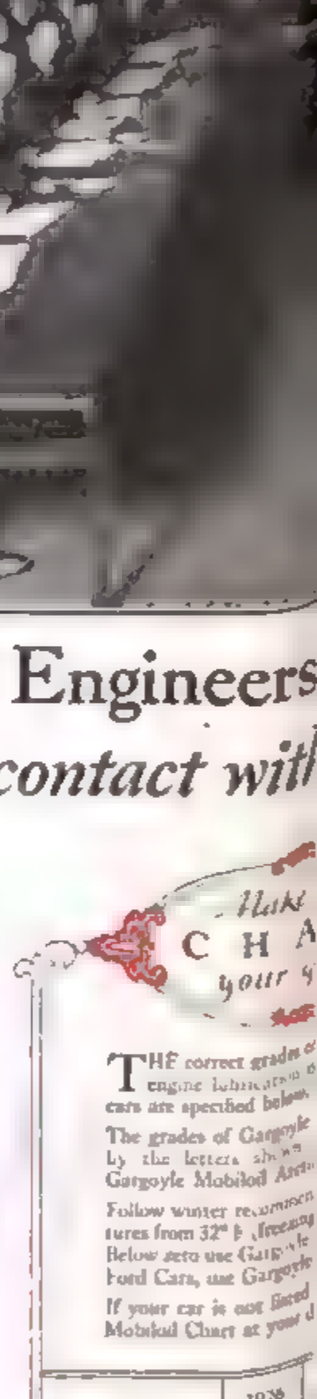

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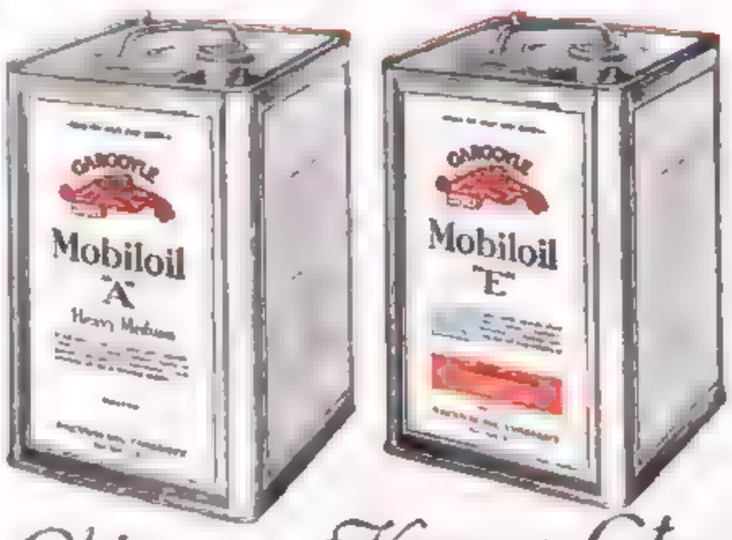

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Your Chevrolet

THE 1926 Chevrolet engine continues the special features incorporated last year, using the characteristic valve-in-head construction with the special cover plate to protect the valve mechanism.

All the working parts in the crankcase are lubricated by a combination of force feed and splash. Dippers on the connecting rod big-ends create an oil mist as they splash into the oil in the dipper troughs. These are kept filled by a gear type oil pump which also supplies oil under pressure direct to the center main bearing. The pump is submerged in the oil reservoir and driven by the camshaft.

To obtain economy with rapid acceleration, the Chevrolet engine is designed with a high compression ratio. The pistons are of cast iron, of light weight design and fitted with three rings. The lower ring is slotted and acts as an oil scraper to return any excess oil to the crankcase through the drain holes drilled in the ring groove back of the scraper ring.

When high compression ratios are used to give rapid acceleration and high fuel economy as in the Chevrolet engine, the presence of carbon deposits in the combustion chambers is apt to cause knocking or pinging, a condition induced by the character of present-day fuels. Consequently, it is important to minimize the possibilities for carbon formations through the use of a clean burning oil.

It is also important that the oil be of such character that it will atomize readily under the splashing action of the connecting rod dippers and thus assure effective distribution to the various parts.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic satisfies these and other needs of the Chevrolet engine and should be used both summer and winter in the 1926 model, also in the earlier Superior and 490 models.

Your Reo

YOUR Reo passenger car employs a moderately high speed, six cylinder, vertical, water-cooled engine of the F-head type. In this engine the intake valve is located to one side of the cylinder and in the cylinder block. This arrangement makes possible large valves and results in a free flow of the inlet and exhaust gases.

The system of lubrication in your Reo engine consists of a reservoir in the lower portion of the crankcase. A plunger pump submerged in the oil delivers it under pressure to the two center crankshaft bearings as well as to the overhead valve rocker arm shaft and in addition to the splash troughs, one under each cylinder. The oil mist created by dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods dipping into the oil in these splash troughs effects a thorough distribution of the lubricant to all internal engine parts.

The lower halves of the connecting rod bearing caps, just forward of the splashers, are drilled so that at each revolution of the crankshaft a fresh supply of oil is forced into the connecting rod big-end bearings.

Since the lubrication of all internal rotating and reciprocating parts of the engine depends upon the oil spray or mist created by the action of the dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods, an oil should be used which will readily atomize under this dipper action.

Aluminum pistons are employed. These pistons make for lighter weight of reciprocating parts, thereby reducing vibrations and bearing stresses and increasing flexibility and power. The pistons are equipped with three rings above the piston-pin, the lower one being a specially designed oil control ring. In the groove in which this special ring is placed there are 10 drain holes through which excessive oil removed from the cylinder walls passes to the inside of the piston and returns to the crankcase. These and other features of design must be taken into consideration in determining the correct oil.

In order to assure the power, flexibility, ease of operation and freedom from carbon that the design and construction of the engine are intended to produce, we recommend that Reo owners use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. To insure ease of starting and the ready distribution of the lubricant under winter temperatures, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, an oil of greater fluidity, is recommended.

"I *DID*" "No, you *DIDN'T*" "I *think* I did"

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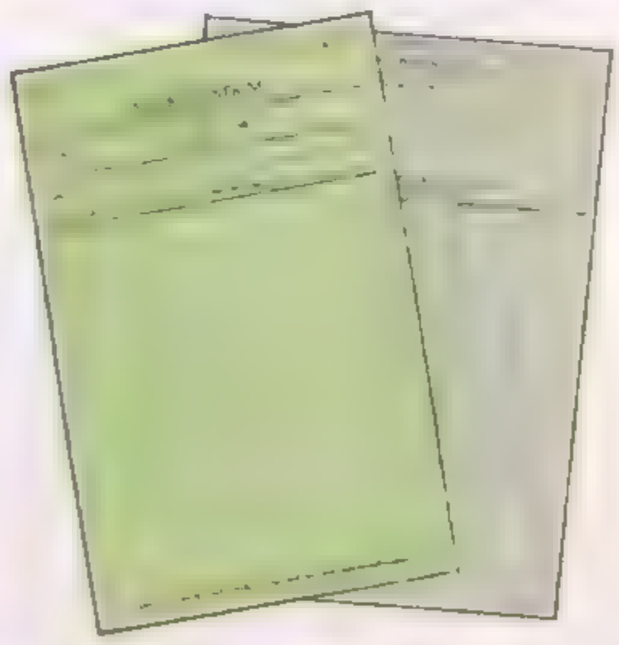

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DIMITY GAY, AUNT ELEANOR'S CHICK

(Continued from Page 36)

"What a very charming little soul Miss Dimity is," said Julius, as, having duly unparched himself, he lapsed into a chair by Aunt Eleanor.

"Yes, isn't she? I adore the chick. So fresh, unspoiled, open-hearted, and so ingenuous and pretty," agreed Aunt Eleanor.

Julius nodded, without much enthusiasm.

"It was very disappointing that the major could not be with us this afternoon," pursued Julius, with some vague idea that possibly Aunt Eleanor might let fall some stray comment about the handsome Denzil's affairs which might serve as a loose end worth while grabbing. But Aunt Eleanor let fall nothing worth picking up. Which was a pity, for the talented Julius, for once in a way, had found himself most disconcertingly reduced to hunting hard and hurriedly for loose ends. He had used up some valuable time and a good deal of the valuable money intrusted to him by Gainsborough Gay, without so much as making half an inch of progress in the matter of unmasking the major.

It was not the money that Gainsborough had already paid out to him which worried Julius, for that, of course, was money lost—or, rather, sunk. It was Mr. Gay's business to worry about that. Julius had quite enough to do to worry about the further fees he felt he would have to require from Gainsborough if he were to go on with this extremely delicate and unexpectedly difficult business of queering the major.

Julius was by no means the sort of business expert who shirks looking a difficulty in the face. He acknowledged frankly to himself that the margin represented by the fee from which Mr. Gay had so reluctantly permitted himself to be unwrapped was undoubtedly used up. And he knew that it would be necessary very shortly to acknowledge that sad truth equally frankly to the nimble-witted Mr. Gay.

But Gainsborough was a man of a somewhat different caliber from old Avery Hackett. Mr. Gay was in a position where, to an extent, he could adulterate the pure waters of publicity in a fashion highly adverse to the interests of Julius Balm.

Not that it would have affected the decision of Julius to call upon him for a further margin, for the urbane Mr. Balm was a man who allowed nothing but earthquakes—and not many of those—to stand between him and his natural fees.

The plain truth—though the gentle Julius was far from guessing it—was that Gainsborough Gay, in selecting the very best expert for his purpose, had made the very unusual mistake of selecting a higher quality than—as events were proving—was necessary.

A lesser craftsman than Julius Balm, one who was not quite such a delicately groping, subterranely working specialist in difficult domestic, business and social complications, probably would have caught on to Major D'Estrange much more quickly. An investigator less brilliant than Julius would almost certainly have known more about the ordinary racing crooks of Merrie England—probably would have been well experienced in race courses and race coursers himself.

But Julius was in a higher class altogether. He had long ago decided that there was no really big easy money to be picked up on race courses by a man of his caliber, and he had rather resolutely turned his broad back on racing and set his face to the less feverish-looking but far more substantial scenes of undiluted and stark-naked business.

He had sincerely advised Gainsborough to use a diamond—himself—to cut the glass—Major D'Estrange—and the rather avid Mr. Gay had done so. But the diamond was too good for the job, or the glass was unworthy of a genuine diamond. It was like asking a leading oculist to blow a glass eye, or a famous frock specialist to cut a little woolly coat for Fido, or a Royal Academician to repaint the old flivver.

Julius, accustomed to encounter, or to need, some sort of finesse in most of his affairs, could not quite realize that a plain race-course crook could think it worth while to come so brazenly out in the open in the forlorn hope of publicly pursuing and winning a stake like Aunt Eleanor—rushing in, so to speak, where even Julius Balm trod with extreme caution and delicacy.

He foresaw himself registering a failure with Gainsborough and, as he certainly had not succeeded, as planned, in counteracting that by a private success with Aunt Eleanor, it was with rather less than his usual confidence that Julius went with Dimity to bestow ants' eggs on the already bilious goldfish. But, in spite of himself, Dimity raised his spirits—in a way.

"Fancy bothering to feed a lot of shabby old goldfishes, Mr. Balm," she said happily at the fishpond, and tipped out about half a million ants' eggs from a cardboard box. "There, poor things—eat those," she added, and supplemented the eggs with the box.

Then she turned, slipped an arm through that of Julius, and said should they have a little walk together.

"I should think you are awfully tired of everything, aren't you, please, dear Mr. Balm?" inquired Dimity rather vaguely as they entered the rhododendron walk.

"I am afraid I don't quite follow," explained Julius, fairly anxiously.

The lovely little thing at his side pressed his arm with a sort of affection.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything complicated. I don't think it is a very good plan to bother too much over complicated things in the summer, do you? I just meant being refused by Aunt Eleanor and things like that," she explained.

Julius blushed faintly at the ears, feeling thoroughly middle-aged.

"I should think that auntie was quite wrong not to snap you up while she had the opportunity, dear Mr. Balm. Though I don't think that daddy or grandpa would agree with me, do you, please? Daddy is coming tomorrow for a few hours' visit——"

"Is that so?" Julius was interested.

"Oh, yes, that is so; didn't you know? I should think he would have told you, because we all—the bridesmaids, I mean, of course—rather think that daddy is hoping you will have found out some way with which to save auntie from the major."

Julius raised his brows very impressively.

"Save, Miss Dimity?"

"Oh, yes. You see, daddy doesn't believe very much in the major and he is quite confident that you will unmask him. Mummy told us that in confidence, you see."

She stopped, fairylike in her tennis frock, and looked up at the business expert.

"Grandpa thinks you will do so too. And you have everybody's very best wishes, too, dear Mr. Balm. Daddy told mother that if you are successful he is going to have an article about you entitled The Business Expert and Why in his review, The New World. He isn't going to intrust the article to any seedy old author, he told mamma; he is going to write it himself. He said he was going to make it very clear that the business expert was necessary in all classes of business and that the social adviser was essential in all stratas—was it 'stratas'?—of society. Fancy all that being about you, dear Mr. Balm."

Julius laughed modestly—and mayhap a trifle hollowly.

"Very gratifying, I'm sure, Miss Dimity," he said—not without a very real sincerity, for he knew that mere money would not buy such a boost in The New World. The money would have to be much more than mere to secure him a write-up of that quality.

But the thing was two-edged. He thought carefully. This prattling little golden head by his side seemed to assume that he had advanced matters to the stage where, on the morrow, he would greet the auger-pointed Gainsborough with a hearty shake of the right hand and instantly thereafter airily proceed with his disengaged left hand to push the major and Mr. Alabone clean off everybody's horizon.

But that was a full-sized assumption—and Julius, with the heartiest good will in the world, yet was totally unable to visualize himself doing anything of the kind.

So, only too well aware that he was addressing the apple of the eye of the proprietor of The New World, the pet little maid of the wealthy owner of Sfitz, the highly probable daughter-in-law of Sir Bessemer Crust, the millionaire, and the chick of Aunt Eleanor Savernake, Julius expertly made haste to check any further expansion of the great expectations which appeared to be generally entertained about him and his abilities.

"Nothing, my dear Miss Dimity, would give me more profound pleasure than to unmask Major D'Estrange—to use a rather stark phrase—if I were convinced that he deserved it. But I have given the matter a great deal of close, even keen, attention, and I am far, very far, from being satisfied that he is a man who can—who needs to be—unmasked. At the present stage he appears to be a simple half-pay officer and a gentleman. One cannot unmask a man like that, Miss Dimity."

Dimity's hand tightened on Julius Balm's.

"I never bother about such things," she trilled. "So I can't help much, can I? But all the same I think that you are awfully lenient to Major D'Estrange and Mr. Alabone, dear Mr. Balm."

"'Lenient,' Miss Dimity?" Julius appeared to be extremely surprised. "Tell me, please, what exactly do you mean by 'lenient'?"

"Well, it's like daddy says he is to his authors. He says that if it wasn't for him the poor—do you mind?—devils would half starve, only he is lenient to them and keeps them fed at least, though, daddy says, they don't really deserve it, poor darlings."

She laughed happily, carelessly, like a bird in the rhododendrons.

"But I don't quite see the—the—parallel, Miss Dimity," demurred Julius. "I can, of course, quite understand that the author folk have to be handled with gloves on, naturally, but how, exactly, is it lenient to acknowledge that Major D'Estrange is a simple English gentleman—and that Mr. Alabone is a respectable manager of a—er—respectable business?"

"Why, of course, because they aren't—I should think," explained Dimity.

"Oh, should you?" ejaculated Julius.

"Why, of course," said Dimity.

"But—tell me, quite frankly—could you prove that, Miss Dimity?" inquired Julius with some urgency.

"Why, of course," laughed Aunt Eleanor's chick gayly if somewhat monotonously.

Julius stayed his stride.

"Tell me—as an old friend—why they aren't—er—what they seem to be, Miss Dimity," he requested.

"Well, you see, to begin with, the major is only giving the bridesmaids a silly little pearl brooch each," explained Dimity, with the air of one who exposes a whole army of villains.

"But—after all—surely—what else could he do? That is usual, I believe, is it not? Pearl brooches! Surely bridegrooms almost invariably give pearl brooches? What would bridesmaids look for if not pearl brooches?" asked Julius, genuinely mystified

"Why, of course pearl necklaces," explained Dimity carelessly, plucking a rhododendron bloom.

Once more Mr. Balm stopped short.

"Miss Dimity, may I say—may I ask—may I beg you to tell me, as one old chum speaking to another, whether you

(Continued on Page 109)

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MASON BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 107)

have definitely decided in your own mind that, because he is giving pearl brooches instead of pearl necklaces, the major should be—and, indeed, can be—unmasked?"

"Oh, certainly, yes," said Dimity "Wouldn't you?"

"Um!" lowed Julius softly.

"But can you really unmask him?" he added.

"Oh, easily," said Dimity. "Anybody could."

But Julius couldn't—though he was being paid to.

He thought for a little.

"Um," he went again, rather like a banderillaed bull wistfully lowing its favorite oath in the arena.

He glanced at Dimity, hesitating. Then he laughed.

"Suppose, Miss Dimity, that I said to you, 'Will you permit me to give you a really charming pearl necklace in return for your telling me exactly how the major can be unmasked to your daddy's and grandpa's and Aunt Eleanor's satisfaction?' What would you say to that?"

Dimity pressed his sleeve indulgently.

"I would just say I hardly ever bothered about silly old necklaces, life is so short," she explained. "But if you wished to give Torfrida a nice necklace I think she would appreciate it much more than I should. I always think Torfrida ought to have a pearl necklace for evening wear, she has such a lovely neck, don't you think so? It is like a lovely pale satin, her neck, I mean. Haven't you noticed it when she is in an evening frock, Mr. Balm?"

Julius admitted that he had, and Dimity beamed on him.

"I am so glad you noticed that," she explained. "And if you will pay the bill—on behalf of daddy, of course, I don't mean out of your own pocket—for a nice pearl necklace for Torfrida's evening neck, I will tell you how to unmask the major to daddy's satisfaction. Just for fun," said Dimity.

Julius did not hesitate. He was an artist in his way, and one artist can always recognize another.

"I will do that with pleasure, Miss Dimity," he declared boldly.

Dimity laughed softly.

"I do like the way you understand things so well," she said. "So will you please arrange for a nice necklace for Bethoe, too, while you are arranging everything. You could have the bill for Bethoe's charged to grandpa, of course, couldn't you? Then, you see, Torfrida and Bethoe couldn't possibly be jealous of each other's necklaces."

Julius Balm never felt less expert in his life as he agreed to make it a pair of necklaces.

"Maulfry, you see, doesn't need one, as Clarence would give her—or make his papa give her—any conceivable thing she needed," continued Dimity.

"Quite! Quite! One sees that!" said Julius hastily—adding, as a red-hot thought suddenly sizzled against his brains—"But, what about yourself, Miss Dimity? Surely ——"

"Oh, certainly," said Dimity blithely. "But there's no hurry about me. Truly, there is not."

But Julius was wary.

"That is extremely unselfish of you, Miss Dimity."

"Yes. I suppose it is," agreed Dimity carelessly. "But I don't care. I am accustomed to going without things, in a way—though of course everybody is sweet to me really."

"That's not difficult to understand," beamed Julius, eying her rather cautiously.

He thought for a moment, then cleared his throat and spoke impressively, even gravely.

"Miss Dimity, let us give ourselves the real pleasure of being frank. As luck—as good luck—would have it, we have been comrades in affairs before this—I mean, when between us we managed the matter of the saline spring for your grandpapa. It looks as if we are fated—most pleasantly fated—to be comrades again in the cause of your auntie. Now, I do not attempt to disguise from you that I am engaged by your papa, and by your grandpapa, to do what I can to prevent your auntie from being imposed upon, either by Major D'Estrange or, for that matter, her manager, Mr. Alabone. I need your help, and I believe it will be invaluable to me. I will struggle to the last gasp to procure for you whatever return you feel you wish, but I do most earnestly suggest that it is imperative, nay, desperately important, that we have no double-crossing—er—misunderstanding."

Dimity looked a little shocked.

"Oh, certainly not; that would be dreadful, I should think," she gasped.

"The arrangement, as I see it, is as follows: You assure me that you can show me how to eliminate Major D'Estrange from your auntie's future, and to eliminate Alabone from his sinecure as manager of your auntie's factory—thus enabling your papa and grandpapa to put your auntie's affairs into perfect order. That is so, is it not?"

Dimity nodded.

"Oh, yes, I promise that. It is so easy, you see, that I shouldn't think I could possibly fail."

The sheer airy confidence in her sweet, childish voice moved Julius to greater blandness.

"Quite so, oh, quite," he said. "And in return for your kindness you wish that I share my fees with you to the extent of a pearl necklace each for your sisters, Miss Torfrida and Miss Bethoe, and—possibly one for yourself?"

"Oh, well, I suppose I had better have one, too," said Dimity, with a tiny yawn. "As you insist so!"

Julius looked as if he wished to say that he hadn't insisted so, but decided against it.

Instead, he smiled—a shade wanly.

"Have you any particular choice? Is there any special design of necklace you wish, Miss Dimity? Any special shop you wish to get them from?" he inquired, carefully groping toward her notions about price.

"Oh, no—you see, I ordered them yesterday, dear Mr. Balm. I should think they would be at the shop in the town tomorrow. They had to send to London for them."

Icicles slithered up and down the carefully expressionless Mr. Balm's spine.

"And—er—may I venture to inquire what is the—um—figure, the—ah—approximate cost of the necklaces?"

Dimity thought, nibbling at one tiny bent finger tip.

"Of course you may," she agreed readily. "They want either four hundred and fifty pounds or five hundred and fifty pounds each for them. I've forgotten which."

Julius started violently, galvanically.

"Each? Each, child? Have a heart, Dimity Gay. That's absolutely cannibal, I assure you! Sixteen hundred pounds' worth of pearls for a friendly little thing like saving your own auntie from trouble, and helping your daddy and grandpa! Cannibal, truly cannibal, Miss Dimity. Honestly, it is."

But Dimity only laughed. The carelessness in her voice was perfect because it was genuine.

"I don't care," she said. "Daddy's well off, and grandpa is wealthy and I should think you are very rich—so what is a few stuffy old necklaces for anybody who wants to be kind to everybody? I don't want one of the necklaces. I shall give mine to mummy. If I like to marry Archie I shall have the family jewels some day and they are worth forty thousand pounds or twenty thousand or something or other, so what good is a cheap little necklace to me, except just for fun?"

Julius clutched at that.

"Why, that's perfectly true, Miss Dimity ——" he began, but Dimity went on dreamily.

"Of course I can see that it must be perfectly dreadful for you, dear Mr. Balm. Daddy doesn't like spending money very much, I know—my pocket money is only five shillings a week—and I should think

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Germs are the cause of tooth decay. Two scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain acid-producing germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time the enamel was eaten into. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments. When teeth were treated with substances that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, in the mouth, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth. You say to yourself, "How clean my mouth feels!" which is the best evidence that most of the germs are no longer there.

You may think your teeth are sound—but one day a twinge of pain sends you post-haste to the dentist. This is what his trained eye discovers.

The soundest, healthiest, most dazzlingly beautiful teeth need protection. Regular twice-a-day use of Kolynos keeps them sound and beautiful

Dentists agree

You have read our claims for Kolynos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusiastic. But do dentists and physicians think so? We have in our files in New Haven cards or letters written by 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients. They recommend that Kolynos should be used twice daily. Surely no dentist or physician would even suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless he were absolutely convinced of its merit.

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The accumulation of tartar on the teeth is greatly retarded by the use of Kolynos. Consider the ugly asset that tartar gives your teeth and the pyorrhea which it so often causes. Your teeth stay beautiful. They glisten. Their full natural lustre shows in your smile. Kolynos leaves your mouth with a clean, fresh, wholesome feeling.

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that grandpa is stingier even than dear daddy. I can't think how you will have the courage to make them pay you enough fees to buy our necklaces. And, truly, I am very sorry in a way—only, you see, daddy never gave me anything much except for what mummy made him give me—and grandpa never gave me anything at all, except for what he had to."

"It's very hard," mumbled Julius. "I don't know if I can do it."

"Yes, I know. I should think you just hate me, don't you? Say quite frankly if you do. I shall understand," invited Dimity.

"Nobody could hate you, Miss Dimity," said Julius. "But they might think that you are a little expensive."

Dimity laughed gayly.

"Do you call that about the necklaces expensive?" she asked. "Goodness! Some day I shall be really expensive, I expect. But not to you or dear daddy or grandpa," she added reassuringly.

Julius capitulated while the capitulating was good.

"Ah, well, then—I will do my best, Miss Dimity," he declared valiantly.

Dimity pressed his arm.

"There! I knew you would understand. That is why we are friends. You always understand."

"Yes," echoed Julius. "I do understand. There is that about me."

They turned to rejoin the others.

Walking beside her through the woodland beyond the lawn, Mr. Balm was quaintly conscious that he was far indeed from hating her. She was too pretty, too sweet, altogether too fair and friendly and sympathetic to hate.

But as for her father and her old grandpa, Julius Balm, business expert, felt he could have kicked them both from Ludgate Hill to Charing Cross, even though that would be neither businesslike nor expert.

Five shillings a week pocket money for a little soul like Dimity—bah! It wouldn't keep her in ice cream two days. Hot weather like this.

Julius could have hoofed Gainsborough on to Piccadilly.

And after all, as Dimity proceeded naïvely to explain, it might have been so much worse for him. Suppose, for example, she had wanted, nay, insisted upon, a necklace of the quality of her Aunt Eleanor's—a three-thousand-pound ornament, prewar price. That would have been something worth while grieving about.

Julius admitted it.

"The Lord made you strong, Miss Dimity, yes, but on the whole I'll not deny—all being well—he made you merciful, all, as I say, being well. . . . I ought not to have used that word 'cannibal' to you, Miss Dimity. I see that now. I am sorry, child! I did not want to hurt you; I was startled, that was all."

Dimity looked up at him with bright eyes and caught his big white hand, squeezing it affectionately.

"Oh, Mr. Balm, you must never talk like that to me, or I will never have anything at all. . . . You see, I am so silly that when people are kind to me I just want to do everything for them. If they really mean it," she added.

So Julius, being by no means sure whether he meant it or not, left well alone and said no more.

He hadn't much chance, anyway, for as they came out on the lawn, Dimity saw Devenish and turned off for what seemed to be a most interesting little private chat with him, which lasted till teatime, when James gravitated to Bethoe's side and stayed there—not a difficult matter when Beth felt that way—until Clarence was able to tear himself away from Maulfry for the long motor run back to Ernemouth.

The major put in an appearance shortly after Devenish had gone, evidently being well served by his intelligence department probably Alabone. Like Alabone, he very quickly decided that Devenish had not recognized him and consequently had not thought it worth while talking about him to Aunt Eleanor, and so, within a few minutes he was quite his charming, easy-mannered self—devoting his whole time, as one might put it, to his fiancée.

Mr. Julius Balm, seeming a little silent and subdued, no one appeared to know why, also had left soon after tea—rather sooner, in fact.

So that the bridesmaids were left to amuse themselves for the evening, which they did without much difficulty.

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TRUE as an old Uncle Tom hound running nose down to a trail, the gentle Gainsborough Gay, with mamma, arrived next morning to spend a day at Fairmeasure Manor with them all. And, hardly less staunch to the trail, a little later grandpa appeared—his excuse being that Archie Crust's car had broken down and that fortunately a quiet day at the Sfitz works had given him a chance to oblige Archie with a lift over to see Dimity. Seeing that there were half a dozen cars of various kinds in the garage at Crust Court, it was a pretty poor excuse, but it was good enough for grandpa, who had formed his own shrewd opinion as to why Gainsborough Gay had not quailed from engaging the services of the expensive Julius Balm.

Nobody knew better than old Avery that if any weakness was common to the male members of the family it was a weakness for absorbing each other's, or anybody else's, business, if and when they could.

Just as he knew his stepson, Gainsborough Gay, book publisher and cinema theater owner, would have absorbed his Sfitz manufacturing business as cheerfully as a parched sponge will absorb rain, so grandpa would have absorbed a controlling interest in Gainsborough's book business, and been glad of the opportunity.

Both intended to absorb Aunt Eleanor's business, for the lady's own sake, apart from their own, if they saw or could create half a chance, precisely as Gainsborough would have absorbed the business of Mr. Henry Sadler, Torfrida's most favored pursuer, or that of the grim old papa of Maulfry's Clarence, or even the colossal concern of Sir Bessemer Crust, given half a chance. Devenish's commission agency they would have left very steadfastly alone—not understanding racing.

The large and horned antelope used as a python's lunch invariably dislocates the python's jaw hinges, but the python is ever ready to take a chance with his hinges and rarely loses by it. Though far indeed from being pythons, both Gainsborough and grandpa were ever ready to take a chance with the hinges of the bank accounts and other resources. But each respected the other, and both were too keen to fight over what might be more easily and inexpensively shared.

The gentle Julius Balm, having spent a long evening mentally milling things over, had decided to get them together at once.

He fancied he could just figure himself successfully extracting from them jointly the amount he required. He had coquetted for some time with the idea of playing one off against the other, but a conviction that neither Gainsborough Gay nor grandpa was liable to be really a docile pawn had finally killed that idea. After all, he had to produce certain goods. But he hadn't any to produce.

Little Dimity, it appeared, was the one with the goods, but, fortunately, she had promised to produce them.

Evidently he believed in Dimity, for when, presently, he called at Fairmeasure Manor and, after preliminaries, found himself sitting in a retired summerhouse with Messrs. Gay and Hackett, well out of earshot but well within eyeshot of the ladies on and about the lawn and gardens, he was as bright a business expert as ever snipped off the end of a client's cigar.

"I have now been able to look into the little difficulty for the solution of which both you gentlemen, by a curious coincidence, retained me," he said.

"Hey?" said Mr. Hackett loudly.

"Pardon me, Balm, I am slow-witted this morning. I don't follow you at all!" declared Gainsborough. "Am I to understand that you were retained by my father as well as by myself?"

Julius Balm nodded impassively.

"Yes. It is simple. You both offered me retainers to do my best to assure the future happiness and financial well-being of Mrs. Savernake. Two retainers, naturally, are better than one. I shall explain—and advise."

He cleared his throat.

"Union," he began, "is strength, when it cannot be avoided. I shall show clearly—I trust—that, united, you gentlemen may possibly stand, whereas, divided, you may very easily fall—fall flat."

He talked for ten minutes, and he was a fine talker. At the beginning of the business expert's discourse grandpa and Gainsborough had been glaring with shocked eyes at each other; at the end of the gentle Julius' statement they were beaming—as newly made partners will.

"And so, gentlemen, having taken every possibility into consideration, I advise that you pool your generous desires to aid Mrs. Savernake, pool the capitals you purpose to employ, pool my fees and expenses—frankly, they will be heavy, it is my duty to say so, as I do now—and, finally, to pool and divide the natural profits which will inevitably accrue to you."

He waited, watching them.

"I will confess quite freely that I like your proposal that we pool—share—expenses, Balm," admitted Gainsborough Gay sincerely.

"Yes. That's very well indeed. But what's all this about pooling the profits?" asked Mr. Hackett in his simple, direct way.

"As you pay, my dear sir, so you draw," explained Julius blandly. "What can be fairer?"

"Nothing, if it's fair," reluctantly agreed grandpa. He exchanged nods with Gainsborough.

"Very well. You have done wisely."

Julius Balm leaned forward to him and he was not merely impressive; he was almost oppressive.

"I may tell you at once that I can arrange at practically any moment for the well-deserved dismissal of this man Alabone from his post of manager to the Savernake Tankard Works."

Both his listeners looked charmed.

"Well, well, that's something at all events," smiled Gainsborough.

"Very well done—always knew the man was no good," added grandpa.

Julius nodded unsmilingly, like a mandarin.

"That will only cost you a matter of one thousand pounds," he purred. "These small revolutions cannot be arranged for nothing. And I hasten to say that this is by no means the end of the expense."

They stared mutely as he continued.

"I can, moreover, guarantee that—also, practically speaking—at any moment I can blot out forever this man, D'Estrange—with Mrs. Savernake's hearty and cordial agreement and cooperation!" he said, more sonorously, and the bleak autumn on their faces reverted again to summer.

"And that will cost you the comparatively insignificant figure of a further thousand pounds," he added, and, noting their sudden scowls, continued—rising as he spoke. "And, finally, I am prepared to half promise but not yet wholly to guarantee that Mrs. Savernake will shortly be willing and grateful to allow you, her nearest and dearest relatives, to transform the tankard business into a limited liability company with yourselves as prominent members of the board of directors!"

They stood up, a little excited.

"And that will cost you the relatively trivial figure of another thousand pounds!"

"Why, why, Balm—my dear Balm—you are really miraculous, you know," began Gainsborough Gay.

"Yes, but he's ruinous expensive," grieved grandpa.

"Yes, yes, I know I am. I am very expensive, looked at shortsightedly. I told you I was enormously expensive. Judged, that is, by the standard of the ordinary business expert. Do me the justice to acknowledge that I have always freely and fully advised you of the great expense of employing my services," begged Julius warmly. "Though, for that, you must not blame me personally. You must blame that great law, that wonderful, natural and—in its way—beautiful law, of supply and demand!"

They saw that, without much enthusiasm.

"That's another three thousand, hey?" said grandpa. "Well now, how are you going to do those things? What steps are you taking to carry out your guaranty?"

But that was precisely what Julius was not free to tell—and what, to be exact, he did not by any means know. He hadn't, in fact, the remotest idea.

He had had one experience of little Miss Dimity Gay. And he was willing to bank on her forever after. Julius Balm was a hard and capable man—and he was a judge of ladykind. Dimity had told him what she could do and she had named a price. That was enough for Mr. Balm.

He had practically doubled the bobbed baby's figure—in case of accidents—and shouldered it onto Messrs. Gay and Hackett. And they looked like taking it.

Later, when Dimity told him how to carry out his guaranties, he might tell Gainsborough and grandpa, and perhaps he might not. He would see.

Meantime he shook his head, smiling comradely.

"That isn't possible," he said truthfully, "nor practical. You must, I fear, leave that to me. If I purchase a bottle of Sfitz from you, Mr. Hackett, I pay for it the market figure, and I don't ask how you got it or what you put in it. If I buy a book from you, my dear Gay, I don't ask what you did to the author to get it. I pay you my money and you supply the goods. Is that not so? Equally, now, I am informing you of the price I am afraid you will need to pay for my goods. But let me add that a day will dawn when you will regard it as the biggest bargain you ever made, gentlemen! . . . What do you say? Am I to proceed—or am I to catch my train to town?"

With a curious eagerness, most oddly and paradoxically fraught with pained reluctance, grandpa and his stepson reached for their check books.

"Never done business this way," grumbled Mr. Hackett. "And it doesn't seem right—not for an old man like me."

"I know, I know," soothed Julius kindly. "But the true business expert, in his client's own interests, is compelled to make it a rigid rule that age don't matter. These things are arbitrary. As a man, I respect, nay, I venerate your years, Mr. Hackett. But as a business expert it makes no difference to me if you are a hundred and fifty years old. Entirely for your own sake, you understand."

But grandpa shook a stubborn head.

"I don't agree with that. . . . Here's your check. Fifteen hundred—my half!"

And added something that sounded uncommonly like "Blast you!"—him being an old man.

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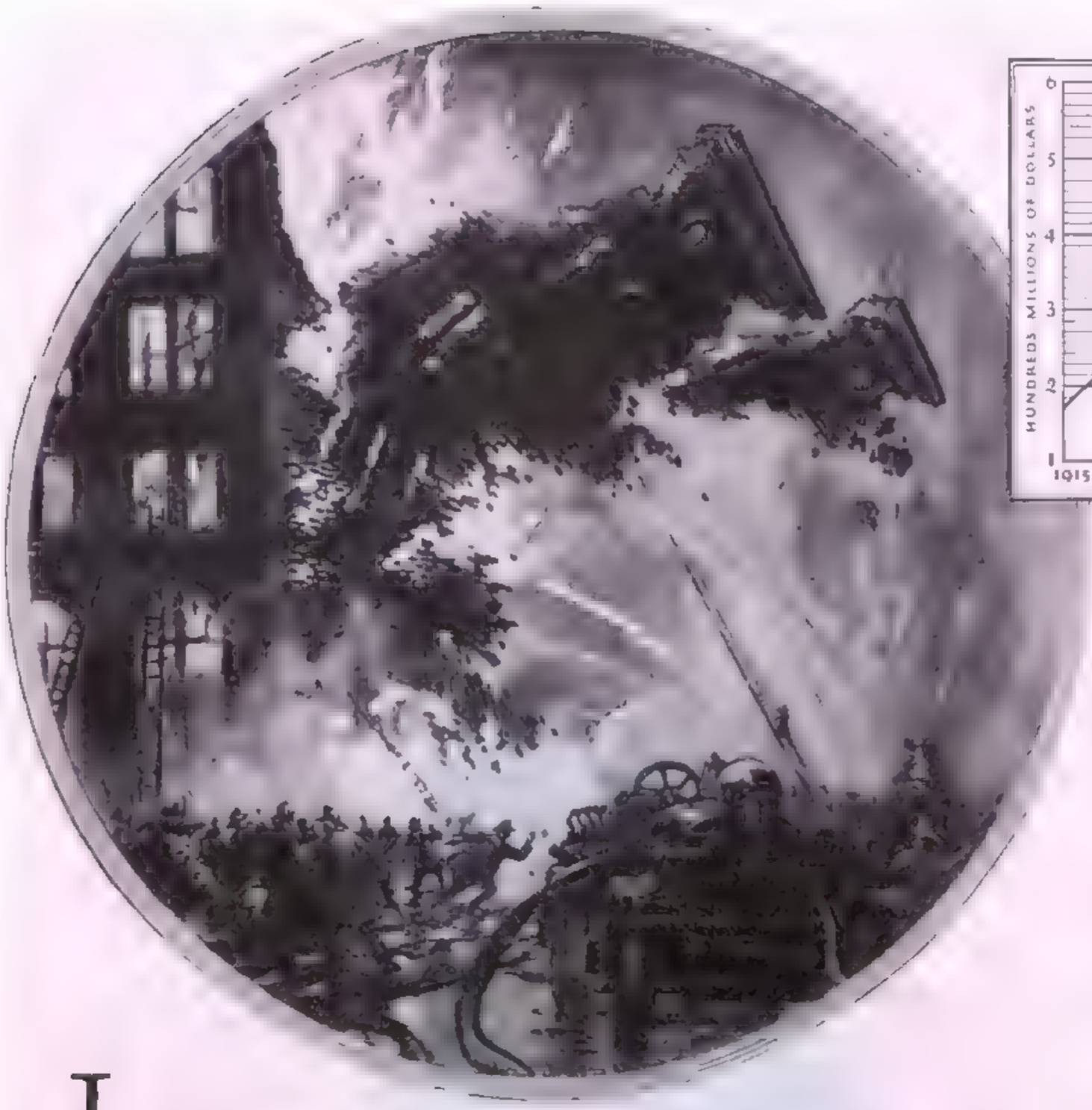
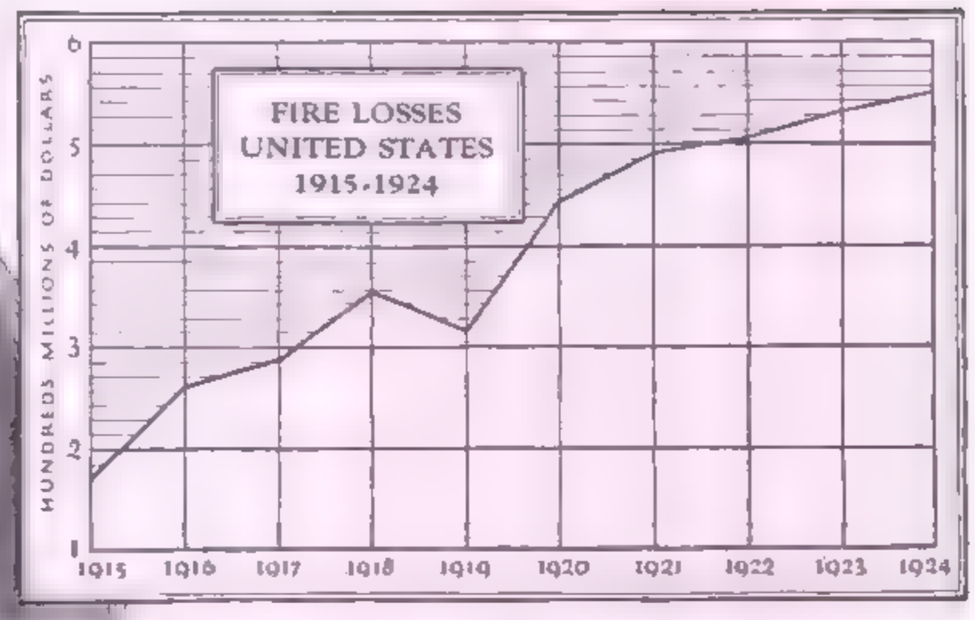
SERENELY wound around checks, value three thousand pounds, Mr. Julius Balm strolled blandly into the thick of things in search of little Miss Dimity. He was affable to Major D'Estrange, and he was courtly to Aunt Eleanor; to Mrs. Gainsborough Gay he was deferentially attentive; to Torfrida remotely matey, and to Maulfry and Bethoe he was as a big brother. Through and past them all he drifted ultimately to Dimity, who had taken Archie to see the goldfish fed with a few millions of ants' eggs and a cardboard box.

Dimity noted him from afar, and took the son of Sir Bessemer Crust round to the far side of the elaborately befountained fishpond. *(Continued on Page 114)*





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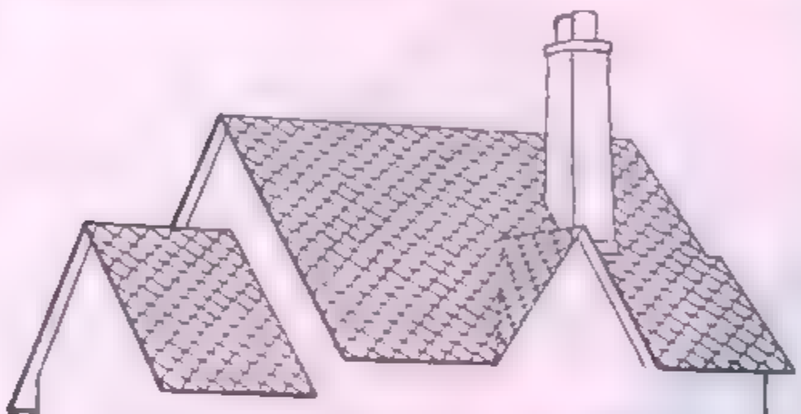

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Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles of colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough-textured colorblende—fire-stone brown with or without red or gray accidentals
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Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
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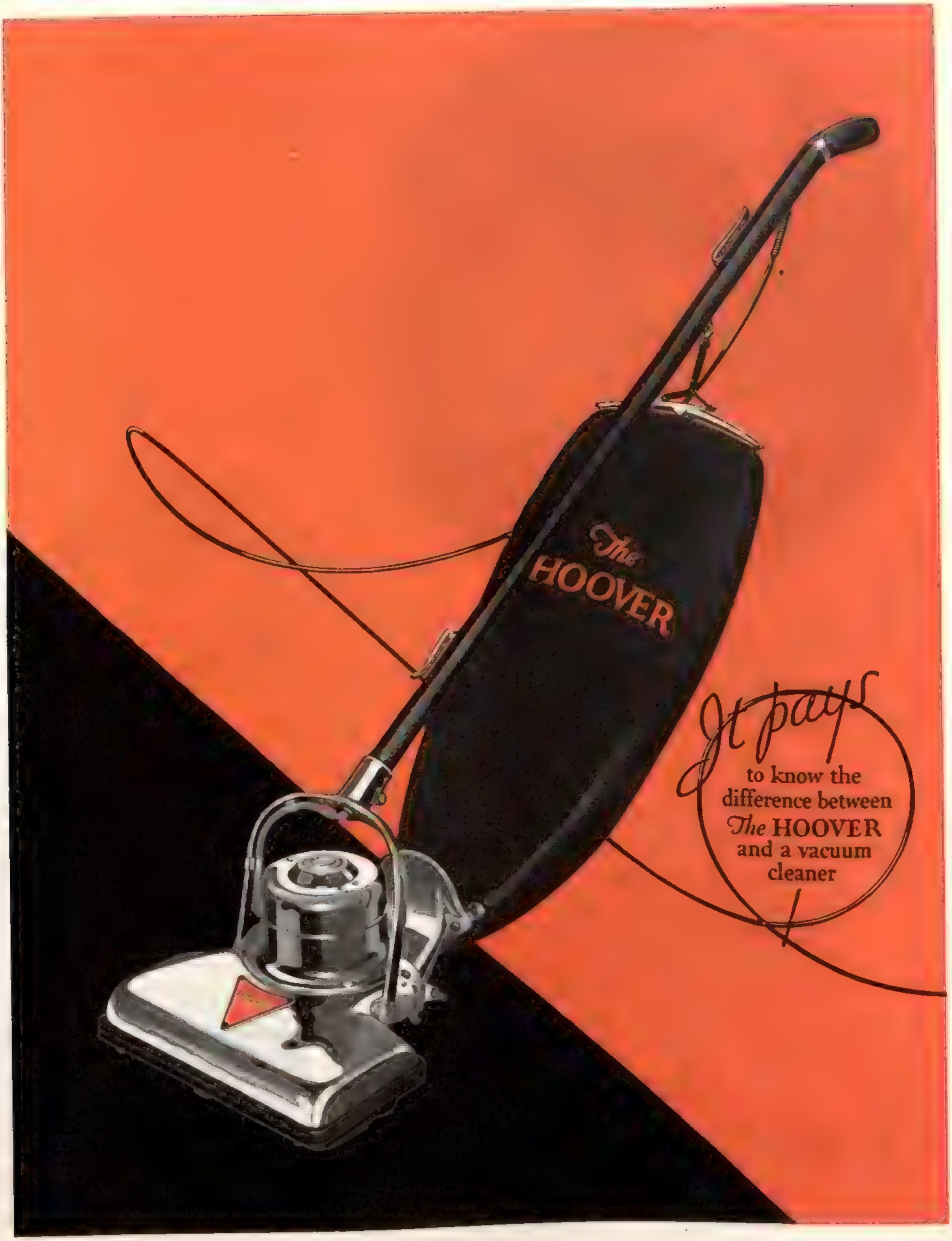
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842

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BEAUTY and ECONOMY Burned in Common BRICK

(Continued from Page 110)

"Dearest Archie, when Mr. Balm arrives I want you to go away, please," she said. "But you may kiss me before you go."

Archie seized her politely.

"Oh, Dimity!" he said, and kissed her with entire respect.

Dimity accepted the kiss and seemed to reflect upon it.

"H'm," she said. "I should think almost anyone would say you are too sweet for anything, Archie darling."

Her trim little shoe was tapping the pavement round the fishpond.

"Are you cross with me, Dimity—for anything?" inquired Archie nervously.

"Oh, no, dear Archie, not cross. . . . Only—I expect it is awfully romantic and silly of me—but I never can understand why I don't seem worth more than just a cotton-wool sort of feathery kiss like that. Couldn't you catch hold of me fiercely and say 'Take that, will you?' and kiss me ferociously and then—then throw me into the pond with the goldfish or something, sometimes?"

Archie started, stared and—surprised her. He was a handsome young fellow, but he had more in him than his rather effeminate features suggested.

"Eh?" said Archie, grabbed her violently and kissed her as she had never been kissed in her life—incandescent ones.

"Get rid of those if you can, Dimity Gay!" he said, and threw her rather carelessly aside.

A little breathless, certainly flushed, and utterly lovely, Dimity leaned against the stone rim of the basin.

"How dare you, Archie!" she said, then caught the impending arrival of Julius Balm from the corner of her dilated eyes, and smiled gloriously.

"I forgive you, Archie darling, only go away now, please—and come back presently."

Archie, a little surprised at his own courage, went away obediently enough, and Mr. Balm eclipsed him as he went.

"I trust, Miss Dimity, that I do not intrude," he said richly.

"Intrude, please?" Dimity did not understand, and Julius deflated a little.

"Oh, I just wondered—my stupidity entirely, Miss Dimity," explained Julius airily. "But I have come in search of you—just to say that if you cared to run down to the town to see if the necklaces have arrived, I have my little bus available."

Dimity smiled.

"Oh, that would be lovely, dear Mr. Balm. I would like to drive down to the town and see, please."

"Capital," said Julius.

Within the next twenty minutes she had bought three necklaces at seventeen hundred and fifty pounds the three, and a bit of a ruby and diamond ring at seventy-five pounds that took her fancy.

"Do you mind if I have that—for mummy, Mr. Balm?"

Julius made his face look like a smiling one.

"No—oh, no—not at all, Miss Dimity."

"That is just like you, Mr. Balm—you are so patient with me. Mummy loves rubies."

"It is a nice stone—the ruby," agreed Julius, and, with a spurt of spirit, added, as nearly sarcastically as he dared, "And now, if there doesn't seem to be anything else you care to have, Miss Dimity, I will pay the bill for what you've had already—ha-ha!"

He added the "ha-ha" to make it look like humor—but he was late.

There were at least twelve million girls in England who did not think so quickly as he did, but there were twenty or thirty who, on account of the brains they had been born with, thought very much more swiftly. Dimity Gay was one of them.

"Well, as you suggest it, dear Mr. Balm, I should think that Maulfry oughtn't to feel not thought of, and so I think I would like to buy her a nice armlet with some diamonds in it—that one would do!"

At fifty guineas it "did." No more sarcasms for Julius!

He saw the gauds packed and paid the bill—eighteen hundred and seventy-five pounds odd. Then, almost reverently, he ushered the child into his car.

"And now, please, dear Mr. Balm, you must be my guest," she cooed. "We will go and have some ices at that funny little shop in the High Street. You will, won't you?"

Julius politely suffered a shillingsworth of ice cream to be introduced to his system, and then headed for Fairmeasure Manor, murmuring quite inaudibly something about "you spend two thousand pounds on 'em and they proceed to spend one shilling on you—and they're willing to call it square! . . . Yes, I guess a man needs to be a business expert these days!"

But that was silent conversation.

Halfway home he notified the happy child that the hour for the delivery of the goods had arrived.

He desired her to state how she proposed to expose Alabone to his employer and to show up the major to his queen, Aunt Eleanor.

Dimity was ready.

"Why, of course, dear Mr. Balm. You see as regards Mr. Alabone, he has been betting for years and he has lost a great deal of money. Far, far more than he has earned from managing Auntie Eleanor's works. So he has had to—manipulate—I think manipulate is what they say—manipulate money that belongs to auntie and pay it to the bookmaker people."

"What bookmakers?" demanded Julius.

"Well, one of them is James Devenish—who thinks he is engaged to my sister, Bethoe. James is a darling and a big commission agent. He went to see Mr. Alabone yesterday and Mr. Alabone confessed to him that he had embezzled from auntie's money to pay some of his bets. But he couldn't embezzle enough, so he was blackmailed by his cousin, Silky Sands, who calls himself Major Denzil D'Estrange, with whom he had betted in partnership for years, to introduce the major to auntie and to help the major in every way to become the fiancé to auntie."

It was as limpid and sweet as a mountain rivulet. But it was far more damning.

Julius considered it carefully.

"Ye-es," he said at last. "With Mr. Devenish to prove it, that blots out Alabone—deservedly. But the major—suppose your auntie says 'With all his faults, I love him still,' Miss Dimity? As she very probably will—for Mrs. Savernake is a lady of character and courage. What about that?"

Dimity laughed.

"Well, then, if you just tell me, I should think I can arrange for auntie to have proof that the major isn't very honorable or true," she said. "And I expect I could arrange it at once—this evening."

"Ah, if you could, Miss Dimity!" yearned Julius.

A tiny hand closed warmly and reassuringly on his.

"Why, of course, I will. Anybody could, I should think," said Dimity.

Well satisfied, Julius nodded.

"Not everybody, Miss Dimity—but you can, I am sure."

"Why, yes. Would you like me to, tonight?"

"I should love it," declared Julius.

Dimity nodded.

"Very well. At nine o'clock tonight I will prove to auntie that the major is worthless. . . . Although it seems an awful lot of fuss, doesn't it, don't you think, Mr. Balm?"

But gentle Julius shook his head at that.

"Hardly that, Miss Dimity, hardly that, when we bear in mind that it's all for the sake of your auntie's happiness. You know, to my mind it is really very pleasant to think of us—um—rallying round so—you and your beautiful mamma, your charming sisters, your brilliant daddy, your wise and experienced grandpa, and—yes—and myself, all fighting shoulder to shoulder for one thing—your auntie's welfare!"

Dimity nodded.

"Yes, I see now, you put it so plainly," she prattled happily. "And how nice it is to think that we shall succeed and that it won't cost auntie any money, and that all of us will be so lucky that we shall all have a nice present or something for ourselves out of it all. I think it is wonderful, don't you? And if daddy knew everything I am sure he would send out for an author and give him orders to write a book about it, if he could."

Julius was unenthusiastic about the author.

"It is not given to many of that crew to write sensibly about the business expert and his methods—or so I have found it. When they do not lie about us they endeavor to be humorous about us. They do not amuse me. And in any case these authors are not what they were."

"No, they never have been, poor darlings," said Dimity, laughing gayly. "That's a joke of daddy's—at least, it used to be until mummy said one day that it applied to publishers as well. Daddy asked mummy what she meant by that and there was quite a little argument until daddy rather spoiled it by getting cross. But I don't mind saying that I have a great admiration for business experts."

Julius was delighted.

"Well, that's natural enough, Miss Dimity, for, although you won't believe me, you are one. What, what? Yes, decidedly."

Dimity pressed his big arm.

"I like you when you are light-hearted, Mr. Balm," she confided, as the car ran in between the pillars of the entrance gate of Fairmeasure Manor.

XII

MAMMA was having a little chat with the three eldest bridesmaids-to-be in the morning room that afternoon when Dimity, having left Archie to chat with the major and Aunt Eleanor and Julius Balm, came in with several neat little parcels in her hands. She shut and locked the door, and went across to the French window through which she studied for a moment the distant figures of her papa and grandpa, who were sitting with cigars in the summer-house across the lawn, talking earnestly—doubtless about the policy of the new company which would be formed before they left Fairmeasure Manor.

"They will be there for hours yet, I should think," she murmured. But she slipped the bolt of the window before she turned to face them all. They all stared rather. But she was not difficult to stare at, for this afternoon she was so lovely that graven images would have craned at her.

Dimity was excited. She had reason to be. That day she had not merely discovered that Archie could kiss as well as any mysterious major from nowhere; she had enabled herself to indulge in her passion for giving presents to those she loved including herself

Her big blue eyes were wide and shining, her exquisite face was rose pink, and her hair gleamed like golden foam.

"Oh, mummy, do look. I've got something for everybody!" she said and unwrapped her parcels. They watched her, fascinated. But while the eyes of her sisters were on the parcels, mummy's were anxiously on the perfect face of her youngest daughter—youngest, loveliest and by far the most difficult to understand. There was a singular pride in mummy's still beautiful eyes, but there was also a touch of pain. Nobody knew better than mummy that Dimity was almost too exquisite to be real, but also nobody feared more than mummy that the child was too bold, too reckless, too careless to have any chance of avoiding disaster some day.

But Dimity took a little ring case, flicked open its lid and moved it in the sun so that the cold glitter of diamonds spurted across the warm gleam of rubies.

"That is for you, mummy darling. You see I remembered you always like rubies so!" cried Dimity and took it to her, pressed

(Continued on Page 117)

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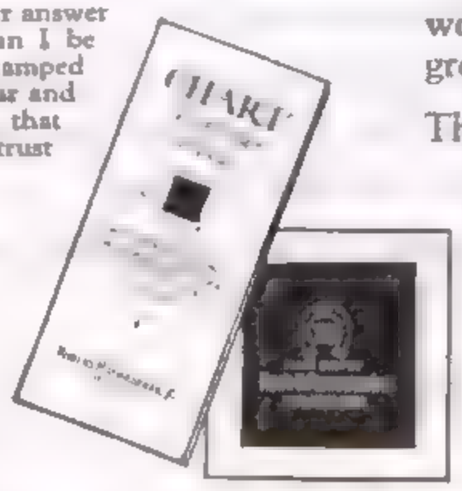

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(Continued from Page 114)

a butterfly kiss on the astounded lady's paling cheek, and turned to the other cases, leaving mamma a little dazed.

The child's slim fingers danced about the cases, and the silky sheen of pearls was made plentifully manifest.

"Only some silly little necklaces," crooned Dimity. "One for Frida!" She passed it.

"One for Beth!"

Bethoe took hers rather silently.

"One for me!"

Dimity brushed it aside without much ceremony.

"And a diamond armlet for you, Maulfry darling—because Clarence is going to buy you a necklace!"

She stepped back with a gay, breathless little laugh to watch them.

Mamma pulled herself together.

"But—are these jewels real, Dimity?"

"Why, of course, mummy!"

"Where did you get them?"

"In the town, of course, darling mummy."

"But—how—— Oh, Dimity, you are too bad this is not naughtiness, it's worse. How on earth, child, did you persuade a jeweler to trust you with them on approval? Did you use your Aunt Eleanor's name? They must go back to the jeweler instantly. They must be very valuable if they are real. What your father would say ——"

"Oh, but he needn't be told, mummy, at least not yet, please, need he? . . . And the jeweler would not take them back because I have really and truly bought them. These are not a bit on approval."

"But, child, how in heaven's name can you ever think you will pay for them!" half wailed mamma.

"Oh, that! They're paid for," said Dimity carelessly.

"Paid for!" Mrs. Gay went quite white. "Who paid for them?"

"Oh, just a man," laughed Dimity.

"A man! What man? Tell me instantly, Dimity! How much did he pay for them?"

"Oh, about one thousand eight hundred pounds—something like that. I didn't pay much attention to that part of it."

Mamma's eyes darkened.

Struck by something new and strange in her face, Dimity flew to her.

"Dearest, don't worry a bit. It is quite all right, truly—I was just teasing—I couldn't help it. Mr. Balm actually was the one who paid for them, but, of course, it was really grandpa and daddy who gave him the money to pay with."

Mrs. Gay leaned back—faintly.

"Never! Your daddy! Grandpa! Buy nearly two thousand pounds' worth of jewelry for us. That's quite impossible, child!"

"Oh, they didn't know. You see, they paid Mr. Balm a lot of money to do something he couldn't do unless I helped him. And I wouldn't agree to help him earn that money unless he bought me something. He was quite glad to buy the things—he was really grateful to me for letting him. . . . It was nothing, really and truly—only just a silly little idea like I had when I managed to get old Mr. Rackstraw to agree that I should have anything I wanted out of any department of his stores for nothing—or like the time I got grandpa to buy the horses for us and the little motor for you. . . . You will see, all of you, truly. It was quite, quite all right. Men are all so funny and silly with their old money that sometimes I don't think they ought to be trusted with it. I will tell you all about it tonight!"

Mrs. Gay understood Dimity well enough to recognize when she was telling the truth. She brightened up marvelously, and began to smile upon the ring.

"But they will be furious when they know."

"They won't, mummy, truly," Dimity assured her. "They will call me their 'good girl' or their 'little maid' or something."

Mrs. Gay slipped on the ring and admired it.

"I am sure I don't know what will become of you, Dimity—but at least you are a dear unselfish little soul."

"Oh, it's only just a few old jewels—only I thought you all would like them! I do love you all so much when you like my presents!" she cried happily, and submitted to the truly colossal fussing that ensued.

XIII

JULIUS BALM returned to dine that evening, as did Major D'Estrange. The major was the more beautiful, Julius the more impressive. Both were extremely well-tailored and perfectly groomed.

It was an ordinary evening. Gainsborough Gay and Grandpa Hackett did not join the ladies in the drawing-room with the others. They remained, Gainsborough with a glass of good wine, grandpa with a pint bottle of Sfitz, in the dining room, to chat—probably to fence with each other about the chairmanship of the pending new company.

That left three men to entertain six ladies. They did their best, but it meant that Aunt Eleanor could by no means monopolize her fiancé.

It was nearly nine when Dimity shyly whispered to Aunt Eleanor that she wanted to talk to her privately for a moment. Aunt Eleanor went out with the little one.

The major, who chanced to be standing by the open door leading to the big conservatory, talking to Torfrida, saw them go and his eyes gleamed slightly.

He spoke softly and a minute or two later they moved into the conservatory, vanishing behind a bank of ferny plants. Torfrida, tall, regal, splendid, was a little flushed but the major was quite white.

In the quiet green grotto among the flowers and ferns the major faced Torfrida and dropped his hands on her shoulders.

"What luck!" he said. "I never dared believe you'd trust yourself in here with me again, Torfrida. What does that mean? . . . You wonderful, stately, beautiful thing! Torfrida, you've haunted every hour for me since last time! Girl, you look like a queen—but you're going to be the ruin of me! What did that silly old aunt of yours expect to get by throwing you in my way? A bridesmaid! It's a bride you'll be, Torfrida, if you've got an ounce of pluck. And mine! Torfrida, you're going to bolt with me! I'll manage. Don't say a word. Your coming in here with me again says everything—everything. So kiss me and we'll let them all go—money and all—money and all. I'll manage. Torfrida!"

He drew her close. But Torfrida tore away from him as Aunt Eleanor and Dimity came round from behind a bank of greenery.

Aunt Eleanor faced the major, and many years older than Torfrida though she was, yet there was something about her that told them all that in her distant youth she must have been very like Torfrida. There was a second or so of silence, broken by the faint sigh of Torfrida's silk as she passed out of the conservatory. A black-and-white figure loomed in the doorway that had released Torfrida—the portly figure of the urbane Mr. Balm.

Aunt Eleanor glanced at him swiftly, then back to the major.

And her eyes were soft, as she stepped close to the impostor—slipping off the ring she had been wearing.

"Poor Silky. I know all about you—now. But I forgive you. Here—take your ring, and leave the house," she said. They heard that, but as she stepped closer still, and spoke again, her voice was so low that only Silky Sands heard it.

"I am quite sure that you were a gentleman once—before you became what you are. And I can see that a rich, middle-aged woman must have been a great temptation, Silky. I am glad you aren't a gentleman any longer—for you will be able to permit yourself to accept the gift of money I will send tomorrow to the man I thought you were."

She hesitated a second, then offered him her hand.

"I oughtn't to—but somehow I wish you well—good hunting, don't they say? Good hunting then, Silky—and good-by."

She stepped past him quietly.

She did not seem to realize that she was stepping into Julius Balm's arms—until she found herself there.

"All right, all right," said the gentle Julius in an odd, unaccustomed voice. "It is quite all right, Eleanor! Of course, it was meant to be this way!"

Dimity's eyes were round and like great stars as she looked at the middle-aged but still extremely presentable pair.

Then she touched Silky Sands.

"You are awfully handsome," she said sympathetically. "But I don't think there was ever a chance for you after Mr. Balm met Aunt Eleanor!"

Silky had recovered himself—he was a good loser. Probably he had had a good deal of practice.

"All right, little one," he said quietly. "That goes both ways—there never was a chance for Aunt Eleanor after I saw Torfrida. . . . I'm going now."

He hesitated.

"D'you think Torfrida would come to say good-by?"

Dimity shook her head.

"No. I am so sorry, dear Silky, but she is afraid of you. She—she doesn't like you."

Silky shrugged.

"Well, you can't blame her for that, Dimity, can you?"

"No. I shouldn't think so," said Dimity gravely, and watched him go—a crook from his hair to his heels, but not without a species of style.

Dimity went to Aunt Eleanor and the gentleman who would soon be Uncle Julius.

"Truly, I am just as glad as ever I can be," she cried, and hugged Aunt Eleanor with all her strength.

Julius Balm smiled.

"It was Dimity who did it all. She knew somehow," he said frankly. "And she planned everything."

Aunt Eleanor was beaming.

"I know—she told me—made me listen and hurry to the conservatory!"

She looked years younger and a child could have seen that she was already far more at home with Julius than she had ever been with the major.

"She saved you from a disastrous mistake, Eleanor," said Julius generously.

"How did you come to guess that the major—that man—was such an adventurer, chick?"

Dimity pondered.

"Well, you see, auntie, in lots of ways—before James Devenish told me. I think that what made me begin to wonder about him at first was when you told me he was only going to give the bridesmaids a silly little pearl brooch each. For, you see, I should think that almost any man who was lucky enough to win you for his bride would be only too glad to show his appreciation by celebrating it with the bridesmaids in a very, very notable way. Much more notable than by just a brooch! Shouldn't you both?"

Julius looked rather fixedly at her for half a second, then smiled.

"I do, indeed, Miss Dimity—as I shall hope to show you!"

"Oh, I don't mean you, of course, Mr. Balm!" cried Dimity anxiously.

"No, no—I know that, of course. And I agree entirely—oh, entirely!"

Aunt Eleanor, in a mood for anything, nodded.

"After all, straws do show which way the winds blow—and I think the chick is right!"

She thought for a moment. Nobody knows what vista of tragic years endured in the rôle of a rich woman married for her money she conjured up then—a servitude of sorrow from which Dimity had saved her. But she raised her hands to her neck and slipped off the celebrated necklace.

"You have always liked this thing, chick," she said, and clasped it round Dimity's slender neck. "There! It's yours. And it's nothing—nothing—nothing compared with what you have done for me!" She turned to Julius Balm for corroboration. "Is it?" she asked.

"No—nothing at all!" he agreed. "She deserves it."

He smiled at Dimity, who was looking at him oddly.

"Very well then, auntie—if you don't mind my lending it to mummy until she says I am to have it regularly?"

Aunt Eleanor kissed her.

"It's yours, chick. Do what you like with it—do whatever makes you happiest. All I care about is your having it. I—you see, chick, you have given me so much in your funny little way that I feel I should be unlucky if I didn't make haste to pay some of it back."

"Oh, well," said Dimity, and went off to mummy, who was chatting with Archie.

"Something for you, mummy," she said, dropping the necklace in her mother's lap. "Auntie gave it to me—she insisted, but, you see, I have one already, and I can't wear two at once, can I?"

Mummy looked faint. That was the trouble with mummy—she was so ill-acquainted with luck that it frightened her when it came her way.

"If you like I will put it in your drawer upstairs, mummy," said Dimity, and turned to Archie. "I shan't be long, Archie dear. I will meet you in the conservatory in a few minutes if Mr. Balm and auntie have finished with it." She laughed and fled upstairs, followed by Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe, all ill with curiosity.

Archie sidled with poorly concealed impatience toward the conservatory, just as Julius and Aunt Eleanor came out.

Mamma took one glance only and rose.

"Why, Eleanor, my dear, what is it?" she asked eagerly.

"I have had the most wonderful escape from—tragedy—from being married by an unscrupulous man for my money," gasped Aunt Eleanor. "All through dear little Dimity, Elaine!"

Mamma looked straitly at Julius, who bowed.

"Congratulate me, please," he said urbanely. "Eleanor has chosen a man not only slightly older than she, but one who can quite easily prove that he has no urgent need of her money!"

Elaine put out a hand to each of them.

"Congratulate you? Why, with all my heart. . . . You ought to have met ten years ago!"

She took possession of Aunt Eleanor, and Julius headed, a little majestically, for the dining room.

Gainsborough and grandpa looked up with eyes of welcome as he entered, mixed himself a whisky and soda at the sideboard and took a seat—as luck decreed, or seemed to—at the head of the dining table.

"Well, gentlemen, I am here to fulfill my guaranties."

"Hah!" went grandpa.

Gainsborough Gay nodded, smiling.

"Tomorrow, Mr. P. J. Alabone, who has been found to be quite hopelessly dishonest, will be paid off from his position as general manager of The Savernake Tankard Company," stated Julius. "Thanks largely to Dimity!"

"That's fine!" went grandpa.

"Very sound!" agreed Gainsborough.

"Further—Major D'Estrange has left the house at the request of Mrs. Savernake, never to return," continued Julius. "Again largely thanks to Dimity."

"That's my good girl," said Gainsborough Gay.

"And, finally, you may take it, gentlemen, that very shortly Mrs. Savernake will agree that her at present inefficiently and inexpertly run business will be transformed into a limited liability company, with yourselves, gentlemen, figuring, I trust, as large shareholders and members of a strong board of directors!"

"That is splendid, Balm—wonderful work," said grandpa. "What about the chairmanship and the controlling interest? You have arranged that these should be mine—huh?—by virtue of my age, experience, resources ——" He concluded, rather mumblingly.

(Continued on Page 121)

THE COACH

WOMEN were annoyed, prior to the 15th century, by jolting over bad roads in private cars which had no springs. Then came the coach—a closed car with a suspended body which made traveling more pleasant.

At first it was considered effeminate for a man to ride in a coach. In fact, Rene de Laval, a fat nobleman who lived in Paris in 1550, said his only excuse for possessing one was his inability to be set upon a horse.

Hungarian artificers, however, produced a 4-wheel coach which had grace of line, a roofed body, broad seats, and a side entrance. It was swung on straps. One writer describes it thus: "The cushions of gold-embroidered stuff were perfumed with amber and musk, that infused the soul of all who entered the coach with life, joy, and supreme pleasure."

• • •

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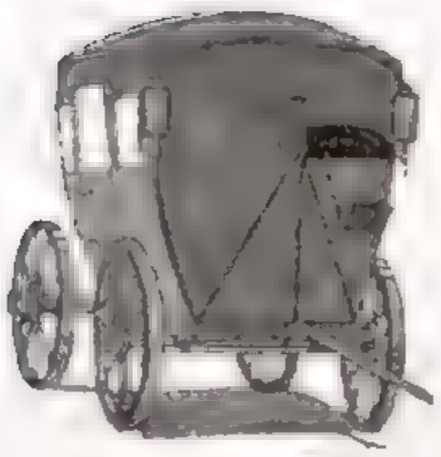

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THE STAR shines in hilly or mountainous country through its ability to climb hills in high gear that most cars crawl up in second. ¶ The Star shines in flat country, because that same amplitude of power enables it to pull through mud and sand that stall most cars. ¶ Either Four or Six is a "get-there" car. Let any Star dealer prove it.

MORE POWER AND SUPERIOR QUALITY

Bodies by Hayes-Hunt

New Star Six *Prices, f. o. b. Lansing* **Improved Star Four**

Touring $695 Coupster $745 — Roadster $525 Touring $525
Coupe $820 Coach $880 — Coupster $610 Coach $695
Landau Sedan $975 — Sedan $795

Durant Motors, Inc., 250 W. 57th St.—Gen. Sales Dept., 1819 B'way, N.Y.

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

POWEL CROSLEY JR. . . . Radio Manufacturer

Day in, day out, the laboratories of The Crosley Radio Corporation are busy Night after night, the lights are burning as engineers and scientists of the Crosley research staff seek out the solutions of problems Powel Crosley, Jr., has set New and better ways to make this part or that, revolutionary principles related to receiving and broadcasting, and entirely new fields for the employment of radio energy

Always the eye of Mr Crosley is on the work Able as are his helpers in their respective fields, he alone directs their toil toward this goal or that. In his imagination originate the main objectives

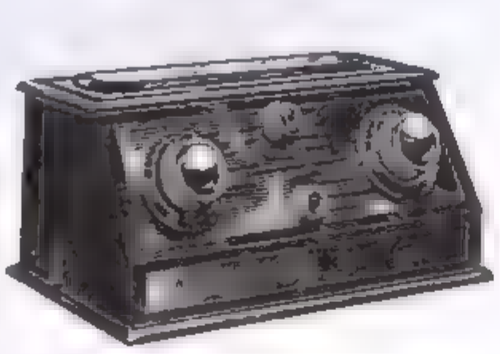
Out of this system of ceaseless search have come all those great improvements that Powel Crosley, Jr., has made in radio Free of all restrictions of precedent and recognizing no bounds to possibility Crosley research and engineering have already in several instances achieved the so-called impossible In fact practically every Crosley improvement has been a radically new departure rather than a mere refinement of existing methods

The Crosley Musicone is an outstanding example. In its first year it outsold all other makes, and today is replacing other types of loud speakers as fast as the world's largest radio plant can manufacture. True cascade amplification and the "*Crescendon*" are also examples of Crosley research results. And in this same department have originated the innumerable machines and devices now employed in the Crosley shops to simplify operations, speed production and reduce costs

Out of Powel Crosley's devotion to research great things indeed have come but greater things than these may be expected

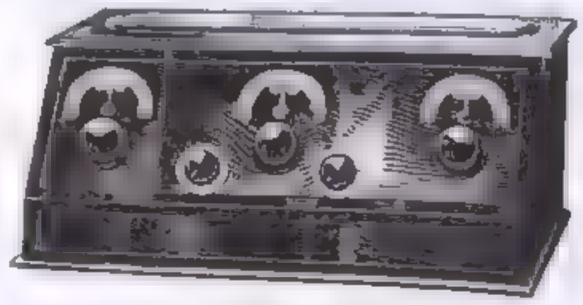
Better radio receiving in the common sense is not the only object of his search. It is Powel Crosley Junior's conviction that radio energy can perform new feats for the public's entertainment and benefit perhaps radio motion pictures in the home. . . . a thousand and one dreams are in this restless brain, and Crosley dreams so regularly come true And even the potentialities of radio activity cannot hold his whole concern. Inasmuch as the great public service of Powel Crosley, Jr., has been in putting worth while radio reception within the common reach, he can clearly see that many other products which impose price burdens on the average man likewise cry for cost reduction by mass production

You may look to him to attack such problems as these. You may gauge your expectations of his success by the unusual facilities at his command and the repeated successes he has already won



The Crosley 4-tube—4-29
in which the Crescendon is equal to one or more additional tubes of tuned radio frequency amplification **$29**

The Crescendon
—an amazing new volume control exclusive to Crosley sets. Hear it!



The Crosley 5-tube—5-38
All the volume, selectivity, and purity of tone available in the best 5-tube set—plus the Crescendon . . **$38**

Widespread Popularity Marks Another Great Success

Spectacular as has been each stride in radio achieved by Powel Crosley, Jr., never before has a Crosley success received such prompt and widespread recognition. Here in the radio plant which has made more radios than any other factory in all the world, every man and machine is going at top speed, every hour is a crowded hour every night a working day as the result of orders for the four new Crosley sets.

Even the sweeping success of the Crosley Musicone did not match this merciless demand upon an organization tuned to mass production. With the first demonstrations by Crosley dealers, public approval was expressed in orders that have increased in volume day by day and show no inclination to relax.

This popularity is distributed quite evenly between the four new 4- and 5-tube sets. Thousands who had formerly believed that worth while reception was exclusive to high priced sets, have found in Crosley 4-29 and 5-38 all that they could ask of radio. The accurate selectivity and pure tone of these instruments would be enough. That magnificent volume achieved through the *Crescendon* is the final touch.

And in Crosley "RFL" types there is a revelation for all For here true cascade amplification makes its first appearance. Here what was considered *impossible* in expert opinion has been achieved by amplification closely approaching theoretical maximum efficiency per tube!

Your nearby Crosley dealer is now demonstrating these truly remarkable sets By all means hear them. What a joy to find . . . and in a low priced set . . rare beauty, rich tone, volume subject only to your desire, and no howling at any pitch by any mishandling under any conditions.

Each instrument delights the ear, fires the enthusiasm of the lay technician, converts the staunchest skeptic to love of radio.

See the new Crosley receiving sets at your dealer's or write Dept. 31 for descriptive catalog

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
Owning and Operating WLW, first remote control super-power broadcasting station in America

The Crosley 5-tube—RFL-60
A set of marvelous performance and beautified by the artistic decorative panel **$60**

The Crosley 5-tube—RFL-75
Simplicity and speed in tuning, nicety of tone and decorative beauty, enhanced by the art panel **$75**

Add 10% to all prices west of the Rockies

CROSLEY·RADIO

BETTER—COSTS LESS . . FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT CORNER

(Continued from Page 117)

Julius took a long drink.

"Well, to be frank—no. The chairman—and, representing Mrs. Savernake, the largest shareholder by far—will be, fittingly enough, a business specialist myself!"

"You! Why?"

"Yes, why?"

"Mrs. Savernake has consented to become my wife," said Julius, "and I shall naturally look after her interests first."

"You? You!"

Julius bowed, smiling.

"That need not distress you, gentlemen. I am a business expert. And, speaking as one of those—a real one—I may say that there are no two business men in this country that I would sooner see on my board than yourselves. We shall do great things, gentlemen! The expansion which will result from a proper control of the business will make Mrs. Balm a very rich lady, and will be a source of astounding but well-deserved profit to ourselves. Is that satisfactory to you, gentlemen? Or do you prefer that I return your fees and so set you free from participation entirely?"

"Certainly not!"

It was simultaneous.

"Excellent, excellent. Nobody in this house will regret the events of today."

"No. I should think not," said grandpa rather sulkily but resignedly.

"We shall shake hands on that," stated Julius.

And it was while they were doing so that a lovely little head peeped in round the door.

"Oh, please, everybody is waiting for you all in the drawing-room," cooed Dimity, and was disappearing when the voice of authority stayed her.

"Come here, Dimity!" said papa. His arm was crooked rather invitingly over his chair.

Dimity fitted herself inside the crook.

"Yes, daddy?"

"I gather that in some extraordinary way you have been making yourself useful at Fairmeasure Manor. Everybody, it seems, is pleased with you, my dear."

"Oh, daddy!" She buried her face in his warm neck.

"Ah! That's daddy's good girl!"

Julius and grandpa were nodding, grinning solemnly, though neither knew it.

Grandpa took a really terrific draught of Sfitz. He had not got all he wanted, but he was old enough to know that he never would get that anyway. He was, broadly speaking, well satisfied with the day's work. And there was another day tomorrow.

"Let me see, now," said grandpa importantly. They listened—even Julius—for, after all, it was the head of the family speaking.

"Let me look, now. Send that gran'-daughter of mine over here, Gainsborough."

She came, eyes shining, laughing—loving them all.

"Yes, grandpa?"

"You have been a good little maid—hey? Kept your eyes open and all that," said grandpa. "Now, Dimity, there's one or two little things of your grandma's—very like you she was once—a brooch that was guaranteed to be the very duplicate of one worn by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. I've always kept it. You shall have that, a Cairngorm brooch—a very pretty jewel. That's for being a good little maid!"

"Oh, grandpa!"

"Eh? Yes, that's very well."

Then Julius arose.

"We should perhaps join the ladies, don't you think?" he suggested.

The ladies were joined.

Late that night, later even than mummy, Aunt Eleanor went into the little white bedroom to say good night to Dimity.

The child was not asleep, but she was sleepy.

"Why, auntie ——"

"It's all right, chick, all right I've just come to tell you that Julius has told me everything about how cleverly you discovered things and helped him—and to say how happy I am—thanks to you."

Auntie was bending over her.

"And to kiss you, chick—to kiss you and to say that you shall have everything you ever want if you will just ask Aunt Eleanor."

"Oh, auntie, you are so kind—so kind and sweet. And I do hope so much that you will be so happy, and I am sure you will. And if ever you wish for the pearls back again I would love to give them back to you."

"Ah, never, never, little one."

Two white, slender arms went out to encircle Aunt Eleanor's neck, two wide blue eyes looked sleepily up.

"Darling auntie!"

"Dear little chick—good night, good night!"

Salaam, Dimity.

(THE END)

NAME YOUR POISON, GENTS

(Continued from Page 23)

"Fusel oil is found in large quantities in moonshine liquor," says the head chemist of the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue. "It produces depression of respiration or tetanic convulsions, and acts on the central nervous system, resulting in death if taken frequently. Aldehydes and furfural are also found, and when ingested produce a condition known as aldehydesismus, with a thickening of the adventitia of the blood vessels and an increase of connective tissue between the lobes of the liver. These toxins . . . may not directly cause death . . . but they are cumulative and remain permanently in the system."

When Cooking Is Unlawful

Even after making due allowance for the proverbial pessimism of science, it would not seem that the moonshine of today is just the thing to serve at a debutante party.

Fortunately, however, the amount of moonshine spirit that finds its way into the market is relatively small. It is cheaper, to be sure, to make whisky from the original mash; but it is a much more difficult and complicated process, and the time required is very much greater. It takes many days to ferment a mash to the distilling point, whereas with denatured alcohol all you have to do is dump your barrels into the still, fire up, and in ten minutes your redistillate is trickling out of the condensing worm and into your five-gallon cans, ready for delivery. Hence it is that moonshining is still largely confined to the country and mountain strongholds where it has always been in evidence. True moonshining is a minor factor compared to the wholesale manufacture of synthetic liquors from denatured alcohol. The heart of that system is the cooking plant.

The trucks that carry the denatured alcohol to the cooking plant are generally guarded by only two men. In the early days of hijacking, the bootleggers used to plaster men all over the trucks. But that advertised the mission and invited attack and shakedowns. So they pulled their guerrillas off, put them in a covering car and had them trail the alcohol truck within striking distance. That is still the accepted practice in any long haul outside of the city. The advantage of the method is that the guerrillas can close in and fight it out if the truck is stuck up by hijackers. The disadvantage is that the shakedown specialists, including those peccant opportunists among the Federal and state police who are not above a little friendly blackmail, have developed an uncanny prescience in spotting these guerrilla-filled covering cars. Reputable bootleggers say that one of the worst thorns in their side is the motor cop with an overdeveloped bump of observation and an underdeveloped civic sense.

The unguarded truck, on the other hand, if it has properly forged riding papers, may, and usually does, get by any number of watchful people that want it—lawfully or unlawfully. If it's spotted, it's easy meat; but it's not often spotted. So it is that, except for long country hauls and night convoys from the shore, the covering-car method is avoided as much as possible.

The best cover, of course, is busy streets and much traffic. Couple this with a pair of cool-headed, keen-minded and roughly dressed crooks riding the truck, and the load is fairly safe—unless the crooks themselves steal it. They used to use roughly dressed boneheads to drive, but the boneheads lost so many cargoes that they gave them up. Now one experienced mobsman drives and the other does the watching and is ready with his roll of bills to act as money man if they run into a shake.

Now all these things are characteristic, but not common. For every truck that falls afoul of the law or of hijackers, or that pays tribute as it passes, there are many trucks that safely reach their unlawful destination in some garage or cellar cooking plant.

The cooking plant is located anywhere and everywhere—in the hills and woods, in barns or shacks or outhouses, in garages, in cellars, in warehouses, in apartments and flats and tenements. Given a gas flame and running water and you can clean denatured alcohol in almost any kitchen. But for really big-scale production the city garage is far and away the best location. In a public garage trucks and cars may come and go at all hours of day and night. Taken the country over, there are countless thousands of fly-by-night garages—as shifty and unget-at-able as fleas on a bird dog—and every last garage a splendid potential cleaning plant.

In But Not Out Again

Very often, moreover, the garage is merely a cover for the main business of distilling. Last autumn a garage still was raided and more than $50,000 worth of alcohol was seized. A sizable enough haul in itself, but the curious angle to the case was the fact that though Federal agents had watched the place for weeks, they had never seen any alcohol leave the premises. Nary a drop went out, though truckload after suspicious truckload went in. The garage itself was a well-lighted, single-storied building, consisting of one large cement-floored, brick-walled room without cellar or doors. Everything was open to view; you couldn't have hidden a pint of third rail in the whole place.

Yet there was a still working somewhere; when the breeze was right you could smell it beyond peradventure. Finally a sensitive-nosed sleuth, working upwind, so to speak, from the roofs of the adjoining tenements, located the center of the smelly disturbance. For directly in rear of the main garage was a windowless brick building with a thin tar-paper roof. They broke down through and found a beautifully equipped two-room cooking plant, with two huge latest-model 100-gallon stills going full blast. There were some forty barrels of denatured, which had not yet been cleaned, and several hundred cans of distillate, all nicely wrapped and ready for delivery.

But how did the barrels get in? By a brick door, if you please—brick set into a beautifully balanced steel frame so that it swung into place and formed an indistinguishable part of the back wall of the main garage. And at the far end of the still room another brick door gave direct exit to a second garage on another street. All barrels of denatured went in a garage on one street and all cans of pure grain

Better Cooking

IT takes but a glance to see the matchless beauty of Alcazar Ranges. But it takes years of constant service to realize their real virtues.

Better cooking is assured with any range bearing this name—whether you choose the celebrated Duplex 3-fuel type, or one for gas only, or the kind that uses coal or wood and kerosene. There are many models to choose from—and every Alcazar embodies the latest features of construction in its type.

Do this—see your Alcazar dealer before you decide—or write direct to us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
436 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges
Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel

Makes a nickel act like a dime

(Mr. Peanut) "It's the very finest, creamiest milk chocolate."

(You) "Many candies have that."

(Mr. Peanut) "It has big, plump, crisp peanuts."

(You) "Those are in some candies also. Very good, too."

(Mr. Peanut) "There are wonderful imported filberts in it."

(You) "Nothing so new about that."

(Mr. Peanut) "And delicious caramel."

(You) "That's fine, but I've eaten caramels before."

(Mr. Peanut) "But" (and now he has got you), "all those things; creamy chocolate, imported filberts, fine caramel, *and Planters Peanuts* in ONE candy bar *and* made by Planters *and* sold for a *nickel*"

and You say:
"THAT'S DIFFERENT. WHERE CAN I GET 'EM?"

Sold Everywhere

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.,
SUFFOLK, VA., WILKES-BARRE, PA.,
SAN FRANCISCO, NEW YORK, CHICAGO
BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Planters

VINEYARD MAID

came out in small cars and still smaller lots on another street.

And that brings us to the question of delivery. Movement in bulk is obviously the most vulnerable point in the bootleg game. This applies equally to Rum Row liquor sold "on the sand" and loaded into trucks, and to urban and interurban transport of diverted alcohol. The bigger the load, the greater the danger of detection, and the greater the loss. The big men handle the big shipments and take the big risks and the big profits. The larger cooking plants still have to receive their raw material in truckload lots. But the moment they've cleaned the stuff they become retailers. They can reduce the risk at this point and still meet the demands of their bathtub-bottler market by putting out their recooked alcohol in five-gallon tins. The average city delivery of alcohol today is not more than ten gallons at a time—this, of course, to the bathtub bottler—and with no reference to the larger independents or to the aforesaid cooking plants that do their own mixing and bottling.

Bill's Haul in Alcohol

But at that, these tin-can deliveries are small in a relative sense only. Ask Mr. Goodfeller how many cocktails he can make out of a five-gallon can of alcohol. And then calculate how many five-gallon cans will go into a modestly closed flivver truck—not far short of 100, if they are closely packed!

Yes, it is the unobtrusive flivver that delivers most of the alcohol makings these days—one or two tins here and there to the bathtub mixers, or perhaps a whole load at a time to some more pretentious bottler. The small car—even with a closed delivery body—is an unidentifiable sort of thing. In the underworld they still recount the classic story of Bill Blank and his flivver truck.

Bill was neither a bootlegger nor a grafter nor a mobsman of any sort. He was a dealer in automobile tires—seconds, as a matter of fact—at which calling he had accumulated an adequate competence. For 361 days of the year Bill was an industrious business man, sober and honest; on the other four days Bill was drunk.

Now it came about that on the third day of his last annual leave Bill was driving his flivver delivery truck. Because in its innocent business life the truck carried valuable tires, it was of the closed-van type. Because he still dimly remembered his wife's skill in espionage, Bill decided to park his little van on a side street before entering a speak-easy around the corner. He went in drunk and came out an hour later still drunker—to see his own truck in front of the door and two men on the seat trying to make a get-away.

Bill struck, and struck prodigiously. Indeed, he struck so manfully that he completely knocked out one scoundrel, while the other villain took to his heels. Then Bill drove his van home, put it away in the garage, went to bed and forgot all messy mundane things. But early next morning a cop awakened him to say that his flivver delivery van had been found around the corner from the speak-easy—just where he left it, in fact.

Bill had a hang-over, but also he had an inspiration. He went with the officer, reclaimed his truly own truck and drove it gingerly homeward. Then he examined the other truck in his garage. It was a twin, if such may be said of any two identical things in a billion—a twin, except for the contents, which consisted of sixty-two cans marked with an oil brand. He opened the cans and found grain alcohol. Bill was an honest rubber man; but at this moment his wife came in. With that higher feminine morality which scoffs at man-made law, she then and there took charge of the situation.

And so it is that on the shores of lovely Lake H—— one may see any day a neat and sweet little camp—picturesque tribute to the profit that lies in rubber. Over the door hangs the name of the camp—Alkia.

We ought by now to have a fair picture of what most of our liquor is made from. We have seen that the source is largely denatured alcohol and the product more or less poisonous. These two ends of the business, the wholesale diversion and cleaning of alcohol and the retail disposition of the bottled goods, have been pretty well standardized.

We have not, however, more than touched on the mixing and bottling part of the trade. That is perhaps the least standardized, the least understood and the most ingeniously conducted operation in the whole nefarious business.

Many of the big illicit distillers operate their own mixing plants in connection with the cleaning process. There are hundreds of them in different parts of the country; how many hundred, nobody knows. But this much we do know: That some of them have a bottling capacity of 2000 quarts an hour, and are equipped with labeling machines, stamps, boxing works and everything complete.

But it is the bathtub bottler of the big cities who is the elusive factor. He buys his alki in overnight quantities, his bottles by the dozen or so, and as for his labels—he carries them home on his person. He peddles his product in bags and brief cases. He can shift his base by pulling the plug in his bathtub, so to speak, and setting up next day in a new tenement flat. As an individual, he is negligibly small game; as a class, because of his great number, he is truly formidable.

However, whether you are a big operator with your own bottling machines and delivery system complete, or a bathtub man peddling your stuff in suitcases, the actual process of mixing is about the same, and the product is about the same. The little fellow, for lack of room, of course can't assemble crates and manufacture genuine case goods like the big fellow, but that is about the only difference.

Lotion or Liquor?

The manufacture of perfumes and the manufacture of synthetic liquor are really twin trades, come to think of it. Alcohol, with water, is the base in either case. After that, a flick of the wrist, a few drops of this or that essential oil and a touch of coloring matter, and you have toilet lotion or liquor, as the case may be. A few drops of attar of roses make many gallons of perfume. A few drops of oil of juniper, coriander, and so on—plus a familiar squared-off bottle and a yellow label—make Gordon gin.

Whisky, of course, forms the bulk of the synthetic output; it is very easy to imitate, because so very, very few drinkers nowadays can smell anything beyond alcohol if the drink is plausibly colored and sweetened enough to get it past the gagging point. Of course, most of the semidecent synthetic actually has some real Scotch or rye in it to furnish that indefinable touch of authenticity. But it is astonishing how thin genuine malt can be spread without losing its identity—six to ten times. It is a fact that every known brand of whisky, whether Scotch, Irish, rye or bourbon, is successfully marketed today, with very little difference in taste and color, and with any real difference confined to the label and the bottle. The only genuine thing is the kick.

A really interesting development of the past few months has been the introduction of Scotch malt. Scotch malt—sometimes called Islay, from the name of the place in Scotland where it was invented—is nothing more than a highly concentrated Scotch whisky, with the water squeezed out in some way or other, but with all the other qualities left intact, so that it runs 140 to 160 proof instead of around 90. It is an extract of whisky corresponding, in a manner, to the essential oils used in gin.

With the tightening up of the Coast Guard and customs, this canny Scotch concoction has proved a veritable godsend to those bigger and decenter rum runners who

(Continued on Page 124)

Once to each generation comes the opportunity for success

JACKSONVILLE'S *population*, 91,558 *in* 1920, *had grown to* 135,866 *in* 1925

OBSERVERS claim that once in each thirty years some new field of opportunity opens to the men and women of America Just now the finger of opportunity points inevitably to Jacksonville—gateway to Florida and the new South. Jacksonville now has 432 industrial plants with an annual production of $100,000,000. Many new manufacturers and distributors are seeking locations here, for Jacksonville serves the state of Florida over five trunk-line railroads, is within 48 hours' reach by rail of two-thirds of the population of the United States, is a seaport in direct touch with the ports and markets of the world. Less than a fourth of its incalculably rich argicultural area is in cultivation.

Obviously, men of ability and of capital are needed. Are you ready to start a new business where raw materials. labor and transportation are favorable to success? Do you see the opportunity for a branch house or branch factory to serve this growing territory? Would you like to pursue your trade or profession in a developing city with a present population of more than 135,000? Jacksonville is delightful in winter. Jacksonville's summer climate makes it the ideal all-year home. More and more winter tourists are coming to the beautiful St. Johns River country for their vacations.

Jacksonville's opportunity for you can be decided by you alone. We strongly recommend a personal visit. Come prepared to stay awhile and study your opportunities at short range. When touring, make this the goal of your journey. Come here for your vacation. If you have the ability, capital and desire to be of service to the community, you should find here your opportunity of this generation.

Write at once for the free booklet that tells all about Jacksonville, its needs and its opportunities. Come and investigate these for yourself. Write for the booklet now—address, Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN
INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING.
AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

Ever-Ready Blades have Real Backbone!

WE make the Ever-Ready Blade of *extra heavy steel*—steel that can be ground to a scientifically perfect bevel edge. And then, to make it just as rigid as the heaviest of old-fashioned hollow ground razors, we reinforce the blade with a sturdy metal backbone.

The result is shave satisfaction far beyond your expectations.

The Ever-Ready (A) is the keenest, most durable and therefore the most economical blade. It is sold with a money-back guarantee to that effect.

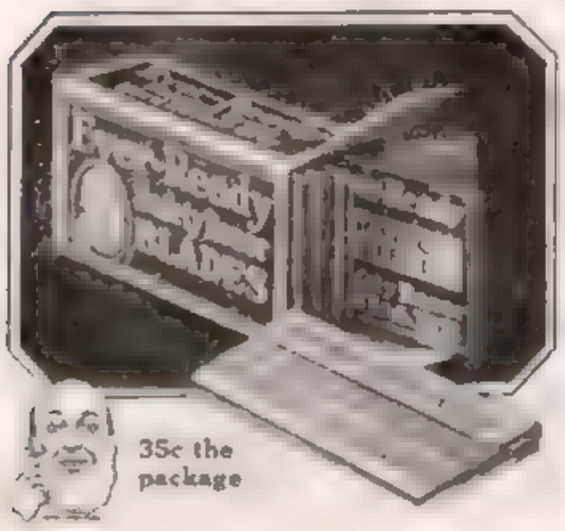
And besides, because it is held rigid by its steel backbone, it *cannot* flex or scrape. Compare its construction with that of the ordinary un-reinforced wafer blade (B).

The Ever-Ready is the perfect blade of perfect shaves. Try it in the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razor.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, New York

Ever-Ready Blades



(Continued from Page 122)

actually like to mix a little whisky with the alcohol they sell. This malt, being practically double strength, goes twice as far on the same bulk smuggled through.

Covering a Multitude of Gins

Malt first made its appearance last spring on the New England coast, coming from Canada or direct from England. But latterly it has come in large quantities from the free port of Hamburg. The Germans, by the way, have the Japs licked a mile on this *Ersatz* game; there's an enormous volume of "imported Scotch" that never saw Scotland. "Made in Germany" covers a multitude of gins—and whiskies.

Gin, as every cocktailer knows, is the easiest thing in the world to compound. In fact, it doesn't even have to be imitated. Were bootleg gin made from pure alcohol, which it practically never is, it would be as genuine today as it was before prohibition. It's no more synthetic—though more poisonous—today than it ever was.

Now, original Holland gin was an actual distillate of juniper-berry mash. But that was long, long ago, and few people liked it as well as Gordon or Old Tom, anyway, and there was very little on the American market. The gin commonly sold was of two varieties. The first was a pure rectified alcohol to which had been added a small quantity of gin essence. This essence was a compound of essential oils such as juniper, fennel, oleander, caraway, anise, coriander, and so on—different combinations making different gins. The second variety of pre-prohibition gin was produced by passing the vapors of alcohol through a device known as a gin head. The gin head was merely a chamber containing juniper berries and certain other aromatic herbs. The alcohol vapor passed through this chamber on its way to condensation and picked up the characteristic flavor so prized by the Martini palate.

So it's only fair to say that the chief trouble with nowadays gin is not that it is synthetic—which it always has been—but that it's almost universally made with bad alcohol. And the worst gin on the illicit market is still the best seller, with the Gordon label. Since gin averages only about eighty proof, they use three parts water, two parts denatured and a few drops of gin essence. In localities where the water is impure, especially in the Middle West, the gin has a slightly cloudy look. Present-day connoisseurs sometimes cite this cloudy look as a proof that the gin is genuine imported stuff!

Bacardi is nothing more than alcohol and water with a little rum essence. It's exactly as easy to make and fetches far better prices than gin, largely because of the factitious mystery that surrounds it as a supposed product of Cuba. Rum essence is even more powerful than Scotch-malt essence. One case of real rum or rum essence will literally lend a diluted bouquet to several hundred cases of synthetic.

A few years ago, when the rum craze was at its height, New York was drinking more Bacardi in a day than Cuba was making in a year. It sold to the trade at fifteen dollars a case and retailed at about fifty dollars—even going as high as $100 a case in Christmas week. New Yorkers are a kindly, simple people, especially when dealing with bootleggers.

But the bootleggers themselves are nearly as gullible. The little ones are tricked by the big ones, and the big fellows cheat one another. One of the semibig fellows made a small fortune out of this very Bacardi business.

This man was a certain petty-larceny thief and ex-pickpocket named Jacky, who had turned respectable and gone into the bootleg business. Jacky had an imagination—and an idea. At the very beginning of the Bacardi era he hired himself a chemist, thus anticipating by more than a year the practice of his associates. The chemist went to work, and very shortly produced a passable and simple Bacardi formula. Then Jacky went to work.

He set up a Bacardi plant on his own houseboat. His bottles and labels and his knocked-down cases he bought in New York and shipped down every day by truck. And every week or so he would bring his big bootlegger friends down and sell them a few thousand cases of Bacardi which had just been landed from Havana. He sold it "on the sand" at thirty-five dollars a case, and it must have cost him fully eight dollars a case—denatured alcohol, bottles, labels, boxes, labor and all.

"Genuine Imported"

The stuff was terrible—so terrible that anyone could tell it was "genuine imported." Yes, Jacky made a small fortune—and he would be making it yet if one of his packers hadn't carelessly left a current-date New York newspaper in one of the cases. At this point Jacky's bootlegger friends rounded on him in wrath and took the business away from him. They underwrote and syndicated the enterprise and conducted it along scientific bootleg lines, leaving poor Jacky the slender consolation of an operating managership on a royalty basis. It is ever thus. Pioneering brains must always yield to the superior force of organized wealth!

There are bottle manufacturers in most of the principal cities who make a specialty of supplying the bootleg trade. They do not merely imitate bottles—they literally reproduce them. A Gordon-gin bottle turned out by one of the best glass blowers in the business is in very fact a Gordon-gin bottle. There is nothing counterfeited, because there is nothing, *ipso facto*, unlawful in making an empty gin bottle.

To make imitation bottles and trade labels of something that has no legal right to be here anyway is a violation of the prohibition laws only if it can be shown to be a collusive part of a conspiracy case.

You can buy every label known to the rum trade, including the United States Government strip stamps which are pasted over the cork of the bottle of whisky which purports to be bottled-in-bond American rye or bourbon. This last, of course, is a criminal offense against the internal-revenue laws; but it is so secretly and skillfully done that it's almost impossible to get at.

Misplaced Confidence

The straw bottle covers of the various European manufacturers are easily imitated and easily buyable in all the big seaboard cities. And the same is true of the materials which go to the making of wooden cases. Box lumber, cut properly to length, is bought almost everywhere and shipped, knocked down, to the bottling plant. There it is assembled and packed, bound up with the strip iron and finally branded with the burned-in brownish lettering which proves it came from Europe.

Occasionally, with a market that is too competitive or a buyer that is unduly skeptical, it becomes advisable to give the case goods the appearance of having stood a hard sea voyage. This is too easy—for a country that has absorbed as much "genuine antique furniture" as we have. They bang the cases round a bit, weather them or bury them in farmyards or in the woods. We have actually had instances where one enterprising set of bootleggers have bottled and cased their stuff on shore, sent it to sea, run it through the Coast Guard, and sold it "on the sand" out Montauk way to another set of bootleggers who had adjoining offices in the same building in New York.

But, it may be objected, isn't there any genuine liquor in America? Yes, lots of it. But broadly speaking, and taking the country by and large, the bootlegger gets it and keeps it, because the supply is not more than one one-hundredth of the illicit national thirst.

There is one other class that gets it, but that class is a negligibly small one. It includes those very few individuals who really own prewar cellars, and those still fewer individuals who possess the time and money and daring to do their own smuggling with yachts and automobiles and airplanes. Such as these, and their friends perhaps, and the bigger bootleggers and their friends perhaps, still get and drink potable liquor. But there are very few of them. Most of our thirsty millions, most of our drinking classes, take their booze as they find it, with sublime confidence in the protective power of a label.

If you must drink in America, go to California or the Canadian border. Take it from the figures, the bigger the city, the bigger the risk. Or stick to needled beer and bathtub wine. But that again is a story by itself.

"Oh, Mamma, Look! Our Ol' Hen Has Kittens!"

ROOFS IN PERFECT COLOR HARMONY

A question of Roof Color
that has puzzled many builders

Now, for the first time, a solution is offered—a way to choose your color scheme with complete assurance

Your roof, architects say, *must* be in pleasing color harmony with walls, trim and architectural style. This alone will give your home complete character and charm.

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Make this test BEFORE *buying*

Send for the new booklet, *What Color for the Roof?* In it you will find page after page of interesting homes, showing you pleasing color combinations of body, trim, and roof.

With the booklet you will receive the Richardson Harmonizer. This fascinating device will enable you to see the effect of 108 different color combinations. It will show you *in advance* exactly how any Multicrome roof will look upon your house.

Before you build or re-roof be sure to send for these valuable guides. They are offered to you at less than cost—25 cents for both. Please order by coupon below.

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Your nearest dealer in building materials can show you Richardson Multicrome Roofs in a range and beauty of color never before obtainable at moderate cost.

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Enclosed find 25c (stamps or wrapped coin) for your new booklet and Harmonizer

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THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well, Diego ain't dead yet. He'll put up a scrap. If the army just don't go back on him ——"

It came to me that he had a guilty look.

"Look here," I said, "what's on your mind? You flirting with the notion of taking a hand?"

"Well," he muttered, not looking at me, "Diego did send word I could have my commission back. Was a time when the army thought I was all right."

"And there was a time," I snapped, "when you kept your promises! I swear, I've got a notion to take an ax to you! Haven't you had enough trouble in your life? Can you keep Don Diego from being old? You want your American citizenship canceled—just for the sake of dying in the same dungeon with him? You've been warned. Uncle Ben," I begged, "have sense! I know Don Diego's a friend of yours. I know it gets dull, sawmilling. But ——"

"Well," he said doggedly, "what do you want to do then? You know well as I do, Buck, we ain't got a Chinaman's chance in this country if that crowd gets in. They ain't forgot who killed Anselmo Palomar. They'll cancel our concession so quick it'll make our heads swim."

"If they don't stand us up against a wall," I admitted.

Not really believing it, you know. It's odd how your mind insists on going by what seems reasonable instead of what is so. You talk like that because you hear men talk like that; but I'd never seen anybody actually, in cold blood, stood up against a wall for something that had happened five years before—something that wasn't quite real, anyway.

The fact is, my mind was instantly busy with a place far off and different. I was used to being practical for both of us.

"This isn't the only country that grows mahogany," I said. "We've got capital and equipment, and our trade's an asset nobody can touch as long as we get timber to supply it, no matter where."

He sighed, his gaze shifting again.

"Oh, I don't know, Buck," he said gloomily. "Far's I'm concerned, I—fact is, I'm kind of tired of sawmillin'; tired of trouble too. I reckon I'm gettin' old myself. I can't get up no interest in a fight no more, nor worryin' about a new location either. Why don't we just hang on here till they kick us out, and then quit? We got enough, boy. We don't need no million dollars. Why don't we buy us a little hacienda over in Honduras or somewhere, peaceable, and hire us a good bartender and prop our feet up and just chew the rag fifteen or twenty years?"

IV

MANY a time, afterward, I heard the wistful note in that mild garrulous old voice; afterward, when I heard his voice no more. It wasn't much he wanted. Just a quiet place to sit and time to talk—time to consider the pictures of old memory. It's hard to get old and have no roots fixed anywhere.

But I was used to his grumbling that way. Enough? It all depends on what you call enough. We had money in the bank; we had our equipment, none of it easily convertible into cash except our mules; we had our trade, worth nothing unless we had timber to supply it. Could we sit down and let it go now, when we were just beginning to cash in?

I tried to get him to take a vacation and run up to the States or something, but he only snorted absently and said he hadn't lost nothin' in the States. I tried to get him to come with me scouting for timber; our white foremen, I argued, could finish out the season and fill the orders we had on hand; but he only grunted mildly that he wouldn't trust them tenderfeet far as he could throw a bull by the tail—not if they was to get scared.

"Oh, I ain't runnin' out on you," he said. "I can stand it long as you can. What timber did you have in mind?"

I remember when we had first heard talk of this timber in Vizcaya. During the war, it seems, an oil company had started operations there, developing an obscure port called Chunango, and the oil men started talk of a remarkable stand of virgin mahogany in the Zorro Valley there. Close to the coast, too, and on the Pacific side, where you can work right through the rainy season.

On my very first trip to Guatemala after I got my discharge, an oil man was on the boat as far as Havana. Uncle Ben met me in Puerto Barrios and we rode out to Number 1 Mill together; but he was so full of questions about my military career and my health and my general behavior that I forgot all about the oil man's talk until next day at noon, smoking drowsily in the narrow shade in front of his shack. I spoke of it then, idly, you know; at this time I had no idea we'd ever need that timber.

I'd never been to Vizcaya, but Ben Murchison had. I'll tell you as near as I can remember what he said, and you can judge if it seemed to have any practical importance.

Eh, well! I'm not so practical as I used to be. I've learned to sit aside sometimes, as I do now, remembering. Days, words, events—all happenings go by in single file, like random beads along the string of time, confused and unrelated; and most of them disappear and have no meaning. How can you tell which ones to seize and keep? You have no choice. Some that seemed beautiful are never seen again. Some that were dull and blank have not yet shown their most important sides. Only in memory are they free to drift and slip into their destined places, showing the spreading pattern of the truth.

"Yeah, I remember," said Ben Murchison. "I didn't care then if it was mahogany or what, but I was right thankful for that timber once. I made it about three jumps ahead of a firin' squad."

He grinned, the look of reminiscence coming on him. I listened idly; I was too hot, too tired, too languid to talk business.

"Me and another young feller," he said, "played a kind of a joke on that country once. Been a long time since I thought about it. I forget his name; his papa was a regular Spanish grandee, a duke or a count or somethin', and claimed to be some kin to the King of Spain. In them days folks thought a king was quite somebody too. This was along about '90 or '91, I reckon, because I hadn't been in but about four revolutions then.

"Well, sir, the very night we took the capital, right in the middle of our celebration, our candidate up and got himself killed about a woman. Bells ringin' all over the city, bands playin' in the palace and out in the plaza, the people all celebratin' and no more candidate than a goat! Nobody knew it but the insiders, they tried to keep it quiet till they could get together on who was goin' to be president after all. A dead man can't be, and our man for vice president was only a friend of his, and you know how politicians are. Every man in the council thought only one man could save the country and he was him.

"There was some talk of shootin' this young feller that did the killin', but I refereed it myself and I could swear the fight was fair. I would have done the same. She was certainly a beautiful young lady."

He stopped, looking restlessly about. The watchful Gabriel unfolded his mighty bulk from the doorstep and brought out a bottle and the water jug and glasses, like toys in his tremendous hands. Gabriel knew what Don Benjamin wanted when he paused like that.

"Well, Buck, here's regards! Myself, I never had time to get married while I was young enough; you know, it ain't hardly right to marry a nice girl and then go out and get yourself killed. I had a girl once back in Alabama, and I always thought if—but she —— Buck," he said thoughtfully, "don't you never aim to get married? You're a steady, peaceable young feller, and I never saw the like of you for makin' money. You could take care of a woman in fine shape. But you keep foolin' around and puttin' it off, and pretty soon ——"

"What was the joke?" I said, reminding him.

"Huh? Oh, yes; that time down in Vizcaya. The man that was puttin' up most of the money, he made a heap of fuss about the duel; I had to challenge him before he would shut up. 'Course, he got out of it by sayin' he was a gentleman and couldn't fight a mercenary, meanin' me, and I says 'Well then, shut up.' But it made me kind of sore. Suarez or Juarez, his name was; somethin' like that. I never had no use for politicians anyway.

"He was a rich man and the politicians thought he was the Great I Am. I reckon he was the man that got up the revolution in the first place, only he wasn't popular enough to run himself. He had plenty to say, anyway. He says we got to give our word as gentlemen not to let it out about the duel, but I was only a mercenary and I told him to go to thunder; and he couldn't have me arrested, because the army men thought I was all right. Me and this other young feller, we left 'em squabblin' and took the young lady and her mamma home. She was all out of the humor for dancin' by that time.

"He was a popular young feller, handsome and rich and always up to some devilment; the army men all liked him. The crowd wouldn't hardly let us back into the palace, cheerin' and all. We went out in this other room where the army men and most of the licker was; you know how thirsty you feel after a duel; nervous, kind of. And in them days," said old Ben Murchison, reaching absently for the bottle, "I was a young feller and had the fool notion I could drink it all.

"The politicians was still squabblin'. Bustin' up in twos and threes and whisperin' about each other; you know how politicians are. But finally somebody come out and said this man Suarez—Alvarez—no, that don't sound hardly ——"

"Call it Suarez," I suggested.

What difference did it make? The air of noon was stilling in that little clearing where the sun poured down. The thing he spoke of had happened very long ago; to me, at this time thirty-three years old, it seemed as ancient as the Trojan Wars. Finished and done with long ago; of no more present practical importance than the Maya ruins in those vast, mysterious, hot forests where we cut mahogany for the markets of the States.

You get my point? It was just idle talk. I only overlooked one little fact—Ben Murchison wasn't the only man who could remember thirty years.

"Well, the army men was plumb disgusted, specially this young feller, account of Suarez tryin' to get him shot; and Suarez would do it yet if he had his way about it.

"'If he's worthy to be president,' he says, 'I'm worthy to be king!'

"Just for a joke, you know. He felt kind of sour; he'd had a hard day, fightin' and then dancin' and then the duel and then this on top of it; and he had a few drinks in him too. I reckon we all did. The army men all laughed and yelled *viva* His Majesty till a fat old general says be careful or the people will hear, because there was windows right out on the plaza.

"'Why not?' I says.

"'We've give our word,' says he, pompous.

"'Not me!' says I, and bulged out on a balcony. He come hoppin' out to stop me, but I saw him comin' and yelled *viva* for him, and the people yelled *viva* and he had to make a speech.

"You know how they can get worked up with language. Three-four thousand people listenin' that way, his voice boomin' grand against the cathedral, and him full of champagne to start with. . . . Buck," said Ben Murchison, "seems to me you're drinkin' more than you used to. A little now and then won't hurt you, but you don't have to take a drink every time I do. I'm just an old feller and I ——"

"The fat general made a speech?" I said, reminding him.

"Yeah. You know the kind of talk they like; about the glorious history of the country and all; not that they know a durn thing about it—half of 'em can't name the president before last, but they think it's glorious on general principles, as big as the United States or anybody. Every one of these durn countries ——"

"Offhand," I interrupted maliciously, "who was the president of the United States before, say, McKinley?"

"Teach your grandma how to milk ducks!" snorted Ben Murchison. "Grover Cleveland. But this was in Harrison's time. Cold-blooded feller, Harrison was. Awful hard on Americans fightin' for these countries, but first thing when he got out of office, he took a job as lawyer for Venezuela. Myself, I don't see no difference."

"Go on," I said meekly. "The fat general made a speech."

"Yeah. He flew so high he plumb forgot he didn't have nowhere to light; me and the other army men, we kept expectin' the politicians to bust out on us. So I stepped up and touched him like I had some news, and he was feelin' so good he says *viva* the gallant foreigner who has fought so noble for 'em, meanin' me.

"But I held up my hand and told 'em their candidate was dead.

"Well, you can imagine! One revolution is all right, but it ain't so funny to be celebratin' one and see another one starin' you in the face. That was what the politicians was countin' on. 'Course, I didn't say who killed him; you know how you do; duels ain't legal. I says he has died by a sad accident, and what a great man he was and what a sorrow that God let it happen. We blame a lot of things on God that is our own durn fault. He was just drunk and feelin' frisky or he wouldn't 'a' thought of actin' that way to a nice girl.

"I could see how they felt about it. Yeah, I reckon we all forgot it was a joke. We'd got that far with it and we made one play for it, whole hog or none. And I still believe it would be better for 'em than all the graft and politics they have to put up with.

"'A government must be,' I says. 'People of Vizcaya, let it be one that shall endure!'"

He got out of his chair, this shabby, thirsty old partner of mine, and the glass in his hand became a saber—pacing a little to and fro, living again a moment thirty years gone by. Old Spanish phrases rolled sonorous from his tongue; Gabriel Zalas, with no idea what it was all about, looked up respectfully from the doorstep.

"'Are ye not tired of politics and war? Then let this night be named in history! There lives among ye one man born to rule. No politician, he; his blood is noble blood and he has shed it for ye!'—and that was a fact," said Ben Murchison, "though not much; not a sample to what he'd shed if Suarez had his way.

"'Name ye this man to lead, and follow him and his sons' sons in peace and glory before the nations!'

"All army men just naturally like the idea of a king. And he looked like one—this tall young feller standin' there between these big square lanterns, a thousand torches dancin' and these sabers glitterin'

(Continued on Page 131)

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Boulevards —All Boulevards

START from Columbus Circle and go—East, West, North, South—as far as you will.

The way has been smoothed by a triumph of tire engineering—the Royal Cord Balloon.

In 1910 the United States Rubber Company sent a staff of experts to far-off Sumatra and laid the foundation for what today is the largest producing rubber plantation in the world.

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For greater comfort, better car protection, easier steering, quicker braking, longer service—

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UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

Homes for those with courage to build

How these Lehigh Prize Homes will help you realize your home-building hopes

IN "Ye olden days" the knight was bold and his reward came as the result of courage. So it is today—plenty, power, happiness are sought and won or lost if courage lags. Timidity and procrastination often cause the postponement of building a home. No longer, however, need the joy and satisfaction of building be delayed. Now you have a real incentive to plan your home. The Lehigh Home Competition has brought to you plans to help you realize your home-building hopes. These 28 plans were selected as prize winners, from hundreds of designs submitted by architects from all over the country.

THIS two-story home by H. A. Surman, Detroit, Mich., was awarded second prize. The Lehigh program, of building demonstration homes, calls for the building of this one near Chicago. This home, with the 27 other prize-winning plans, is illustrated in the book "28 Better Homes." *Mail coupon for your copy.*

Another one of the LEHIGH homes *being built for inspection*

THE home pictured here is one of the 28 prize winners. It is now being built by the Lehigh Portland Cement Company in New York and in Kansas City. Other homes are being built for inspection at convenient points near Chicago and Birmingham.

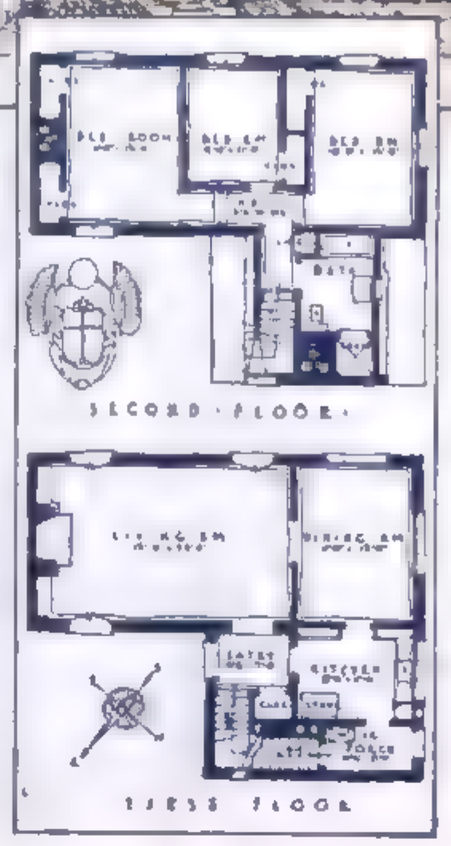
Step by step, the progress of each home is being watched by thousands of homebuilders, architects and contractors in these cities. The beauty of these homes, their economy of construction, is being realized by a steadily increasing number of visitors.

If you plan to build, you will want to know more about these 28 prize-winning homes. They combine these five essentials:

1. Moderate Cost—without sacrificing any detail.
2. Attractive Design—by the country's leading architects.
3. Skilful Planning—most convenient use of space.
4. Permanence—concrete reduces repair bills.
5. Fire-Safety—concrete minimizes fire hazard.

Send the coupon for the book, "28 Better Homes," which contains illustrations, floor plans and descriptions of the 28 prize-winning homes. It *may contain* the very home for which you have longed. It will give you a new standard by which to judge homes, new and old. *It contains practical advice on:*

Protecting your home investment; 60 things to watch during construction; How to read blueprints; Points on the relationship with your architect; How to secure an able contractor; How to secure, at moderate cost, the charming colored stucco effects so much in vogue; How to insure fire-safety; Methods of financing homebuilding; How to secure higher real estate appraisal value.



THIS two-story design by Angus McD. McSweeney, of San Francisco, Calif., was awarded the first prize. This plan is being used in constructing prize homes in the vicinity of New York and Kansas City.

Make an early start—save money

The question of financing need not delay you. Your bank or building loan association will gladly suggest an easy way to finance the construction of your home. Start now and benefit by:

1. Making financial arrangements before building money is in brisk demand.
2. Having sufficient time to choose an ideal site.
3. Securing a competent contractor.
4. Giving the contractor time to secure the best labor, buy materials more advantageously, arrange deliveries to avoid costly delays of the rush season.
5. Giving the building supply dealer time to arrange in advance for the contractor's needs.

In this way, an early start insures building economies, resulting in Permanent Satisfaction.

How to get PERMANENT SATISFACTION *—whatever you build*

1—The first essential, when you build, is to get Dependable Materials. Precautions should be taken. The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh Cement for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways by handling a line of thoroughly Dependable Materials?

Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

2—Make sure to secure Competent Workmanship. A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor: The contractor who insists on Dependable Materials is more likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he builds.

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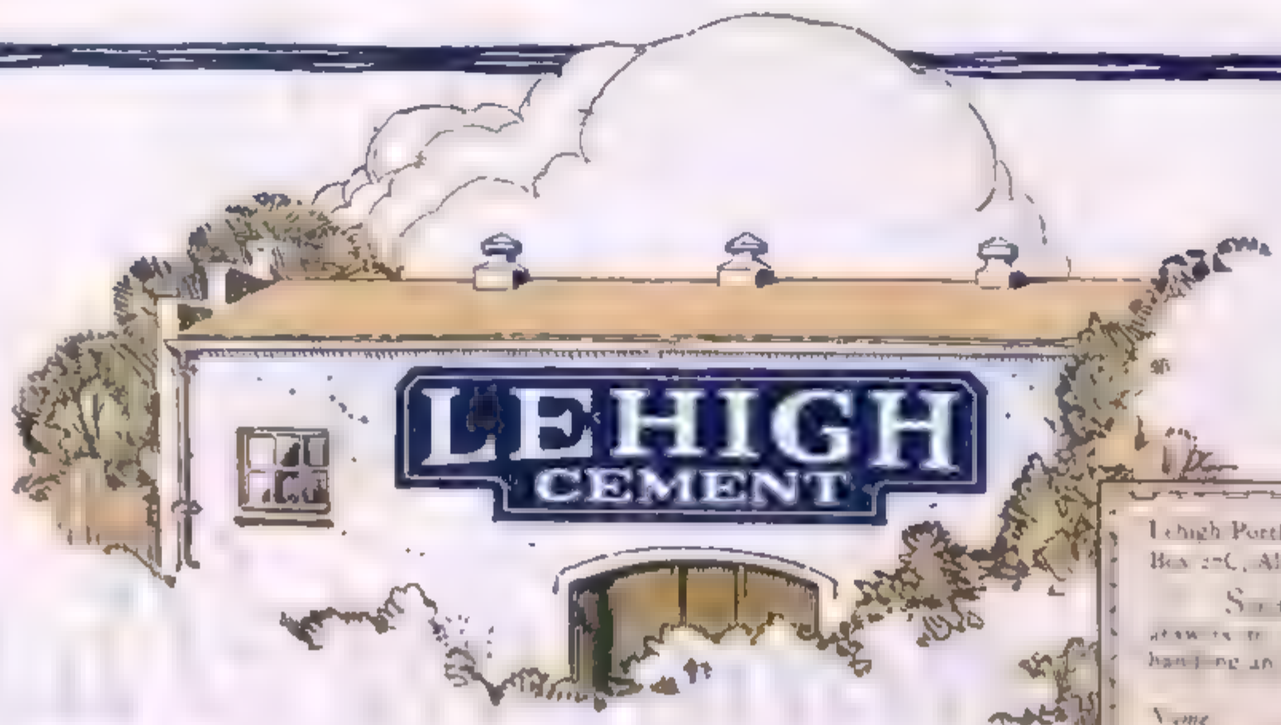
Look for the Blue-and-White *Lehigh* Sign, known from Coast to Coast,—the mark of the reliable dealer. He sells Permanent Satisfaction.



SEND this coupon for the BOOK... "28 Better Homes"

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Send me the book "28 Better Homes," containing practical answers to home builders' problems. I enclose 10c to cover handling and mailing.

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20 MILLS FROM COAST TO COAST

All Work and No Play doesn't suit the World Today

Try balancing work and play this year. Count that day lost that does not have its gleam of fun.

Perhaps you can use a lot more entertainment. Don't be starving for it unawares!

There was a time when people were not sure whether it was worth while to go to the movies. Today if they stay at home a single week they know they will miss a wonderful Paramount Picture.

Plenty of headliners in the cast and the whole photoplay a sumptuous work of art!

Paramount provides more and better entertainment for people alive in 1926 than any human beings ever saw before.

Let your own theatre show you Paramount Pictures and keep your dates with the good-time houses!

"BEHIND THE FRONT"
with
MARY BRIAN
WALLACE BEERY • RAYMOND HATTON

Here is the comic side of Army life in wartime picturized in a way that is making all America hold its sides. Don't miss Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a runaway tank cavorting over No Man's Land in search of the German Army, all unconscious that the war is over. The soup kitchens and chow lines are a riot in themselves.

Somehow these two scapegrace doughboys win the audiences more than regular heroes, and the way they make love or war is the last word in irresponsible sincerity.

An Edward Sutherland Production from a story by Hugh Wiley.

When you know what Paramount has You seek what Paramount shows

Anyone who enjoys great motion pictures and checks up where they come from, keeps a sharp eye on Paramount's production program.

Seeing great entertainment is merely a question of knowing what is being released and "when will it reach my theatre?"

Here are six current Paramount Pictures you will enjoy to the last fade-out:

Harold Lloyd in
"For Heaven's Sake"
Directed by Sam Taylor

Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Go to the theatre as gloomy as a mummy and stay that way if you can! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
A Malcolm St. Clair Production

with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. From the play by Alfred Savoir. An aristocratic love-comedy set in the midst of the brilliant carnival of Paris night life. Here's a trip to Paris that gives you more of the gay city than many a traveller gets.

Zane Grey's
"The Vanishing American"

with RICHARD DIX, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery and Malcolm McGregor. Directed by George B. Seitz. Zane Grey's epic of the Indian ranks with The Covered Wagon in fateful power and excitement. Don't miss the mighty duel of Copper-skin and White Man!

"The Song and Dance Man"
A Herbert Brenon Production

with Tom Moore, Bessie Love and Harrison Ford. From George M. Cohan's famous comedy success. Real romance lives and throbs within the make-believe of stage life, human beings loving and fighting and hoping behind the grease-paint.

"DANCING MOTHERS"

A Herbert Brenon Production. Starring Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and Clara Bow. This is the Paramount picturization of the famous stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding which set all New York talking about the neglected wife

who dances her way to freedom and love. Mere material prosperity divorced from happy, human comradeship will never chain any real woman, and "Dancing Mothers" shows you why in a show worthy of Paramount's greatest traditions

Produced by
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Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

The Trade Mark of Romance — Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

(Continued from Page 126)

over him. Yeah, I reckon we're all kind of childish, inside. We like to see things glitter. We like to see a man look brave and fine. We like to think there is somebody we can just hand our troubles over to—somebody fit to be a king.

"The noise like to blew the palace down. The politicians all come runnin' out, but it was too late to stop the band wagon then; and you know how politicians are. They got right on and rode. They waved their arms and yelled as big as anybody—all but Suarez; you ought to seen his face. I edged around and poked him in the ribs and grinned, and he thought it was a gun and started cheerin' like a good feller.

"'*Viva* Luis!' Yeah, I remember now; that was his name: Luis. Luis de Somethin' Somellera. I wore a fine new uniform at his coronation, I remember, and another one at his weddin'. She was certainly a beautiful young lady."

He stood a moment fumbling vaguely for a match, his eyes far off on things that he remembered; sighed and sat down.

"Oh, well, this was a long time ago."

"How long did King Luis last?" I asked him.

"About a minute," he said gloomily. "'Course, the United States wouldn't recognize a king, so these other republics wouldn't, and the politicians knifed him in no time. Took his papa's property and ran his folks out of the country. Suarez, he had the last laugh after all. My horse got a bullet in him and I had to hoof it the last forty miles; hadn't been plenty of timber to hide in, I never would 'a' got away.

"Oh, well," he sighed, "I reckon every young feller does fool things. I wouldn't let him get shot for fightin' for his girl, but I turned right around and got him executed for a joke. It don't seem near as funny as it did once."

He fell into gloomy silence. The siesta hour was over; peons went plodding by, flat-faced, sandal-footed Mayas, stupid survivors of a race that had been great when Rome was new; from the weather-beaten shed of Number 1 Mill the noise of saws wailed off into the forest that hid the bones of palaces and temples. He sighed and rose, this tired old soldier of fortune; his decent black working pants were shiny where he sat.

"*Sic transit gloria!*" I murmured.

"Huh?" said Ben Murchison. "You say somethin', Buck?"

V

SO I WENT down the west coast on a flying trip—I meant it for a flying trip—to have a look at that mahogany. It took time; the world may be a little place, but it's slow crawling there around the bulge of it where trails are few.

By horse to Puerto Barrios, by rail across to San José de Guatemala, by Pacific Mail to San Carlos, which is the principal seaport of Vizcaya; by rail to Ciudad Vizcaya, crossing the great chasm of the Zorro Valley, and by horse again back north into the Department of Toloba, where Chunango is.

At Ciudad Vizcaya I heard of Don Diego's sudden fall. It was something of a sensation even there; Don Diego had been a power in those countries for twenty years. He was in prison, himself a victim to the machinery he had controlled so long.

Ben Murchison cabled cheerfully: "All right so far."

I met no politician named Suarez or Juarez. How should it have occurred to me that he might be laughing yet? Strolling at night in the plaza, listening to the band, I looked at the long façade of the presidential palace and wondered idly which of those many balconies might be the one where young Ben Murchison had bulged out. But that had been thirty years ago; the timber was what interested me now. The Minister of Hacienda, a courteous old gentleman named Mora, knew nothing of mahogany, but expressed entire willingness to take money for it if I should find any on public land.

Vizcaya has no broad lowland such as Guatemala has; only a narrow ledge of jungle and this one low-swinging valley between the first line of hills and the great inland ranges. Once, a million or a billion years ago, the Zorro Valley must have been a lake of melted snow three thousand feet above the sea. It has no outlet but a giant fissure in the outer wall of hills, a steaming canyon five hundred yards wide at the bottom and a sheer half mile to the top. That's where the Zorro finds its way to the Pacific, building with black sand and mud the delta on which Chunango sits. It falls five hundred feet in those ten miles; it is not navigable.

North of the break the valley rises, broadening and flattening, a deep sheltered bowl rimmed by the upland mesa. That's where the mahogany is, at an elevation of about a thousand feet. Tolobaya, seat of the Department of Toloba, perches high above it on the inland side.

An ancient town. It is not flat-roofed like most tropical towns; there is no adobe; the houses are of stone, sharp-gabled with wooden roofs, clinging to the mountainside. The cobbled streets curl crookedly up hill and down, so steeply that the same three-storied house may have street entrances on three sides, one for each floor. I remember that because of Henry Dowling and his daughter Alice.

The way of it was this. I reached Tolobaya just before sundown, shivering; if you've got malaria in you, that high thin air will bring it out. I washed in icy water and hurried into the bar of the *mesón* to get a drink. It warmed me somewhat. Trying more of the same, I stood watching an unskillful billiard game three men were playing there. Cracked balls, you know, and one of those vast tables such as you find in towns like Tolobaya; the cues are seven feet long; they have to be. The players were two middle-class natives of the loafer type, and a stubby American in flannel shirt and battered boots and dirty, flat-brimmed gray hat.

He eyed me tentatively and finally asked me to have a drink. As I was already having one, I asked him to have one with me. He'd had quite a few already. His eye was blurred and his speech was blurred, and he steadied himself unobtrusively with a cue a foot and a half taller than he was.

"Name's Dowl'n'. Well, here's a go! Newcomer?" I admitted it. "Miner?" I denied it. "You got a head, ol'-timer. Stay out of it. Crooks 'n' lawyers. I'm waitin' t' kill him now," he told me, his mind leaping a gap I didn't try to bridge. "You see that horse? You watch 'm for me, will you?"

So I disengaged myself—I saw his friends edging over—and strolled out to watch that horse. It was a handsome horse, sleek and black and richly saddled, stirrup and cantle and headstall shining, even in the swiftly gathering dusk, with silver. The *mesón* fronts on the plaza, which is the market place and the civic center and the one comparatively level spot in Tolobaya. Immediately in front of the *mesón* a row of street venders squatted over their mats on the cobblestones, most of them gathering up their little stocks of goods, about to shut up shop and go home. I shivered idly in the evening chill.

"Excuse me," said the man named Dowling, crowding past, "while I step out 'n' kill that ——"

What he said he was going to kill isn't printable. A man was getting on the sleek black horse, cantering across the plaza toward us, heading for the trail into the valley. Henry Dowling stepped out as advertised, his battered boots leaving a trail of scattered beans and garlic and profanity across the venders' mats.

"*Oyeme*, Ramon Zuñiga!"

That wasn't all he said; his opinion of Ramon Zuñiga was violently uncomplimentary and quite openly expressed. The man coolly drew rein and waited. An *hacendado*—a landed gentleman—by the look of him; a great one by his manner, which was high-headed and assured.

Dowling launched a wide swing at his head with the butt of that seven-foot cue. The man caught it neatly in one hand—it must have hurt, at that—leaned swiftly in his stirrups and snatched Dowling's collar and dragged his head against the saddle horn and knocked his hat off and proceeded to pummel his unprotected skull with the barrel of a long silver-plated revolver.

It was none of my business of course. Dowling had begun it, too; but it isn't human to stand and see a man hammered like that after he is out. He was out; no doubt about it; at the first thump his knees buckled, only the grip on his collar holding him up, his head bobbing limp at every whack. I suppose I ran. I know I was panting when I protested that enough was enough.

The man paid no attention. I caught his arm; he wrenched it free and dropped Dowling and transferred his grip to my collar; my head bumped the saddle horn before I realized what was happening. He was quick and strong, that fellow. But I wasn't drunk. I ducked against him and caught him around the waist and heaved. His knees clung as if they were welded to the horse, then slipped; but instead of falling on his head he twisted catlike and fell on all fours. I stamped on the hand that held the revolver and snatched it up—I didn't want him to shoot me before I could get him to listen to reason.

He got up quietly enough. I snapped the cartridges out of the revolver and returned it to him.

"*Caballero*," I said, "deeply I regret. Perhaps you had not noticed that the man had fainted."

Myself, I thought he was dead, huddled there beside that splendid, patient horse. The *hacendado* didn't even glance at him, only stood breathing hard through nostrils that were tight with fury, his head up and his eyes fixed hard on mine. Brown eyes, hot and arrogant like a hawk's; it came to me that he was of the caste that doesn't have to worry about killing a shabby, drunken plaza miner more or less. A great landowner can do about as he pleases.

Then I noticed what his hands were doing. Swiftly, methodically he was refilling the revolver with cartridges from his belt.

A question of ethics here. Is it unsportsmanlike to carry a gun where you can get it without the time-honored gesture of reaching back? Ben Murchison always thought so; most old-timers do. His argument was, a gun was to keep you out of trouble, and how could it if people didn't know you had it? But I think he felt it was unsportsmanlike. Well, my hand was never so fast as his; I never liked a weight in my hip pocket pulling my clothes out of shape, and I could never wear a gun belt without feeling like a swashbuckler. A holster strapped under the left arm is more comfortable and much less conspicuous, especially in cities; and it takes a very slight gesture.

"*Caballero*," I said, "mount and ride on."

His finger, just slipping through the trigger guard as he snapped the silver revolver shut, stopped, receded; the silver muzzle, half lifted, dropped and slid into the holster.

"I have the honor," he murmured, "to wish you a very good night. But not many of them, Señor Yanqui."

He picked up his magnificent silver-braided hat and without another glance at either Dowling or me, mounted and rode off. There wasn't much chance of his shooting from a distance in that fading light; besides, as he receded I became aware of spectators moving up. I could hear Dowling breathing.

At least he wasn't dead yet.

"Somebody bring a medico," I said.

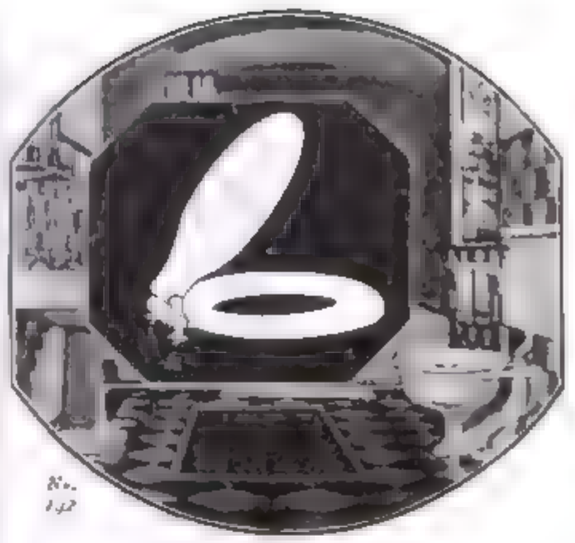
"There is none, señor."

"Only the barber, señor. He does bleeding."

Dowling was doing plenty of bleeding without the aid of the barber. I tried to find out how badly he was hurt, but the light was too dim.

"Who knows where this man lives?"

(Continued on Page 133)



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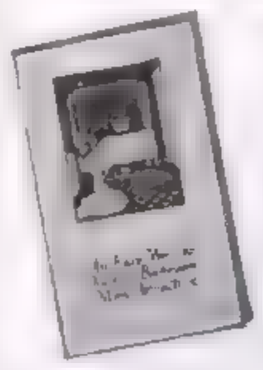

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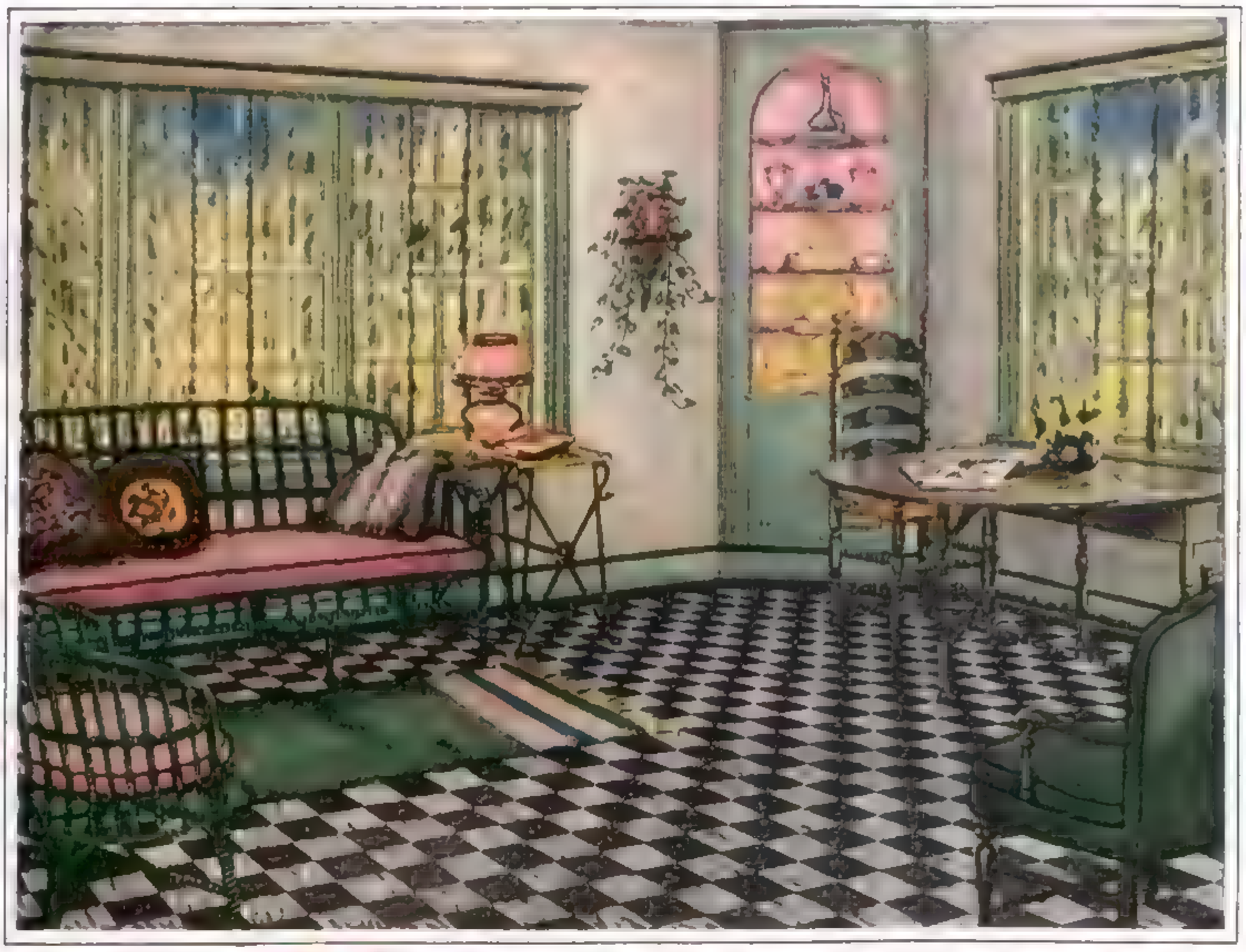

Note how much the charm of this sun room depends on the floor. This floor is one of the newest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum — Marbleized Inlaid pattern No. 628.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

These New designs *lead* fashion in floors ~

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"Armstrong's Marbleized Inlaids" they are called. "Marbleized" because the colors are richly blended in a soft, striated effect so restful to the eye. "Inlaid" because every single color in the design runs clear through to the burlap back

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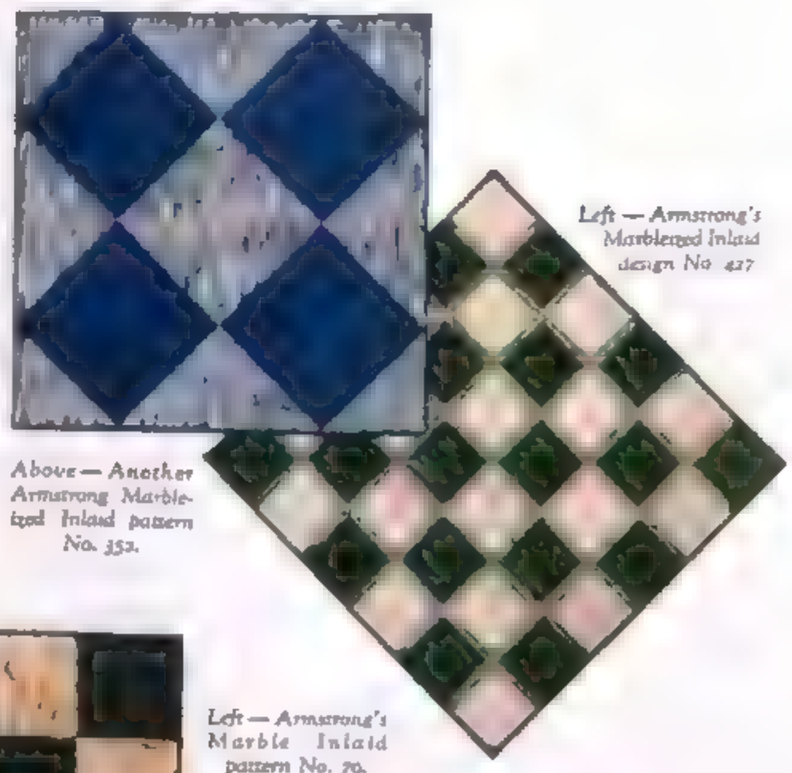
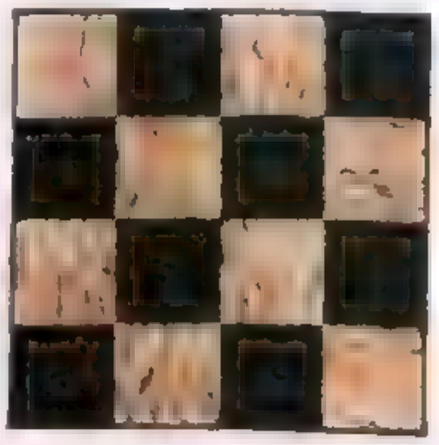


Above — Another Armstrong Marbleized Inlaid pattern No. 352.

Left — Armstrong's Marbleized Inlaid design No. 427



Left — Armstrong's Marble Inlaid pattern No. 70.

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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

PLAIN INLAID JASPÉ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 131)

They all did, by the answering murmur. But nobody offered to do anything. I took his shoulders and told them to take his feet, and so we carried Henry Dowling home. We stumbled up a narrow curling street to a door at the top of a three-storied house. A little girl—eleven, she was at this time, but with skirts reaching to her thin ankles and a black *rebozo* clutched in native fashion around her head –dashed out at us, demanding, "*A quien traien?*"

"*Tu papa, chica.*"

She caught Dowling's shoulder, shaking him, crying quaintly in English, "You hear me now, papa! Stand up now! You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man!"

"Don't do that," I told her. "He's hurt. Run tell your mother to fix a bed for him."

She dived into the house. We followed her. In semidarkness, we stumbled past what seemed to be a dining table to the room where she was lighting a smoky lamp and pulling back the covers of a sagging bed.

A bystander's voice suggested that we should muffle his head to keep the harmful air away from him. I countermanded that and there we stood.

"Where's your mother?" I asked the child

"Dead," she said laconically.

Then, bringing the lamp, she saw the blood on Henry Dowling's face and began suddenly to cry.

"*Que le ha pasa'o?* Which of you has hit my papa?"

"None of us, *chica*. It was Don Ramon Zuñiga."

"I told you so, papa! I told you so!" she wailed.

"This Señor Americano unhorsed Don Ramon and threw him in the street and kicked him," said a woman solemnly.

The child almost stopped crying, staring at me. I took advantage of her attention to tell her to bring water and a clean cloth. The good Lord knows I am no skillful nurse, but nobody else seemed to have any better idea what to do. I washed the blood from the cuts as best I could: it was only oozing now. I had no way of telling whether his skull was fractured. I asked the child if there was any disinfectant in the house.

"What's disinfectant?"

"Bring all the medicine you've got."

She brought it. Cough sirup and castor oil.

The bystanders, bored, drifted out while I was clumsily bandaging Dowling's head with strips torn from an old nightshirt. The child stood by me, not crying, but only watching me with heavy eyes.

"Is he hurt bad?"

"I hope not."

Dowling breathed slowly, noisily; a horrible sound, I thought, for a child to hear.

"What's your name?" I asked by way of diversion.

"Alice." After a moment she asked politely, "What's yours?"

"Buck," I told her.

I finished my bandaging, and there was nothing to do but sit and listen to that horrible breathing.

"You know Alice in Wonderland?" I asked her awkwardly.

"Who's she?"

"A little girl about your size," I said. "One day she was sitting out under a tree with her sister, reading a book, and a white rabbit came by and looked at his watch ——"

"Whose watch?" said Alice.

"The rabbit's. He took it out of his vest pocket and looked at it and said, 'Oh, my ears and whiskers! I shall be late for tea!' and popped down a rabbit hole. And Alice was so curious that she ran and popped down the rabbit hole too. . . . Sure you don't know the story?"

"You're making it up," said Alice. "Rabbits can't talk, nor drink tea, nor tell what time it is, nor wear clothes."

"This one could," I said. "That's what made her curious."

"Well, she couldn't get into a rabbit hole," said Alice, "not if she was anywhere near as big as I am."

"This was a big rabbit hole," I maintained stoutly. "It went down and down and down, and it was full of shelves with jam and jelly. And, oh, yes, I forgot to say the rabbit wore white gloves."

Lewis Carroll would have turned in his grave—if he is in his grave—to hear the patchwork I made of his immortal yarn, getting it wrong end to, inventing, improvising what I couldn't remember; but this child called Alice liked it. She listened incredulously at first, but finally it dawned on her that it was just foolery, and she wriggled in her chair and grinned—sitting there at the foot of the bed, her feet failing by three inches to touch the floor, apparently not noticing that stertorous sound at all. And it came to me that she was used to it. That's the way a man breathes when he is drunk.

When I finished, she sighed and slipped briskly to the floor.

"Well," she said, "I guess I better get some supper. You like fried eggs?"

I can't tell you how it hit me—this eleven-year-old woman doing the best she knew. Sunburned and rough-skinned, her green eyes big in her thin face, unnaturally mature. Of course she didn't realize what she was up against; no child could; but she was standing up to it just the same. I told her to wait, and galloped down to the *mesón* and told them to send up large quantities of food. And by the way they looked at me and hurried, I knew my encounter with Don Ramon Zuñiga had made me a personage.

"Who is Don Ramon Zuñiga?" I asked them.

"An *hacendado*, señor."

And that was all I could get out of them. The humble ones are too wary to speak unguardedly to strangers about the great men of their world. So I went back and asked Alice.

"Don't you know who Don Ramon Zuñiga is?" she marveled. "He's—why, he's Don Ramon Zuñiga! He's the man that took papa's mine away from him. He's—why, he's rich! Didn't you know it? Say," she said, a thought striking her, "you kicked him—and didn't know who he was? Say, you better make tracks out of this country quick!"

Supper came and we ate. Even in the cluttered dining room I could hear Dowling's breathing.

"Did you ever hear," I asked her, "about the time Alice walked through the looking-glass?"

"No," she said mirthfully, "but I s'pose you did. Go ahead, old-timer. Spill it."

I spilled it. It tickled her at first, the idea of a place where everything worked backward; but most of the characters were too strange for her. She didn't know anything about chess, even when I translated the names into Spanish. Her eyelids drooped. I brought the story hastily to a close, and she yawned—curiously babylike, that yawn.

"Your bedtime, isn't it?" I asked.

"What about you, old-timer? You got a place to sleep?"

"I'll just stick around," I said, "and see that your father gets along all right. You go on to bed."

"Oh, he'll sleep it off," said the child called Alice.

Dowling did seem to be breathing more quietly. But I honestly didn't believe any human skull could stand the pounding he'd got; I was afraid she'd wake and find him dead or something. So I made her go, and lighted my pipe and sat down by Dowling's bed. Dowling himself woke me, groaning.

The gray of dawn was in the air. Dowling sat on the edge of the bed, his head between his hands, groaning.

"How do you feel?" I asked him.

He stared at me. I guess he hadn't noticed I was there.

"Rotten," he said at length.

It seemed a perfectly normal answer. I uncramped my chilled frame and went to the window and opened it and got a lungful of keen fresh air. It was cold but bracing, very different from the sick, slack inner chill of malaria. Under the window the gabled roofs fell steeply away, mist curling upward from their peaks; yonder, far down, the vast green floor of the valley stretching away into the blue of seaward hills, half veiled with melting streamers of the morning mist. That was the timber I had come so far to see.

The sun popped out. Dowling came and stood unsteadily by me.

"Zuñiga beat me up, didn't he?"

"He certainly did," I agreed. "Feel all right—considering?"

He nodded, gazing out the window, his black-stubbled face cut into seams with dissipation and bitterness and pain. The child called Alice came into the room, barefooted and in her nightgown.

"Papa," she cried, "you missed it! You ought to hear this old-timer. He does make up the damnedest lies!"

"Go back to bed," growled Dowling, "or put on your clothes."

So I went on about my business. The timber, I learned from the local recorder of deeds, was not public domain. It belonged to various estates. He mentioned the names of the owners, including Don Ramon Zuñiga, cutting a thoughtful eye at me as he did so. But he didn't mention any politician named Suarez or Juarez. How should it have occurred to me that the name was not Suarez or Juarez—no more like these than Williams is like Wilson or Johnson? This Don Ramon Zuñiga, now, couldn't have been a day more than forty years old.

VI

NO WONDER it doesn't rain much in that sheltered bowl of hills. It doesn't need to rain; the air is warm and wet like steam. Riding there, you must light one cigarette from the butt of another to keep off mosquitoes; if they bite you, take quinine and hope for the best—hope it is malaria and not yellow fever. The Rockefeller Foundation has not yet educated the Indians of the Zorro Valley

Nobody lives down there but Indians. Iquiques mostly, I guess. They know very little Spanish; my *mozo*, a half-breed I'd hired along with the horses in Ciudad Vizcaya—you mustn't travel without a servant if you are anybody—communicated with them by grunts and signs; but I don't believe they understood him any better than they did me. They didn't know whose land they lived on. They said vaguely that it belonged to "the master." Asked where he lived, they'd point vaguely toward the mesa and say "*Por to' la sere'a*"; which is to say, all the way up the trail.

The belt of elevation where mahogany can grow is narrow there. It seemed a small tract after the limitless forests of Peten; but there was certainly enough for my lifetime, to say nothing of Ben Murchison's. The oil men had not exaggerated. I never saw such trees or dreamed of mahogany in so dense a stand. If transportation to the coast proved feasible, and if the timber rights could be acquired at any reasonable figure, we could laugh at losing our concession in Peten.

That first day I only worked hastily across the valley, with side excursions where the ground was open enough. I knew better than to spend the night down there. Sweating along the trail from Tolobaya to Chunango, skirting the jungle above the bend of the Zorro, two hours before sunset we came to a steep twisting trail that climbed the seaward hills. It had to go somewhere; and toiling "*por to' la sere'a*," we came out again to high clean air and open sky.

These little feathered ink marks on the map will give you no hint of the majestic scale on which those hills are built; no hint of that great sudden spread of distances. A man can breathe. Westward the cool translucent arch of the Pacific hangs against the sky, like a dim planet rising, incredibly high. Eastward the blue-green chasm of the valley becomes a detail; it almost seems

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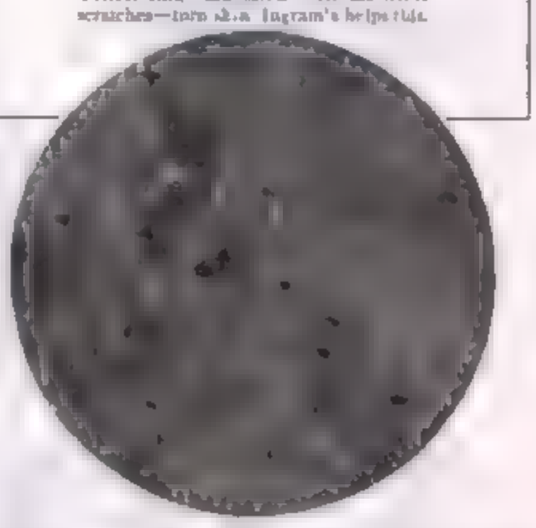

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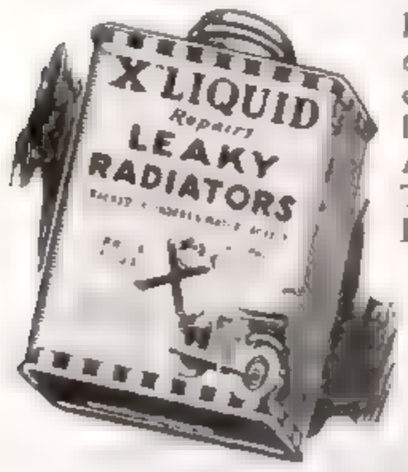

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that you could throw a stone to Tolobaya, so far the mountains reach behind it, rising range on range into the silver, ageless peace of ice and snow. A man seems little, time itself is dwarfed in the magnificence of God's raw handiwork.

That's where the hacienda of Caoba lies. A simple place; thick weather-beaten walls, solid, eternally calm they seem to me in memory; great weather-beaten doors, tall for a man on horseback, thick for defense but open to any man who comes in peace; old pavements and old houses, a people whose customs have the simple certainty of long use. They made us welcome. They sent my horses to the corral, my *mozo* to the servants' quarters; and the master of the place—Fernando Fernandez del Valle, gray-eyed, gray-bearded, scholarly—offered me the head of his own table.

"My house, such as it is," he said, "is yours."

I used to laugh at such exaggerated forms. True, he didn't expect me to take his place at the table or to sell his house; but the courtesy was real. Out there they think in leagues instead of city blocks, in journeys of a day instead of miles; neighbors are not so many but that every stranger is a friend. How can you welcome a stranger better than with established forms?

A peaceful place, it seemed. I remember the massive old table, Fernando the patriarch at its head; Rufo, the youngest son, beside me, trying manfully to hide his young curiosity about me and the world; the stout and motherly Doña Constanza, anxious only that I should have enough to eat; Aunt Trini, thin, gray-haired and aloof, very formal after the Spanish manner; and across from me, properly lowering her dark lashes when I looked at her, Rita—Margarita Constanza Ascension del Valle, not the youngest daughter but the only unmarried one.

When she looked down demurely at her plate I could notice the clear beauty of her brow, the sheen of her black hair, the sober curve of her soft mouth; but when her eyes met mine for a second I forgot that she was beautiful. Strange eyes. You had to call them gray, yet they were almost black; disturbing eyes, with little amber lights that came and went; gray like the storm clouds on Vizcayan hills, lit with some hidden, sleeping flame of violence. I couldn't help wondering how that storm would be if it should break.

She was twenty years old. Twenty and not yet married! Does that seem shocking to you? It did to them.

Her advanced age gave her a little liberty. After supper she did not retire, but sat with us in the cool dimness of the colonnade about the patio, where starlight drifted through old arches and a fountain lulled you with its murmuring.

She did not talk; a woman does not talk with strangers like myself. I only felt her sitting there, quiet yet strangely, beautifully alive.

Her father seemed to be something of a philosopher.

"Young men are fools," he said. "Be not offended, *caballero;* but consider the case of yourself. You come, you say, in search of timber—to this distant and difficult place. Is there no timber in your own United States?"

"Mahogany, no," I said. "Besides, there is more profit to be earned in difficult places."

"Profit?" said Don Fernando dryly. "Ah, yes, I have heard it said that you *Yanquis* live for profit. You, admitting it, have turned your back on the richest country in the world; the young men of other races, accusing you, hurry thither to reap the dollar where it grows thickest. Do you not smell a lack of logic in it?"

"Some men," I said, "are content to trade in dollars; others find satisfaction in creating wealth—seeking the hidden treasure, bringing to use the natural riches of the earth."

"For profit? Bah!" said Don Fernando. "That is a lie we tell ourselves when we are young: 'I shall be old some day and have much need of comfort; let me hurry to get money before my powers fail!' Well, it is true, all men grow old. But no young man believes it. How can a young man know he will be old? He sees old men about him, yes. He sees elephants, too, yet can he picture how it feels to be an elephant?

"No, my friend; it is the old men who put those words into his mouth. He knows old men are wise—that is, the old men tell him so—and he gets money to save his face with them. But it will never buy the thing he truly seeks."

"Love?" I said, not knowing yet the measure of his mind.

"Mystery," said Don Fernando.

I half remember Rufo squirming as if he wished to speak but dared not. He was eighteen; but parental discipline is strong in families like that; an eighteen-year-old boy is still a boy and must be silent when his father speaks.

"A brute of the forest," said Don Fernando, "is content with food for his stomach, his mate, shelter from storms, a familiar hunting ground. A brute knows what he hunts. He can see the horizon, but he does not wonder what nameless things may lie beyond it. He feels no need for wonder. A brute is curious only about what threatens or may threaten, profits or may profit him.

"That is how man is different. When a man knows, or thinks he knows, all that lies near him, then he must go beyond. Let him be fed and warm and all secure; he will forsake all that he has to seek that which he does not know—seek things to wonder at. What holds no secret seems to him an empty place."

"Then what he seeks," I said, "recedes, is unattainable?"

"It is the penalty of being half divine, and only half."

I said sardonically, "'The old men tell us so!'"

"Eh, well!" said Don Fernando. "I am no priest, only an old man with the memory of many follies. It may be so. Maybe we run like squirrels in a cage, going nowhere. Certainly all horizons are the same when one is old."

"That is a sad philosophy," I said.

"How so?" said Don Fernando. "If it is a cage, then there is something that is not a cage. And if this life be all—do not tell the padre I have said so—at least the sleep of weariness is grateful. The recompense of age is peace; to fill old nostrils with the memory of courage and illusion, being no longer tortured by it."

"Little by little," I said, "seeking they know not what, young fools are conquering this great world."

"And when they shall have conquered it—what then?"

"The stars!" I said, for they come close about that hacienda in the hills, clear and alive and wonderful.

"Vainglorious youth!" said Don Fernando, laughing. "The stars? Even today, I hear, men learn them, weigh them, measure them. They are no more than other suns and other worlds.

"No, my friend; the answer is not there. Go, bump your seeking nose against the very wall of heaven, and then come back and turn your wonder on yourself, a man. What makes you seek? What gives you the power and the sleepless need to wonder? You name it; you do not discover it. Inward and inward lies a place of seeking greater than the darkness yonder; inward; there lies the limitless adventure! *Basta,*" he said, "enough! Answer me now, but honestly, and I will show you why I say young men are fools. When you lived in your father's house, in your own pueblo, what color of the sunset used to call to you and say there was more room elsewhere to seek—for profit?"

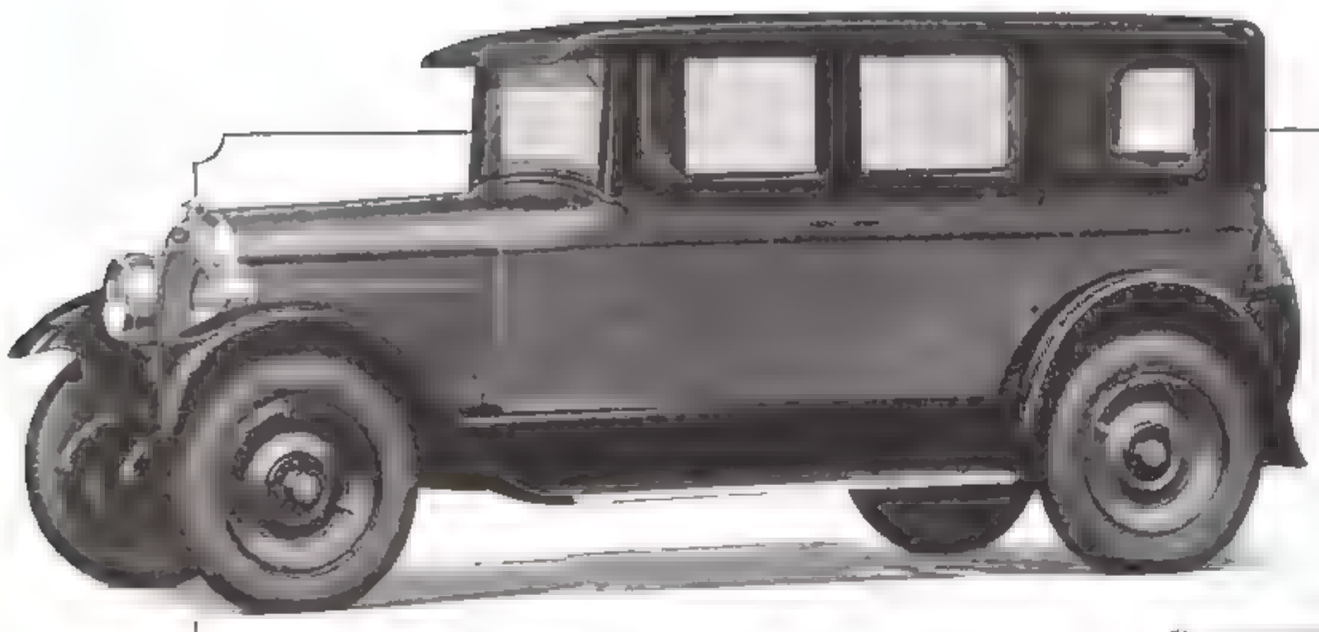
I had almost forgotten. I had to laugh, surrendering.

"A song," I said. "A vision without a name."

Rita del Valle stirred in the dimness, hesitant.

"A—song, señor?"

(Continued on Page 136)



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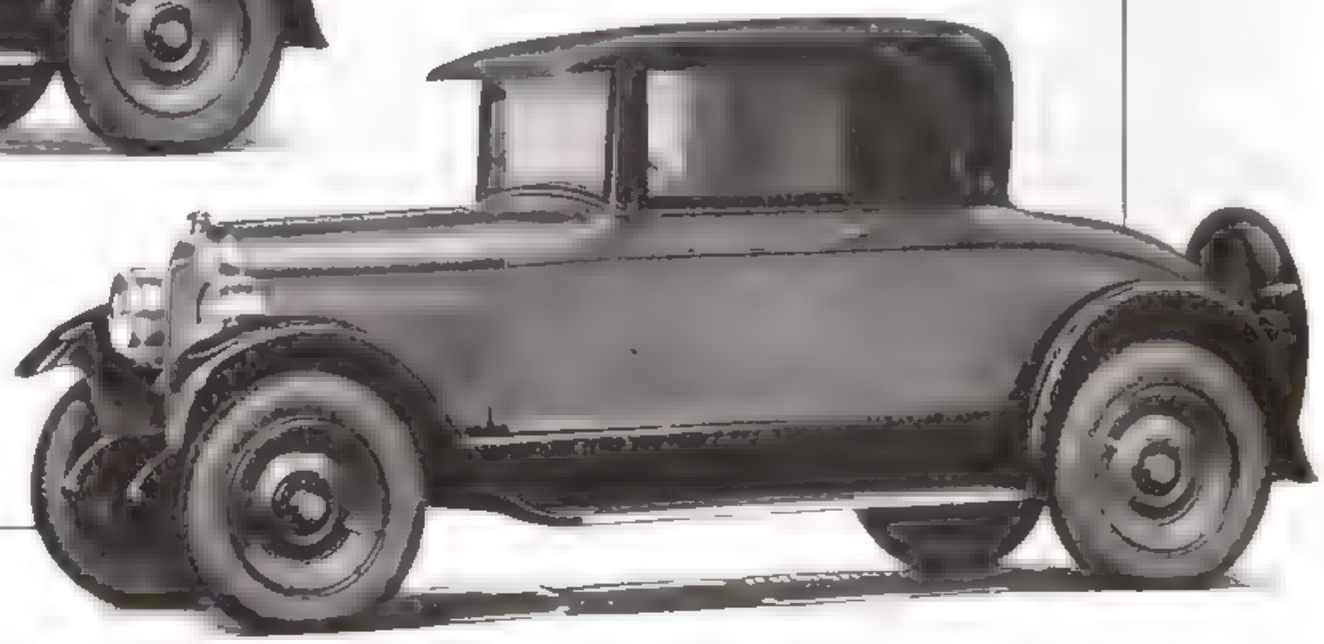

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(Continued from Page 134)

"The song of a vagabond," I told her. "Once in the night ——"

But how can you tell of a vision when you do not see it any more? In years and weariness I had forgotten it. Nothing remained but fact; the fact was not the truth.

I had to finish flippantly.

"I loved a woman. That is usual, *verdad?* Also as usual, there came another man, a lean strong wanderer with the mark of far countries on him, strange words in his mouth. She saw his eyes of loneliness; I heard his talk. I was a mere *poblano*, a townsman, fat and dull ——"

"You are not fat," said Rufo, wriggling in his chair.

I had to laugh. Eh, well! Nothing was lost. You cannot sell a vision in the lumber market.

"Who, by the way," I asked them, "is Don Ramon Zuñiga?"

Nobody answered. The fountain seemed suddenly louder. You know the quality of silence when you know you've made an awful blunder without knowing what it is? I made some inane remark to try to carry over, but the constraint was not eased. Don Fernando answered politely; politely, no more. Doña Trini rose, saying with cold formality, "I retire. With your permission, *caballero*."

"You have it, señora," I answered, wondering what it was all about.

We had all risen. Doña Constanza went to her.

"I accompany thee, sister. With permission, señor."

"You have it, señora."

"Good night, señor." That was Rita's hesitant soft voice; her little hand was warm and vital, like those strange dark eyes.

"Good night, señor!" That was Rufo, very stiff; he didn't offer his hand; his tone implied, "And good-by!"

Only Don Fernando offered any excuse.

"The day has been heavy. Is there anything you require, *caballero?* There are candles in your room, and water. May you sleep well."

"And you," I said mechanically.

The fountain kept on murmuring.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JAZZ

(Continued from Page 29)

than a large mute, which is what we call rather "sloppy."

One interesting device used with the trombone I must mention. This is achieved by holding the bell of the instrument to the small end of a phonograph horn, with a result that has almost the qualities of a baritone voice. The saxophones, to my way of thinking, can come the nearest of any instrument to reproducing the human masculine voice. In trained hands the clarinets are equally adept in simulating the feminine voice. Both brass and wood winds can produce laughter that is uncannily realistic.

Some trick stuff is all right and some is in the very worst possible taste. For instance, a man who wires a mouth organ to his face as a solo instrument and uses the piano to accompany himself is making himself ridiculous. If your trick stuff is clever, use it. If not, keep away.

One of the qualities in the musician that the jazz orchestra has developed is ingenuity. If he feels that he needs a certain sound from his instrument, he puts his hand or his foot in it, or goes and gets a beer bottle, if nothing else is at hand.

The Derby Mute

The orthodox have, I think, been pretty well shocked by the employment of curious devices for altering the tonal quality of certain ancient and respected instruments. Somebody has suggested that this is because the mechanism is often rather baldly exposed. With the new mutes, perhaps this will eventually be improved. As a matter of fact, not nearly all the jazz stunts are new. For instance, the derby mute goes back to 1832, when Hector Berlioz directed the clarinetist at a certain passage in his Lelio, Ou Le Retour À La Vie, to wrap the instrument in a leather bag to "give the sound of the clarinet an accent as vague and remote as possible."

The glissando of the trombone occurs in the orchestral score of Schönberg's Pelleas et Melisande, written in 1902 when jazz was as yet entirely unknown. Schönberg is also the father of the flutter on the trombone—that is, very rapid tonguing on the same note. And Stravinsky, in the days when jazz was still in its infancy, used muted trumpets. Yet jazz has developed much that is new, and this is its chief service to music. Music, like everything else, gets static in its development during any period when fresh tools are not being devised. From the way in which some of the jazz devices have been received, one might think that it was lese majesty to make a pleasing sound in any way in which it had not been made before. Yet the development of music has gone hand in hand with the development of new instruments from the day when the savage first found that hitting a hollow log with a club made a sound that stirred human emotions.

There is a story somewhere to the effect that the man who first strung a gourd with catgut and made sounds upon it was put to death, because his fellowmen resented the introduction of a new noise into a world which they regarded as already overstocked with such. So you see there have always been cranks and reformers.

The Notorious Saxophone

The jazz band has introduced some little-known instruments, such as the heckelphone, the slide cornet and the cymbalon. It has developed such new ones as the sarusophone. And of course the banjo has received so much attention that it would hardly be surprising to hear of its being taken into the symphony. The now notorious saxophone, in almost any of its sizes and keys, is one of the most useful of modern instruments. It is easy to learn—I believe there is a tradition that an ambitious boy can get the hang of it in twenty minutes—but difficult to master. But other instruments are still more difficult to master, and it is not necessary to master the saxophone to play dance music.

Saxophones supply the element of humor which American dancers insist upon having and they are also extremely flexible, so that more or less difficult running passages may be played with ease. In skilled hands the saxophone is capable of smooth intonation in solo passages, though, like all reeds, the control of pitch is not easy.

With two or three saxophones for the same player, one may obtain a large variety of tone effects, shifting a melody into the deep bass with good effect, and then by picking up a smaller instrument, get a cold blue tone almost as pure as that of the flute. Or one may take the little top sax and push it up to super-acute register to make extremely funny noises. The collective compass of the soprano, alto, tenor, and barytone saxophones is a little more than four octaves, so there is sufficient territory for the complete performance of many pieces without the use of any other instruments.

As the basis for a three-piece orchestra, the saxophone is thoroughly successful. One combination possible is the saxophone, xylophone and piano. Offhand one might think there would be too much percussion and too little melody, but a barytone saxophone is beautifully set off by the sparkle

of the xylophone, and the piano holds together the rhythm.

Really, of course, the day of the three-piece orchestra is done. In a modern orchestra two men often play a dozen instruments, and three men, provided they are equipped with the right number of instruments, can turn themselves into a huge working force.

The best one-man dance orchestra is, and always has been, the piano. Nine-tenths of the music in the civilized world has been written for this old stand-by and practically all arrangeable music has been arranged for it. And the best piano orchestra is the piano alone!

The banjo, going on to the next typical jazz instrument, is of highest importance in our type of orchestra. Its tone is clear, snappy and carries farther even than that of the piano. It is capable of rhythmic and harmonic effects that a leader is put to it to find in any other instrument.

You can get more *pizzicato* effects—you can get relatively greater volume with a single banjo than you can with a whole symphony load of violins and violas playing *pizzicato*, and you can play passages they wouldn't dare to attempt. There is an example in a piece we used to be fond of playing, On the Sip, Sip, Sippy Shore, where Turkey in the Straw is introduced as a banjo solo. The pace is furious and the swift and flexible hands of the artist must move fast indeed. What symphony conductor would dare put such a passage as this in the hands of his strings? Yet the single instrument, in the dance orchestra, with one set of fingers is all that is required.

In the ensemble the banjo may be considered even more important than as a solo instrument. If it is a good timekeeper it will tone down the piano, stop the traps from banging and cause the whole organization, no matter how many instruments there are, to move on the beat like one man.

Obviously the jazz band has tried to develop extreme sounds. The deepest, the most piercing and the softest effects are produced, but any jazz-orchestra leader will soon learn that he gets his best effects if he plays softly. It is not necessary to bang to get your effect or to burst the instrument for volume. On the contrary, a good jazz orchestra is at its best and most seductive when at its quietest.

Made and Played in America

The early jazz was each man for himself and devil take the harmony. The demoniac energy, the fantastic riot of accents and the humorous moods have all had to be toned down. I hope that in toning down we shall not, as some critics have predicted, take the life out of our music. I do not believe we shall. It seems to me that we have retained enough of the humor, rhythmic eccentricity and pleasant informality to leave us still jazzing. And while we do not have so much unrestricted individualism as in the old days, every man must still be a virtuoso.

A critic has said that if jazz is to rise to the level of musical art it must overthrow the government of the bass drum and the banjo and must permit itself to make excursions into the regions of elastic rhythms. Perhaps that is true. All I know is that if somebody will write us a different kind of music we shall be glad to try to play it. So far the jazz orchestra is the only typically American arrangement of instruments that has ever been made. The military band has been done in this country very well, but not with original instrumentation. Never before has the combination of saxophone, brass, banjo, piano, drums and little strings been tried.

As I have tried to indicate, the modern jazz orchestra is an efficient arrangement. Every member knows exactly what he is to play every minute of the time. Even the smears are indicated in the music. Rehearsals are as thorough and frequent as in any symphony. The discipline of the orchestra, if it is a good one, must be complete. Yet there must be freedom such as I have never seen in any symphony. The men must get joy out of their work. They must have a good time and try to give their audience one.

Music is human. The character of the man that handles the instrument shows in his music just as his character shows in his handwriting. Every human being has his own value, his own character. It is when this variety is released into music that music thrives and grows. Jazz has forever ended the time when music was—to the average American—a series of black and white notes on white paper, to be learned by rote and played according to direction in a foreign language—*staccato, legato, crescendo.*

Americans know now that they may take any old thing that will make a sound that pleases them, and please themselves by expressing with it their own moods and characters in their own rhythms, thus making music. The saxophone, in spite of the fact that at one time it was used for church music, comes romping into the orchestra like a Wild Westerner into Boston society. Even the tin pan is not to be despised just because it was made originally to hold milk. Says jazz, put an old hat over a trumpet and make it sing as it never sang before. Who cares that it is only an old hat?

A Place in the Limelight

It was, after all, some very distinguished persons who started putting base agencies to work when they needed them. Schubert used to amuse his friends by wrapping tissue paper around a comb and singing the Erlking through it, and Tschaikovsky required the same implement to get his effects in the Dance of the Mirlitons. The highly respected orchestras of the 70's employed cannon that broke all the crockery for miles around when they wished to get the effect of a battle.

Also, the jew's-harp a century ago was regarded as a highbrow instrument, Eulenstein playing sixteen at once before the King of England and getting a decoration for it. To be sure, the musician's teeth broke off one by one before he ended his career, the last with such a clatter that he was literally thrown out of court. But that's no argument against America's making a joyful noise with whatever she has nearest at hand.

The first essential of any good orchestra is that the human beings who compose it shall be musicians of the first water. But with a jazz orchestra this is not nearly enough. The players here must be masters not only of one but several instruments, so that a small group can produce the color and tone of a far larger one by doubling on two, three or half a dozen instruments.

Jazz players have to possess not merely musical knowledge and talent but musical intelligence as well, which is something else. In a symphony the conductor's is the only personality which stands out. In a jazz orchestra every man is in the limelight. Therefore each man must be clever enough to sell himself to the audience. In other words, he must exhibit good showmanship by making his audience want what he has to give them.

He must have initiative, imagination and inventiveness amounting almost to genius. In the symphony the composer invents. With us that job falls to the player. This versatile individual must also be young enough so that the spirit of adventure is still in him. He must be temperamental enough to feel and not too temperamental to be governed. Neatness in dress and a cheerful expression are assets, as is a sense of humor. A jazz player must be inherently optimistic. He will never "get over" in our business if he is long-faced and solemn. It is better to be overly irresponsible than overly serious-minded if a man aspires to jazz.

Perhaps the most important item of all is that each player must be an American. It is better if one is a native-born American and better still if one's parents were born

(Continued on Page 141)

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It isn't, after all, entirely the economy of a home, or the showplace it may be to friends, or the profit on an investment, that decides them. It is the refuge a home pledges . . . haven that it can be from the day's incessant demands.

"Now we have a home!" . . . you have heard it from the lips of young friends . . . and you may well imagine that this pride is hinting at something more than dollar-and-cents value.

It is those prideful people, wanting a home refuge and home charms for more than a day . . . *for all the tomorrows* . . . who most deservedly insist on good materials and good workmanship. They know the fallacy of slighting construction . . . and then regretting it through the years.

So often they have been best assured of the permanence of the home by the use of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir and other products . . . manufactured with the aim of giving the user maximum construction value!

Ask Your Retail Lumber Dealer.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. Long Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.
Lumbermen Since 1875

Douglas Fir
—with the trade-mark

The Long-Bell trade-mark on Douglas Fir lumber and timbers, manufactured at Longview, Wash., is something more than a name. It not only represents the experience of fifty years as lumbermen—it actually means unsurpassed manufacturing methods and a resulting quality of lumber of unquestionable dependability. With electrically operated equipment of the most modern type, operated according to the highest standards known in the industry, this production has high value for builders planning durable construction.

Southern Pine
—with the trade-mark

The years have proved the satisfaction of Long-Bell trade-marked Southern Pine lumber and timbers. Long-Bell production of Southern Pine is the largest in the world; the dependability of this lumber is known wherever Southern Pine is sold.

To Shippers

Boxes and containers made of wood reach destinations safely.

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Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors; Box Shooks.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 137)

here, for then one has had the American environment for a lifetime, and that helps in playing jazz. At least one must be a naturalized citizen, which means a considerable residence and a knowledge of language and customs.

My men are of every kind of ancestry—Italian, German, French, English, Scandinavian. That does not matter. Nor does their religion. What does matter is that they are all American citizens and nearly all native-born. Most of them are married. I prefer it so, not that marriage makes for better jazzing but that it promises conscientiousness and stick-to-itiveness.

I got a good many of my twenty-five men from symphonies. One of these is Walter Bell, who plays the bass and contrabassoon. He was in the San Francisco Symphony and has written two or three symphonies himself. He got his start playing the mandolin and guitar in an ice-cream parlor where the mice and rats were so thick that he had to put his feet upon a table to keep them from gnawing the leather of his shoes.

It was through him that I really got to know and like jazz, and I picked him for my own orchestra—mentally, of course, because I had no orchestra then and didn't know that I ever would have—at a performance of the Symphony in San Francisco. Bell was playing bass, but the bassoon got sick and I, being the youngest member of the orchestra, was chased off to bring his instrument down for Bell to play. He played it and beautifully, but right in the midst of the Sixth Tschaikovsky Symphony he commenced to play in all off rhythms—jazz, really. I don't know why he did—just a crazy impulse, I suppose, to shock the staid symphony audience and curiosity to see how his experiment would sound. But right then I vowed that some day I'd have him in my band.

Another man we got from a symphony is Chester Hazlett, also of the San Francisco group. He was a first clarinet at seventeen in a symphony, but he plays the saxophone for us because he has always been crazy about that instrument.

Frank Siegrist, trumpeter, and I played together in the Navy and experienced some of the difficulties of trying to supply eight orchestras to various company commanders when we only had the makin's of four. But discipline was discipline in the Navy and nothing was impossible—that's a Navy slogan—so we always managed somehow.

Why Gus Left Us

It was of Siegrist that Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony and formerly of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, said, "I don't believe there is another lip like that in the world! What I wouldn't give if I could have a man like that! But of course you, with all the money you make, can afford to pay him more than a symphony ever could!"

"Well," said I, for I couldn't resist the impulse to rub it in a little, "you might have had this man, for he tried out for you no less than four times before I got him, and you turned him down every time!"

Mr. Hertz is an example of the change of sentiment toward jazz. When he first heard me jazz a classic—it was the Peer Gynt Suite—he was frantic. He said he hoped I'd have to sleep on snakes, snails and worms to pay me out for that sacrilege, but when we went to San Francisco the last time he called his orchestra together and introduced me, telling them I was doing a good work.

Henry Busse, trumpeter, is another symphony man. He has played in a number of the high-class musical organizations in Germany and knows the classics thoroughly. Yet it was he who stuck a kazoo in a regular mute one day and got an Oriental quality like an oboe that I had been trying to get for a long time.

Men taken from symphonies are the easiest ones to train. They have had good discipline, and they usually leave because they are interested in jazz and want to experiment along a new line. Their knowledge of music is valuable and they know their instruments.

The real blues player is more hidebound in his way than the symphony man. Blues are a religion with him and he doesn't think a man who is able to read music can really play blues. He "suffers the blues," as one Southern player told me when I complimented him.

"Yassah, I suffah 'em," he said.

I had a New Orleans boy, Gus Miller, who was wonderful on the clarinet and saxophone, but he couldn't read a line of music. I wanted to teach him how, but he wouldn't try to learn, so I had to play everything over for him and let him get it by ear. I couldn't understand why he wouldn't make an effort to take the instruction I wanted to give him. Finally I got it out of him.

"Well, it's like this," he confided seriously. "I knew a boy once down in N'Awleens that was a hot player, but he learned to read music and then he couldn't play jazz any more. I don't want to be like that."

A few days later Gus came to me and said he was quitting. I was sorry and asked if it was money. He said no, but stalled as to his real reason. Finally, though, he came out with it.

"No, suh, I jes can't play that pretty music-that you-all play!" Then in a wild burst of words, "And, anyway, you fellers can't play blues worth a damn!"

Stars But Not Stardom

I have paid a good jazz player as much as $30,000 a year, and none of the good ones get less than $200 a week. Many get $250 and $300. This is good money, but then a good jazz orchestra demands good money and gets it.

I choose my men according to the characteristics I have already set down and I find them everywhere. Many of them come to me for tryouts. We have forty or fifty applications for jobs every day in the New York office. My friends, too, scout around for me, and naturally I hear every orchestra I can everywhere I go. I catalogue the likely players I hear and the ones my friends tell me about. It's rather like a baseball team. Sometimes I even take options on men

The music business is just like any other. A doctor will recommend a doctor in another town to you if you are moving, and music men recommend cornetists and saxophonists in exactly the same way.

Our rehearsals are free-for-alls. Every man is allowed to give his ideas, if he has any, about how new pieces should be played. The orchestra makes a kind of game of working out effects that will go. In shirt sleeves if it's hot, and even in bathing suits if it's hotter, with sandwiches and cold drinks handy, we've been known to run over the appointed rehearsal time by several hours, due to interest in what we were doing.

When we are about to do a new piece, Grofe, my arranger, and I spend several hours discussing it from every point. Then, if we are in a hurry for it, he takes two days to arrange it, working often night and day. Sometimes he keeps right on for three or four days without any sleep. The initial rehearsal requires only about thirty-five or forty minutes, owing to Grofe's skill and the ease with which the boys pick up new numbers. That is, after forty minutes' practice we are ready to play a new piece—one that has the typical jazz effects of mutes and special parts.

There is very little stardom in my orchestra. We all work together for what we are trying to do. Star stuff can spoil any group. Coöperation can make a mediocre band go great. If inspiration comes to any one of the boys we stop and jot down his recommendations. Some of the suggestions when tried prove to be no good, but I'd far rather have enthusiastic youth and a few mistakes in my orchestra than seasoned, too careful old-stagers. The appeal of the jazz orchestra comes from spontaneity

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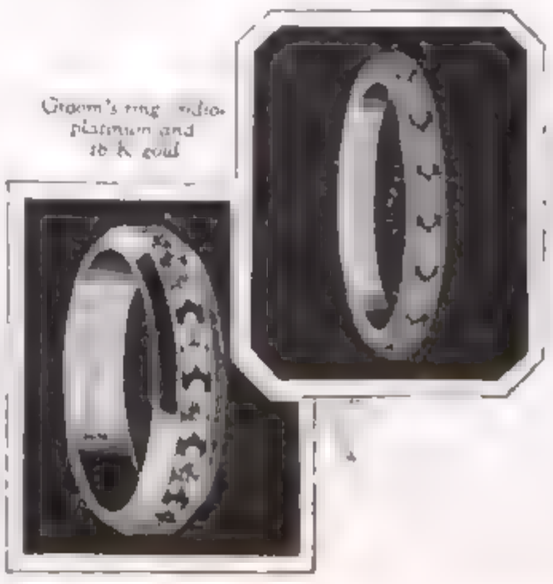

more than from finished brainy work. And for spontaneity one needs wholesale youth.

The men are as enthusiastic over a new instrument as I am. When one is brought in they crowd around and everyone wants to try it. They are always experimenting with fresh combinations, hoping to nose out a new trick or two. I wouldn't have a stolid man in my orchestra. The audience would feel a lack instantly. I think I'd fire a man quicker any day for a show of really surly disposition than for a serious mistake in musical execution.

Not that my boys are never allowed to lose their tempers. Far from it. An occasional fit of temperishness is natural enough and comes with temperament. Perhaps I shall be criticized for including temperament in my list. I believe, however, that all who do creative work are blessed or cursed with temperament. It seems to be a way Nature provides for balancing excessive strain. Of course it can be carried to rather extraordinary extremes.

A musical-comedy star I know kicks and screams invariably when she comes off the stage after an evening's work. But at other times she is a very good-tempered little person. Sometimes what looks like temperament is merely self-preservation, from which the audience profits. Many singers, notably Jeritza and the late Caruso, have made a practice of speaking to no one for several hours before singing.

An audience, by the way, can be the kindest thing on earth or the unkindest. I never have faced an intentionally unkind one, but sometimes I have been greatly depressed by coldness and stand-offishness. An audience expects so much. People look at you, not as if you were a human being but just as something built up for their entertainment. They will never excuse a mistake and they make no allowances for your off days.

The players don't glare or laugh when the audience applauds in the wrong place, but the audience will laugh or even hiss at a mistake. Perhaps, if they understood the handicaps actors and musicians often overcome at a performance, they would be more charitable. The other day I saw a dancer at a vaudeville house fall in a heap in the wings after her turn on the stage. An old sprain had suddenly become painful while she was doing a difficult whirl at the very beginning of her act, but she kept a smile on her face and went on dancing. She got a few hand claps and very likely some former fan turned to his wife and remarked, "Well, I guess she's getting old."

Nothing to Do Till Tomorrow

A thing I never could understand is how any actor or musician ever gets the swell head. God gives talent, and those who get it deserve very little credit for it.

Do you suppose Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor know how they got to be comedians? Or George Cohan how he became one of the favorite personalities of all the stage? Hard work, you say? Well, partly. Good luck? Maybe, a little. But mostly it's just God-given talent—something to accept humbly and use as best you can.

A lot of folks wonder what a conductor is for. I've read plenty of comments by critics who speculated upon how much better certain orchestras might have done if they hadn't been handicapped by a leader. Well, it's a little bit immodest to say that an orchestra can't do without a leader, but after all it's true. I wish the critics could once hear a leaderless orchestra. Only, of course, such a thing is not possible, for if the real conductor were removed another would rise from the ranks.

A band is like an army. It must have a commander. A good conductor must be a musician in every sense of the word. He should be able to play at least one instrument well and should understand the intricacies and possibilities of all the others he employs. He must be a judge of men, tactful, democratic and yet able to make his authority felt. He has to be a good showman and likable. If it is real and not a sham part of his personality, it won't hurt if he is even a little eccentric on occasion.

As for the difficulty of jazz conducting—did you ever stand on a space two and a half by two and a half for just one hour? Try it sometime. There've been plenty of days when I've had to do that for nearly twelve hours almost at a stretch. For in conducting you can't move much farther than that off one spot.

Here used to be a typical day of mine in New York: I got up at nine A.M., snatched a hurried bite of breakfast and got to the office by ten. There was always a huge pile of correspondence to go over and attend to and considerable business for the string of orchestras I handle. At twelve we usually had a rehearsal or phonograph take. At two we played at the Palace, and in between we sandwiched in another rehearsal or recording session. At six-thirty we played at the Palace again and after that the Palais Royal until three A.M., and finally bed with the same routine to get up to the next morning.

Moreover, this doesn't include the necessary activities for publicity purposes, the interruptions by people who want jobs or come to have you hear them play or to ask charity of some kind. And I have forgotten to mention the benefits. I have sometimes played as many as fifty-nine of these in twenty-six weeks. And yet a writer, who is also one of my best friends, said one day that my job is to "Just stand before an orchestra and pat my foot indifferently well!"

Finding a Place in the Air

The radio, especially when it first came in, also added to my labors. I played The Star-Spangled Banner the first time the national anthem ever was sent through the air. To do it I had to race madly from the Palais Royal to the radio station and back again. It was Sunday, and at the station a man was making a speech.

They hadn't the system so well organized then as they have it now, and nobody had the nerve to tell him he was running over his time. I began to pace the floor, for I had to be back at the Palais Royal at six. Still there was no sign that the speaker was ever going to stop.

Then the announcer, an agreeable young blond chap, took matters into his own hands.

"That's all right, I can fix it!" he cried. "Just let him talk on!"

And he rushed away, did something intricate to a few connections, cut the poor speaker off the air entirely, put us in front of another microphone, we played The Star-Spangled Banner, rushed back to the Palais Royal and picked up the speaker, now turned on again and still talking. He didn't know he ever had stopped.

I had lots of interesting adventures in the air. Once I gave my mother a birthday party, I in New York, she in Denver listening in at a radio I had just sent her. Another time a station had my little son send birthday greetings to me, and one night at Station WOR in Newark we played the latest New York jazz hits at three o'clock in the morning for the Prince of Wales, who was listening in at Brook House in London.

The secret of the success of modern dance music is in its arrangement. For unless the music is cleverly scored the greatest musicians cannot make it popular with the public. Any man who is planning a career as a musician ought to know how to transpose at sight. Every score that comes to me is analyzed and dissected at rehearsal, down to the very last note. Naturally the small-orchestra arrangement will not always fit, so I take the music apart phrase by phrase. I find just where each melody lies according to the possibility of each instrument. Did you ever stop to consider that a single note on some trap instrument will carry away with it as much memory as thirty bars of senseless pounding?

Jazz orchestrations have done more to change the character of the jazz orchestra than anything else. The distribution of the mass has been made definite, a balance has been kept between the choirs. The arranger distributes the parts to his orchestra and here all his knowledge and wit are demanded. Mr. Grofe considers the orchestra a sort of quartet ranging from soprano to bass. In the separate instrumental groups he also divides the parts from high to low. If you give the highest voice and the lowest to the saxophone and the middle voices to the brass you will get a singularly rich effect of having three or four times more than the number of saxophones you are using. If you give the high voice and the low to the brass and fill in the middle with the saxophone you will get the opposite effect.

Perhaps it would be interesting to show what actually happens to a simple melody when made ready for the use of a jazz orchestra. Suppose we take the popular song, Oh Katherina. The orchestrator, who, in this instance, is Frank Barry, decides to put in German atmosphere, therefore he starts with a little Ach, Du Lieber Augustin. The first verse is left fairly straight and the first chorus is done in the regular American manner so as to set the tune.

Then comes a half chorus in jazz. After that starts some counterpoint with some famous German tune. The saxophones are changed to the oboes and clarinets and play the melody while the tuba plays Im Tiefen Keller, the famous German drinking song. The brass and saxophones then play the melody staccato, while the violins play the Soldier's Farewell, a German folk song.

The piece now softens down to muted brasses playing the melody, while the solo clarinet plays Hi Le, Hi Lo for a half chorus, then with trumpet fanfare modulates into Oh Tannenbaum while the violins and saxophones try to make themselves heard with the melody. A half chorus of hot jazz and then the strains of Ach, Du Lieber Augustin bring the orchestration to a close.

The main point in such orchestration is that after the tune is set the instrumentation shall be changed for each half chorus. In between, the keys are shifted, with a four to eight bar interlude to get into the new key. The new demand is for change and novelty. Four years ago a whole chorus could be run through with but one rhythmic idea. Now there must be at least two rhythmic ideas in a chorus and sometimes more. On the other hand it is necessary to avoid overcrowding with material, for the melody must not be lost. "Noodles"—that is, fancy figures in the saxophone, such as triple trills—often crowd out the melody, and the thing to remember is that everything else is secondary to keeping this alive.

Early Jazz Records

When our first records came down from the laboratories of the phonograph company for their initial audition, a visitor exploded, "What the dickens?" Then he listened to a few bars—he was an experienced listener—and demanded, "Who?"

The one-step was dying a natural death and in that death was becoming apotheosized into the fox trot. But our first record was different from either. Perhaps dancers in America who are old enough will remember it. It was a twelve-inch record, the first I think of the dance variety ever made that size, and there was a one-step on one side of it arranged from the Dance of the Hours. On the other was the legally immortalized Avalon, which gave occupation for a time to the copyright lawyers of two continents under the theory that it had been plagiarized from La Tosca. This was one of the greatest fox trots of the late giddy period.

The companion record was that masterpiece of dance composition, The Japanese Sandman, ranking with the earlier Havanola, which Rudolph Ganz had had scored by the composer and played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra as an example of American music. The even more popular Whispering was on the other side.

For years before we began to record, it had been necessary for almost all the recording laboratories to change the instrumentation of nearly all orchestral pieces. Certain instruments, notably the double basses which we then used, the horn, the tympanum, and in lesser degree other instruments, failed to yield satisfactory results. The double basses frequently were discarded and replaced by a single tuba. Modifications also in the placing of the orchestra were necessary in order to make the volume of tone from a large number of instruments converge upon the tiny diaphragm whose vibrating needle inscribed upon a disk of wax the mysterious grooves which, retraced by a second needle attached to a second diaphragm, gave back the voices and accents of music.

Good Records and Bad

So, for all our labor and study, we had to go into the recording room and learn all over. One of the changes we made when we found that ordinary drums could not be put on the record was to use the banjo as a tune drum. The tympanum and snare drum record, but the regular drum creates a muddy and fuzzed-up effect when other music is going, although solo drums make very good records. This was when I tried out the banjo for the ground rhythm and discovered the possibilities of that small instrument, which until then had been kept in the back and hardly heard at all. We also discovered that almost every instrument has a treacherous or bad note, and that when the score calls for that note the instrument had better stop playing. An extreme dissonance would mean that the record would be blasted. For all our troubles, however, we were told that fewer changes had to be made in our scoring than in any dance records of the time. As a rule we made two records at a sitting, though once I believe we made nine in three days. Each record averages about an hour and a half or two hours, for there must first be a rehearsal and a test before the perfect record is passed upon by the company hearing committee.

Recording is perhaps the most difficult task in the day's work—or the lifetime's. A slip may pass unnoticed in concert, whether across the footlights or over the radio, and even if noticed it is forgiven, since living flesh and sensitive will cannot always achieve mechanical perfection.

But a slip in a record after a time becomes the most audible thing in it. Everything else will be neglected to wait for the slip and to call the attention of someone else uninstructed in music to some great artist's false note. So every composition has to be recorded until it is perfect. If things go well from the first, well and good; but if, from the three records of each number usually made, there is none which will quite pass the exacting standards of the committee, there must be another afternoon of making and remaking. Every faculty of the artist, emotional as well as physical, must be expended in producing a perfect result.

In late recording practice, with highly improved methods of capturing sound and with new scientific principles, it has grown more and more practicable to record large bodies of instruments without losing volume, without having a large quantity of tone dilute and diffuse itself before reaching the actual part of the recording apparatus.

In the laboratory the possibilities of the orchestra began to loom large and the original plan with a single player to each type of instrument began to expand. The saxophone, for instance, had always had a shadow or understudy. A third saxophone now was added and in time the orchestra developed the full Wagnerian quartet of instruments in this one group. The one trumpet was reënforced by a second, and the now popular combination straight and comedy trumpet team came into existence. The banjo instead of just marking time began to make new excursions into the realms of rhythm and the fox trot began to change, without, however, disturbing the pedestrian order of things.

(Continued on Page 147)

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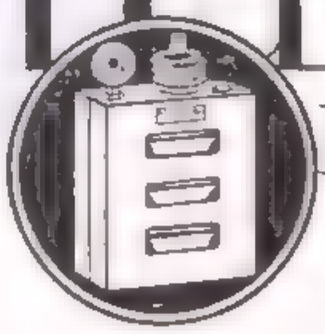

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"Ain't it the truth?" . . . . .

Like most human beings, you probably tell white lies about some of the little things of life.

You say you brush your teeth, for instance, three or two times a day—where *once* would be nearer the truth.

Most of us are lazy in the same way and say the same thing.

In fact, there are still some people who lie about taking a cold bath every morning. Usually they don't and many days they miss the morning bath entirely.

Isn't it true, though, that many of the little duties of life are more irksome than the bigger ones?

Tooth brushing is a good example.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish *the easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In fact, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word, *lazy*, includes practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. Just a minimum of brushing and your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

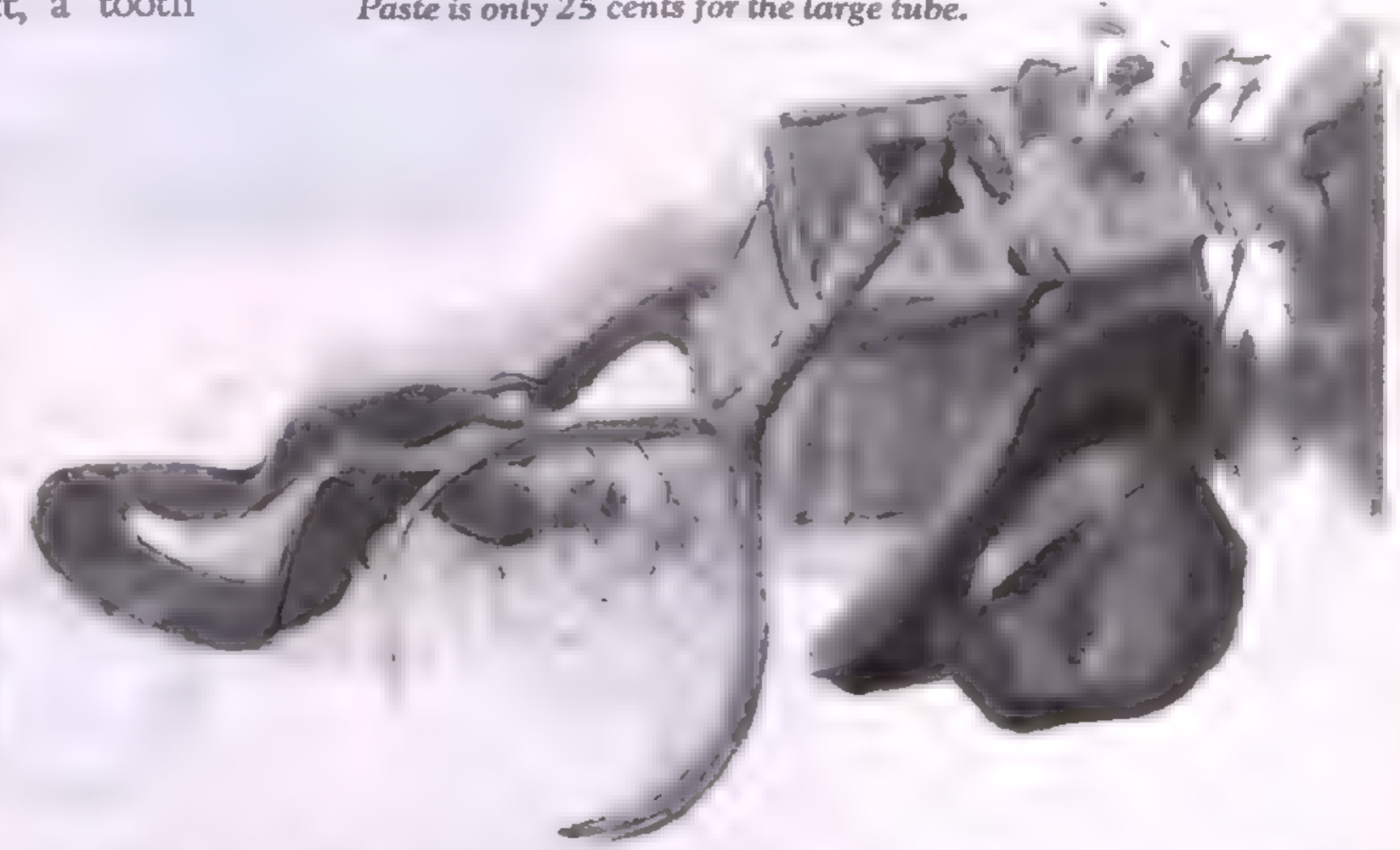
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is formulated. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

How fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! And then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.*



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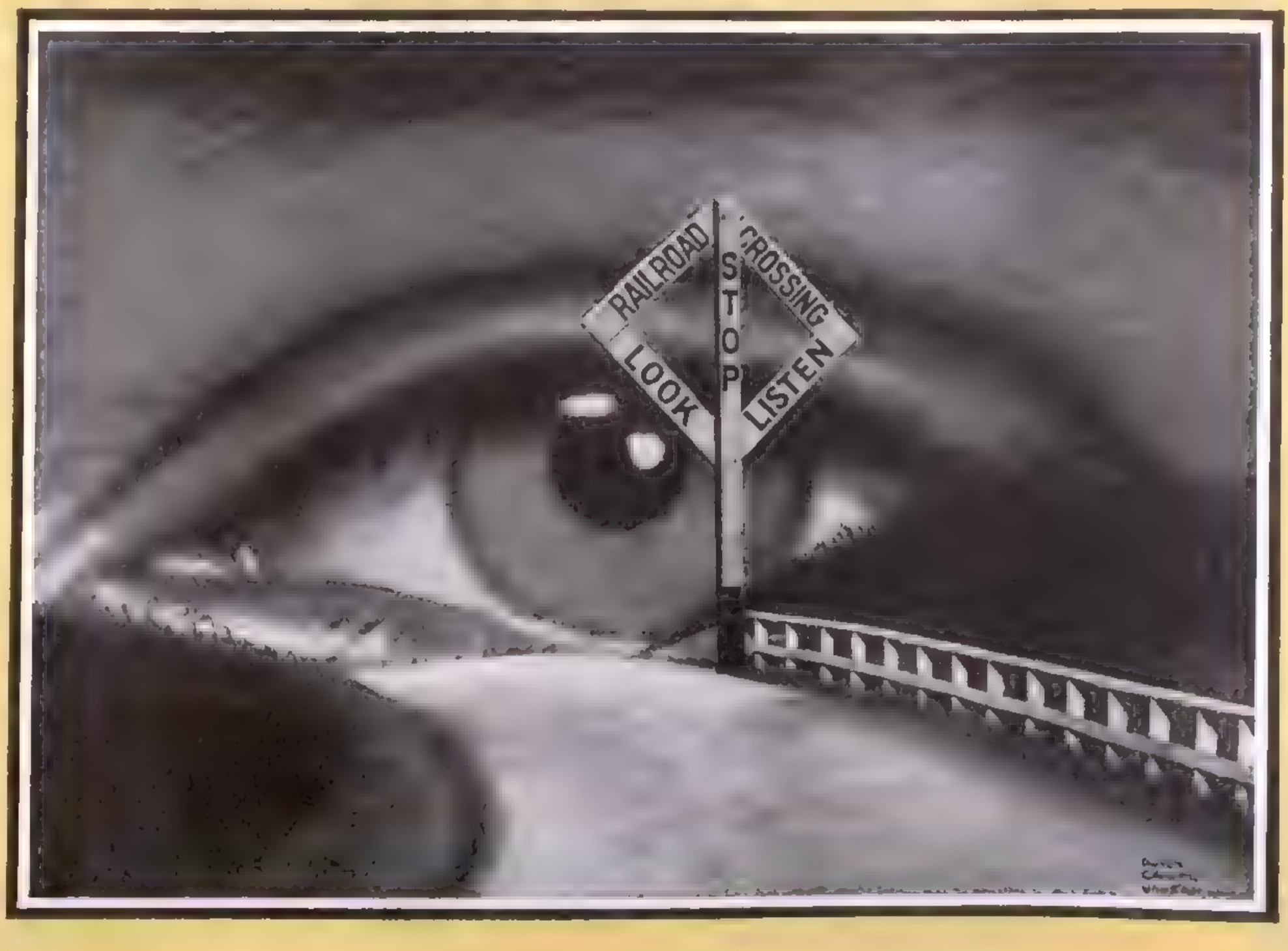

Do you know when your eyes signal danger?

"STOP, look and listen," reads the sign at the grade crossing ahead.

You recognize this signal. Instinctively you slow down to see if a train is coming. For you know it means DANGER. But

Suppose you *didn't* know. What would prevent you from speeding on - perhaps to your death? Surely, you wouldn't want to drive a car until you knew what danger signals to look out for!

Yet, when it comes to your eyes, are you as familiar with the signals? They are just as important. *For your whole general health is dependent on the condition of your eyes.* When defective eyes warn of danger, do you know enough to stop, look and listen?

Blurred vision and eye-strain are not necessarily the signals. Your eyes complain in more indirect ways through fatigue, headaches, nervousness and depression. And even though danger may not be close, these warnings point to future trouble.

You can't know the eyes' signals. Simply because you can read distant billboards and fine newsprint you should not conclude that your eyes are free from defects.

There is only one step that will show you the condition of your eyes. Take this sure step for your health's sake. Have your eyes examined promptly.

* * *

Write us today for an interesting and valuable new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

Have your eyes examined!

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(Continued from Page 142)

Not all these changes took place, of course, in the laboratory. Most of the rehearsing and discussing and rescoring was done in consultations outside—consultations not always free from the heat of argument. The actual business of recording is a star-chamber matter, but it is no violation of a secret to admit that some of our early records were spoiled by men swearing softly at themselves before they learned the new adroitness which the delicate mechanism of the recording room required.

One sees all one's friends and some of one's enemies at the recording laboratories, and the exchange of experience between the classicist and coon-shouter, the string quartet and the clarinet jazz band is illuminating for everybody. Not long ago Rosa Ponselle, Mischa Elman and I were all recording at the same studios, though in different laboratories. We had lunch together, and regardless of the fact that the temperature was above ninety the great dramatic soprano demonstrated a dance step for us in the best Broadway style. Then—she in her bungalow apron, Elman minus collar and coat, and I in "plus-four" knickerbockers—we had our picture taken.

It interested me that the singer should have been familiar with the current fox-trot step, for with the almost weekly changes in the dance I had begun to believe that only orchestra leaders and college boys could possibly keep pace. We even have to anticipate them and that has been one of our chief problems, as the public is well aware. Dancers and musicians as a rule are harder to bring together than the various labor unions working on a big building. Ballroom dancers persistently refuse to conform to accepted or classical styles, or to any styles which they do not determine for themselves in the ballrooms of the hour. Any study of the long list of our fox trots will reveal peculiarities in tempo, rhythm and general style not to be accounted for on the basis of individual variation, or the time-honored principle that Nature makes no two faces alike; the simple truth of the matter is that a dance is no sooner in the hands of the public than the style changes.

And Now the Charleston

During the past half dozen years there have been several powerfully marked variations in the ordinary, or two-step fox trot. The original glide-two-step fox trot of the Japanese Sandman period soon was succeeded by the radio roll or the scandal walk—the two passed into each other -and by the blues, which was officially earlier but in point of fact later in the experience of many dancers than the collegiate, which set up an entirely new style of dancing which called for an entirely new type of music. The tango fox trot prevailed in a few cities, the military fox trot, and entirely local dances with fanciful and in some cases meaningless names.

All these changes of style or local and individual caprices in taste have to be ministered to by a dance organization as large as ours or we soon perish. Few new dances, except those for stage use, are ever brought forward by teachers; they are developed in public by persons of no particular skill and with little or no knowledge of the dance as an art. It is avowed, and on excellent authority, that the collegiate sprang from the use of rubber-soled summer footwear and slow sticky dance floors at public resorts, where the skatelike slides and pivots of the old-style dancer were impossible. With footwear of this sort it was possible to do little but stamp up and down; from this developed a polkalike dance with crude hops and jumps, calling for agility but with no great degree of sophisticated grace.

Small items like this determine the whole power of survival of an orchestra. When a method crystallizes or a dance is standardized it is done, for the younger generation everywhere who invented it without half knowing most of the time what they were about are now through with it.

By and for Americans

One phenomenon I noted when I was playing dance music at the Palais Royal on Broadway. A fox trot was played in a rhythm exactly that of the habanera, or tango, but much swifter in time. The result was that the easy *chassé* skips peculiar to this type of dance became impossible to the dancers, who thereby changed their rhythm from that of the tango to the easier two-step, with the result that six hundred fox-trotters—not all of whom could be charged with profound musical knowledge—automatically were dancing in cross rhythm.

What will be the end of jazz? I don't know. Nobody knows. One may only speculate. But the speculation is fascinating business, and perhaps my ideas on such a nebulous subject are as likely to be sound as the next man's. However, I am no prophet. I can only say what seems to me possible and a very little bit probable. First of all, jazz has a chance because it is a sheer Americanism. Artistic Europe grants this and applauds. Have Europeans ever accepted any other music of ours? Alas, no! The truth seems to be that we have assimilated the arts of Europe and yet made none of them our own. It is something to branch out at last for ourselves in music as in other efforts. That does not mean, of course, that when we branch we create art immediately. But then neither does the fact that many look upon jazz as a sort of artistic blasphemy mean that it is so. We jazzists might reply to those who are shocked at what they call the bizarre sounds evoked by our instruments as Turner did to his lady critic.

"Mr. Turner," said the dame, "I never see such colors in the sunset as you see."

"Don't you wish you could, ma'am?" reparteed the painter.

Turner was a decade ahead of his generation and knew it. Perhaps we jazzists are a little ahead of ours. But I must confess in all humbleness that we have moments when we doubt this as much as any of those who cavil.

There is one thing about jazz—it must be played by Americans to be really well played. That means a chance for American musicians. The most encouraging symptom in the whole situation is the interest that high school and college boys take in jazz. Some day it will be with jazz here as it is with the races in England. Everybody who can scrape together a few shillings goes to the races. They're a national institution. Jazz is becoming an American institution.

Every boy, whether he is normally musically inclined or not, wants to learn to play something. Jazz has given him the opportunity and something is going to come of this. Perhaps that something will be a new art. Certainly it will be a good deal of musical composition, some of it very bad, and some of it, I hope, very good.

I have great ambitions for jazz. I want to see compositions written around the natural and geographical features of American life—written in the jazz idiom. I believe this would help Americans to appreciate their own country—their Hudson, their Rockies, their Grand Canyon and their Painted Desert. There is thematic material in each of these. True, we have no legendary rocks, no Mouse Towers on the Hudson. That is because we are not old enough. We must make traditions. It is time we began. Jazz can help by catching the themes fast in composition. I want jazz to give the young musician his chance. He has very little today. Where can the unknown young composer's piece be played? How can it even be put into shape for an orchestra to use? This costs several hundred dollars and the young man just starting in music does not fare well. I hope jazz is going to bring about a hearing for all such as these. The hope of jazz lies in the young people.

Educating Jazz Composers

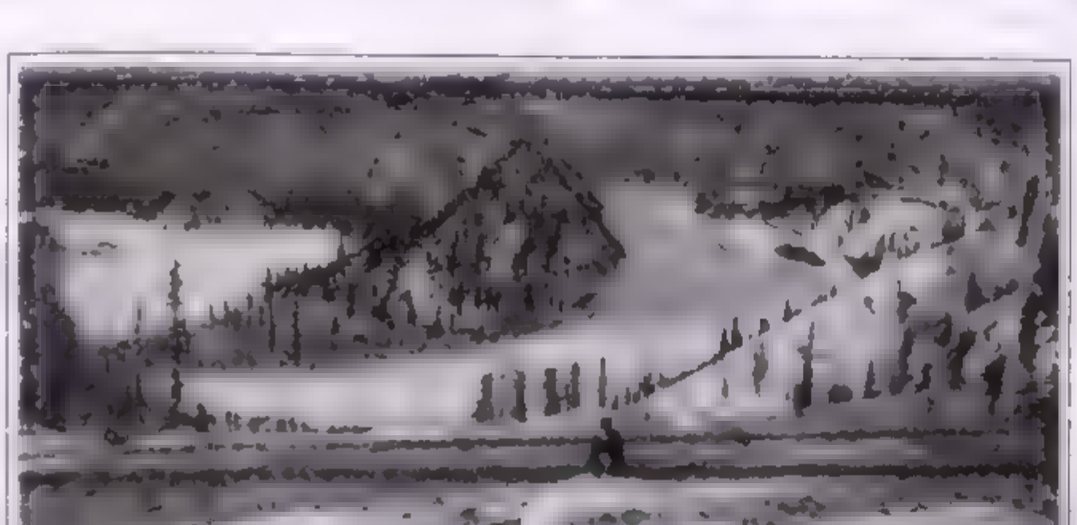
The charge that has been often made is true. Jazz so far is all dressed up and has very few places to go. That is because so few composers are writing for it. The best of the composers are too old and serious minded for jazz. They don't dance. They don't catch the rhythm of the younger generation. We must look to the young folks for the jazz compositions of the future. We must see that music becomes as much an educational staple in this country as spelling or reading. That it is not now may be recognized by inspecting any symphony audience. Except for music students, nearly everyone in such an audience is over forty years old.

America is a great country for specialization. There is only one way to educate an American, except in his chosen line. That way is by entertaining. And we must start the entertainment in the schoolroom. Since the highbrow composer will not write jazz music, we must train the popular composer to become a better musician. We must teach the rhythmic invention, the contrapuntal construction and formal variety needed in the best of jazz composition. When this is done, I will venture to say that the future of jazz will reveal itself soon enough.

To speak for myself—and I realize that it has been necessary for me to be lamentably personal in all that I have said on the subject of the future of jazz—I shall go blithely on insisting that jazz is real American music. To prove my assertion I shall play all of it that I can lay my hands on, the more pretentious, the better. Young composers may have the assurance at all times that ours is an organization from which the native product may have a hearing.

Whether jazz will make music cannot be settled by arguing about it. The only way is to try it, and we stand ready to provide the trial.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Whiteman and Miss McBride



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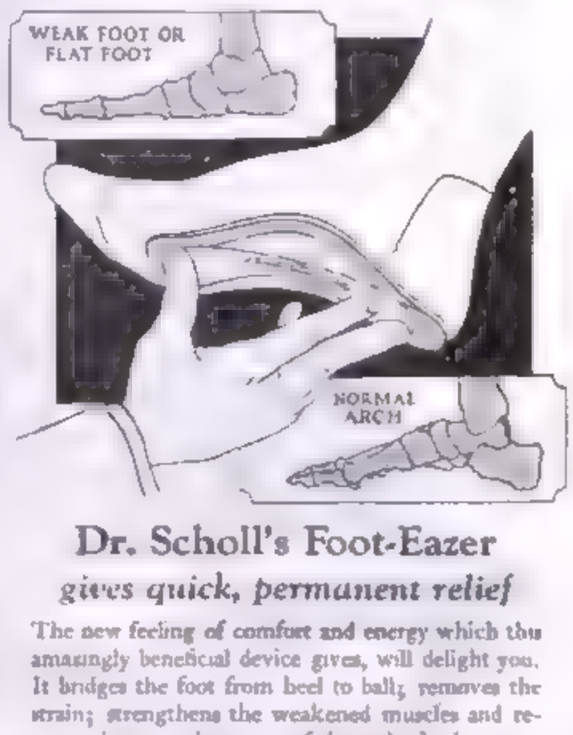

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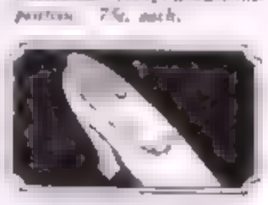

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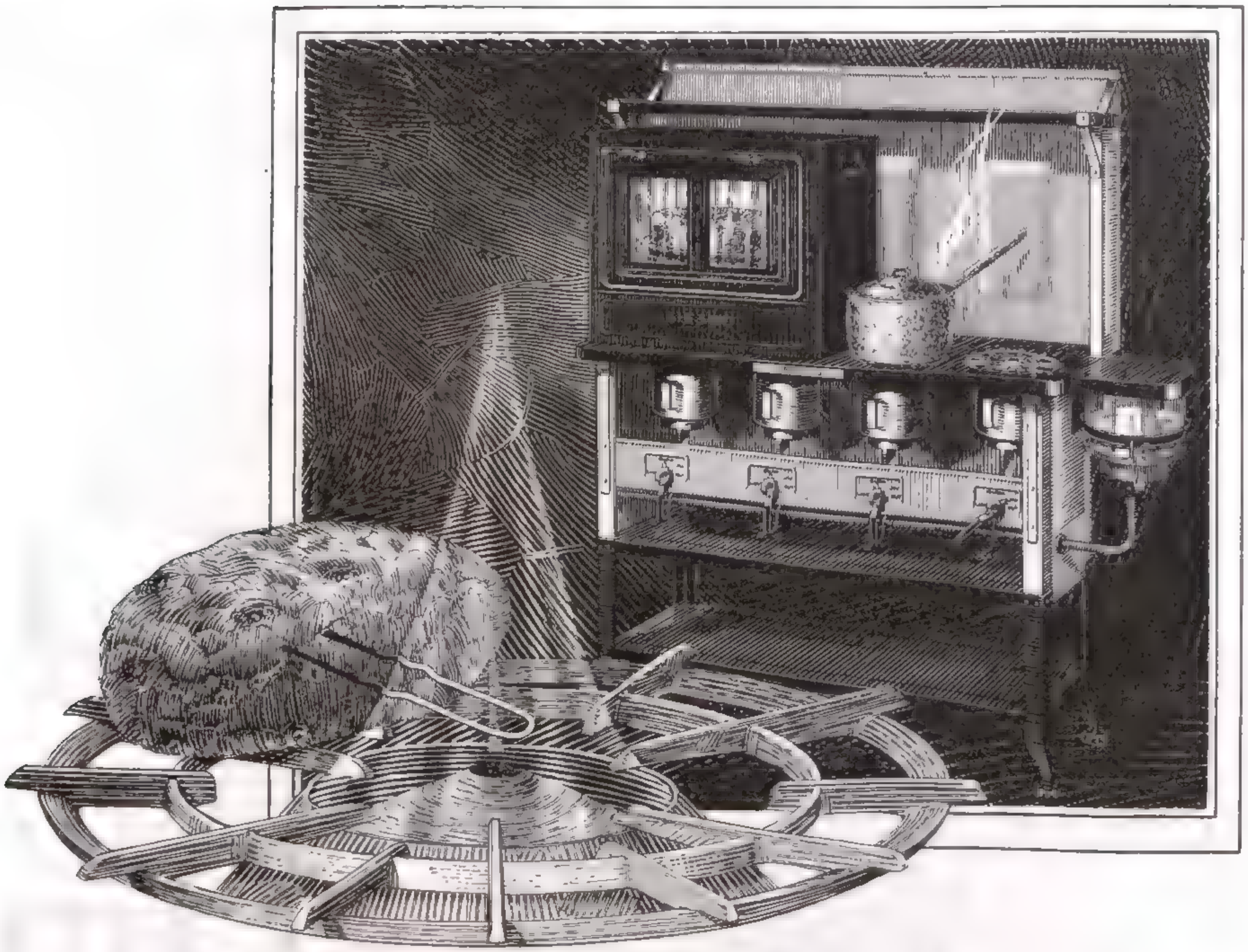

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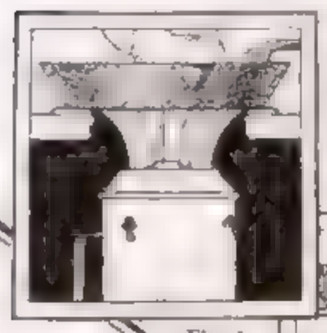

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

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ORDEAL BY WATER

(Continued from Page 11)

"We'll try her now," he muttered, and manipulated switches and levers and thrust his foot against the starter nub.

Janet had found some pleasure in the gentle-mannered little craft which had brought her this far; she was entirely unprepared for the demoniac noise evoked from the Hellwinder by Lin's foot upon the starter. The engine, turning over, screamed as though with pain, and then caught and roared deafeningly; and the boat beneath her quivered like a hurt thing in all its parts and seemed suddenly as frail as cardboard; and the vibration of the racing motor made her teeth chatter in her head. She held on desperately, expecting anything.

Lin, his hands engaged, looked over his shoulder and said something, and she leaned nearer to hear, but the boat was moving and he had turned his eyes forward again; and before she could resume the comparative security of her seat the craft leaped forward as though rammed from behind, her hat blew off and disappeared down wind, and she was flung violently back into her seat and drenched by a sudden sheaf of spray that lashed across her face. Then the Hellwinder made a turn, heeling far over, and she clung desperately to the gunwale on the higher side and looked over her shoulder to see water almost beneath her and thought they must roll completely over before mercifully the craft straightened out upon an even course and keel again, settled immediately into such speed that Janet, for the water which flailed her, could not even open her eyes.

Just as she became a little used to the violence of this experience the Hellwinder slowed sickeningly, and then leaped on again, and slowed a second time, while Janet's head nodded like a pendulum on her shoulders; and Lin, keeping one hand on the wheel, thrust head and shoulders into the engine compartment and made some adjustment there. When he resumed his seat and opened the throttle once more she saw him shake his head ruefully, and she slipped down into the bottom of the boat in the shelter of the forward seat.

Abruptly then she began to laugh at her predicament. She was already as wet as it was possible for her to be, so she ignored the stinging spray and rose on her knees and said in Lin's ear, "She's awfully fast, isn't she?"

"Four-cycling on one motor," he said morosely.

"Shan't we stop and fix it again?" she suggested, and hoped he would agree. She would have been glad to sit in an idle boat upon an idle lake all day long to escape the continued torment of this racking and destructive speed.

"Fix it when we get home," he replied.

A moment later they overtook and passed the other boat, but Janet dared not look back. It seemed certain that this speed could only end in destruction, and she wished to meet death face to face. It seemed at the last that she was to have this wish, for when they swung in to the Hart landing Lin drove straight at the wharf without checking his speed until it seemed to Janet that in another minute they must strike, and her breath came from her in low, gasping cries.

At the very end she shut her eyes, and the boat checked so abruptly she thought they had indeed struck; and then it swung and heeled and she fell scrambling along the bottom; and, before she could recover, the Hellwinder floated level once more, the motion eased and the roar of the engine choked and was still. She opened her eyes and found they were beside the wharf, and Lin was securing the lines. Janet, a little dazed, got dripping to her feet, and she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hart coming down the path through the trees, and then Lin said ruefully, "Good Lord, you're wet! And your hat's gone!"

Janet looked down at the ruin of her garments, touched her draggled, sopping hair. It was not in such state she would have chosen to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hart, and she was abruptly very angry at Lin.

"Is it possible?" she asked him scornfully; and when he extended a hand to help her to the wharf she ignored it, climbed out unassisted.

Then Mrs. Hart was upon them, saying querulously, "Lin, you idiot, you've got her all wet. You never do think of the back seat. Miss Trundy, you come right along in and get into some dry things."

Lin said uncomfortably, "Oh, Janet's all right, mother. I'll go back and find her hat in the morning. It will float ashore."

Janet wiped the water from her eyes. "Yes, indeed," she replied, and smiled too sweetly. "You mustn't worry about me." But she did not look at Lin, and Mrs. Hart saw this; and she led Janet swiftly toward the house.

"Lin's a perfect fool about a motorboat, my dear," she apologized as they departed. "But he doesn't know much about girls. You mustn't blame him too much about the boat. He forgets everything else." She added, "What made you so late? Didn't your trunk come?"

"Lin got stuck," Janet explained. "He didn't get there at all, so I hired a boat, and then we found him on the way home, so I came with him. The man is bringing my trunk." She looked back toward the wharf. Mr. Hart had stayed behind there, and Lin was out of sight in the bowels of the boat again. "Isn't Lin coming?" she asked in faint solicitude. "He's wet too."

"There, I knew he'd be late for the train," Mrs. Hart agreed. "He's been working at that boat all day. He can't leave it alone—something about timing."

"He does look tired," Janet confessed, hesitating as though half minded to go back to the wharf. "Is he all right, do you think?"

"He'll look better when he's cleaned up," Mrs. Hart explained. Janet had a curious impression that Lin played only a passive part in this cleansing ceremony, as though his face had to be washed for him, and she chuckled a little at this thought as she followed Mrs. Hart up the stairs.

Alone in her room at last, she discovered that she was astonishingly tired, and it was pleasant to get out of her wet clothes and, in a woolly bath robe supplied by Mrs. Hart, to rest on a wicker lounging chair by the window from which she could look down toward the boathouse. The Hellwinder lay there and she shuddered at the sight of it. Now and then Lin's head appeared in the open hatch above the engine, and after a time Janet saw Mrs. Hart go down and summon Lin to get ready for dinner, and Lin followed his mother toward the house in a fashion which seemed to Janet curiously dull and lifeless. She was not altogether surprised when he failed to appear at dinner. Mr. Hart explained, before Mrs. Hart came down, that Lin was ill.

"His faculty for concentration is somewhat overdeveloped," he said dryly. "He worked all day under the forward deck of that boat of his and the gasoline fumes have made him more or less sick. Mrs. Hart is taking care of him."

Janet's throat contracted and she said quickly, "Oh!" and then hesitated, and at

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the last asked, "Can't I help—do something for him? Is he all right?"

Mr. Hart smiled. "His mother uses somewhat homely remedies," he explained. "I think they're better left alone."

When Mrs. Hart did appear she was more detailed in her explanation.

"I saw the minute I looked at him," she declared. "He was green and staggering. I put him right to bed." She spoke to her husband. "I called up Doctor Gould and he says there's nothing to worry about." Turned to Janet again and explained the measures she had taken for Lin's relief, while Janet smothered a hysterical desire to laugh. "He's gone to sleep now," she concluded. "But I'm sure he'll be all right in the morning."

So Janet had to forgo seeing Lin that evening, sat uncomfortably with Mr. and Mrs. Hart and wished she might escape to bed. At the first courteous moment she did so; but while she undressed, and afterward, before she slept, she considered Lin's case with more and more indignation.

"He needn't have been sick," she told herself, "if he'd thought a little more about me."

But she was faintly worried about him just the same.

She had, during the succeeding days, more than one opportunity to discover that, though she might well be first in Lin's heart, a recalcitrant motorboat engine could at any moment displace her from his thoughts. There were on the island three boats—the Hellwinder for speed, a comfortable fifteen-mile-an-hour craft for pleasure and an uncertain two-cylinder jog-about for fishing. Janet became acquainted with all of them.

On the morning after her arrival she was wakened by the noise of the Hellwinder departing down the lake, and two hours later Lin appeared, late for breakfast but triumphant, with her lost hat in his hand.

"There!" he cried. "Had to look all over for it. Found it on the beach on Governor's Island."

Janet took the draggled, worthless thing and laughed softly. No one could have refused to forgive him.

"You needn't have done that, Lin," she assured him; and then asked, "Do you feel all right this morning?"

"Sure; that didn't amount to a thing," he declared; and Janet thought, "Then you ought to have come down to see something of me."

But she did not say so. She was ready to forgive him in her enjoyment of the perfect beauty of this spot and of the day, and she looked forward to long hours with Lin, hours of perfect harmony.

She had the long hours. That morning, it appeared, there was work to be done on the magneto of the pleasure boat; and Janet sat in the boathouse while he sweat and moiled, watched him dissect the magneto and lay its component parts in orderly fashion along the floor, clean and scrape and reassemble. She tried to talk to him, but, though he answered readily enough, his replies were not always relevant, and at last she left him and went up to the house, expecting his repentant pursuit. But he did not follow her, and it was not till an hour or so later that he came to the door of the boathouse and called to her.

"Oh, there you are! What's the matter? When did you go up there?"

He was so honestly bewildered that she could not help laughing at him.

That afternoon they set out in the smaller boat, ostensibly to fish, and Janet enjoyed jogging up the lake in this mild little craft. The day was perfect, the sky filled with great fleets of flat-bottomed clouds like an innumerable argosy of treasure-laden galleons; and she called them to Lin's attention, but he said abstractedly, "There's somebody stuck over there."

So they abandoned fishing for the moment—they had not yet so much as reached the fishing ground—and headed across the lake toward where a motorboat drifted idly in the sun. As they drew nearer, Janet discovered the occupants of the other boat to be three women, red-faced and belligerent, and a hot and harried man with a smudge on his cheek who bent over the wheel of his engine, laboriously snapping it over and over. Lin hailed him.

"What's the trouble?"

"She stuck on me," the man panted. "I been cranking the blamed thing for three hours."

One of the women said reprovingly, "Horace, I will not submit ——" But he swung to her in a blaze of wrath and flared at her, "Oh, shut up!"

The woman subsided and Janet giggled and looked at Lin, but Lin was looking at the stubborn engine. He secured his bow line to the stern of the other boat and climbed aboard.

"Turn her over," he said to the man called Horace.

Horace looked at him suspiciously. "I've been turning her over since before noon."

"I want to see how she sounds," Lin explained, and Horace wearily obeyed.

Janet, watching Lin, saw that he was attentive and absorbed; and after Horace had cranked the engine once or twice without result she saw Lin, behind the other's back, adjust a wire beneath a box against the gunwale. Horace straightened up, panting.

"Try her again," Lin suggested.

"Say," Horace challenged, "what is this, a joke?"

"Try her," Lin insisted, and the man yielded to the stronger will and did so. The engine caught and spat and settled into a steady staccato, and Horace looked at Lin with marveling eyes, while Lin climbed back into his own boat again.

As the two craft drew apart Horace shouted, "Say, what was the matter with her?"

And Lin, without a smile, replied, "You didn't crank her enough!"

Janet sensed something hidden here and a little later she asked Lin about it. He nodded.

"Sure," he agreed. "Loose wire on the coil box. No sense of telling him. Too big a fool to look for a loose wire; he's not worth bothering with."

She herself had been definitely sorry for the harried man, but Lin appeared to feel toward him only a mild contempt, so she decided she must be wrong.

They had their own vicissitudes that afternoon. Before they reached the spot where Lin intended first to fish their engine stopped, and Lin, with an evident relish, proceeded to disconnect and clean the gasoline feed pipe, while Janet broiled in the sun. When they were under way again he kept leaning forward to twist the needle valve this way or that, muttering under his breath, "Too rich," or "Too thin," or "Still too rich," as the case might be. Eventually she decided that if she were to penetrate his consciousness she must affect an interest in motorboats on her own account, so she asked him what he meant, and he plunged into a lecture on the theory and practice of the marine engine, with references to two cycles and four cycles and exhaust strokes till she was bewildered and her head was swimming. She took refuge at last in another line.

"Teach me to run it," she suggested.

"Sure," he agreed, and they changed seats so that she might take the wheel. "Steers just like a car," he pointed out, while tentatively she swung the bow of the boat this way and that.

There were levers on the steering wheel, and she asked, "Are these gas and spark, the same as on a car?"

He nodded. "Motorboat's like an aeroplane," he told her. "Easy to run after you get started, but hard to stop. You better practice stopping her." He explained the operation. "Now try it," he suggested.

She drew back the clutch lever into neutral and the motor raced, and Lin reached across to cut down the gas. But, from Janet's point of view, if pulling back the lever had made the motor race, throwing it forward should ease the strain. She did so, and the effect of this, combined with what he did, was to stall the motor; and Lin said sharply, "Don't do that! Shut the throttle first. Don't race the engine!"

She stiffened a little at his tone. He climbed over to crank the engine; but the motor refused to start, and after fumbling here and there he said thoughtfully, "She's hot. Pump not working, I guess." And he got a wrench and proceeded to unscrew things here and there.

"What a lot you have to know to run a motorboat!" Janet suggested helpfully. "It isn't a bit like a car, is it?"

He muttered something under his breath.

"Are all motorboats this way?" she inquired.

"Have to keep any engine in shape," he said defensively, gasping a little, and she perceived that he did not wish to be talked to, so she sat in silence till by and by, mysteriously, he had the engine going once more. He made her then repeat her experiment in stopping the boat until she mastered the trick of it; and she was still in control when they approached the spot where he meant to fish.

Janet saw ahead of them a rock just visible above the water, and Lin stood up to look forward, and bade her slow down. Then he climbed up on the bow deck and by signs told her what to do. They crept toward this visible rock and swung a little to one side so as to pass near it. Janet watched Lin, busily obeying his instructions; slowed far down, let the motor idle ever so gently; and at length at his lifted hand—which meant "Reverse"—pulled back on the clutch lever. Instead of reversing, the boat lunged ahead.

Lin bawled at her, "Reverse!" She tugged at the lever, but Lin looked so funny that she could not help laughing; and then the boat—still moving slowly—struck something, and Lin staggered backward and fell off the bow. He was still shouting, "Reverse!" in the air, and Janet laughed till she cried.

He had dropped out of sight, but just as she realized that he might be hurt, his head appeared above the bow, head and shoulders.

"Why didn't you reverse?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you anyway?"

There were tears of mirth in her eyes. "But I did, Lin," she protested. "I did as hard as I could. You can see for yourself."

He climbed up on the bow and came toward her and saw her tears.

"Well, there's nothing to cry about," he said impatiently, and looked at the clutch lever and then at the water astern. "Oh, I see now," he said. "You slowed her down so much the engine caught on center and started backward, and then when you reversed she went ahead." He switched off the ignition. "Got to keep the engine turning over," he said impatiently.

"Well, you didn't need to shout at me," she told him.

"Thought you couldn't hear," he said. He was cranking the engine again, came back and took the controls from her. "Get into the stern," he said. "Maybe I can back off this rock." She obeyed silently, but in the end he had to go overboard again and set his shoulder against the bow and push her into deeper water, himself leaping aboard at the last possible moment.

They dropped anchor then and fished for a while, and Lin expounded to her once more the theory of what had happened.

"So you want to keep the engine turning over all the time," he explained, "and then she won't do that on you." And Janet smothered her irritation and tried to forget how hot she was and listened very patiently.

They caught no fish that afternoon, and they turned homeward at last, Janet at the wheel, and Lin explained to her the course and the buoy markings, which indicated dangerous ledges here and there. When they reached the island he permitted her to drive the boat into its proper berth. She had some little difficulty with the matter, reversed too soon and too strenuously, so

(Continued on Page 154)

The *patient toil* that made each watch a masterpiece

SIX MONTHS long the old guild masters labored to produce a single timepiece!

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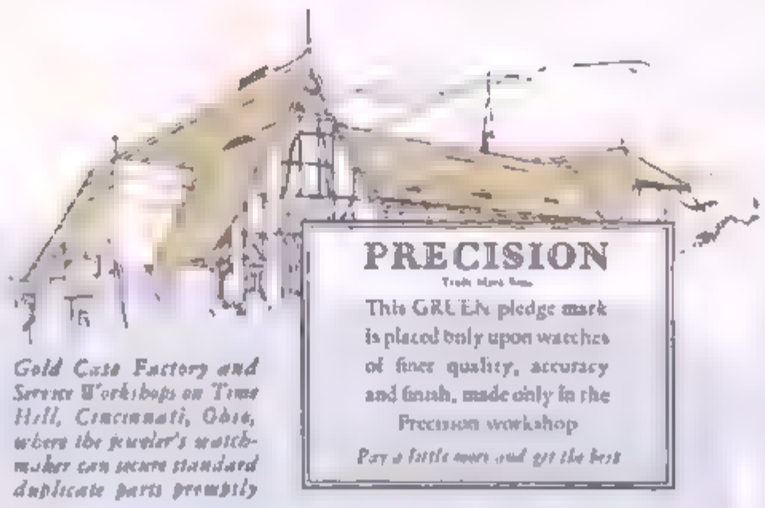
It was to restore this spirit in the watchmaking industry of today that a new guild was founded, more than fifty years ago—the Gruen Watch Makers Guild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This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish, made only in the Precision workshop
Pay a little more and get the best

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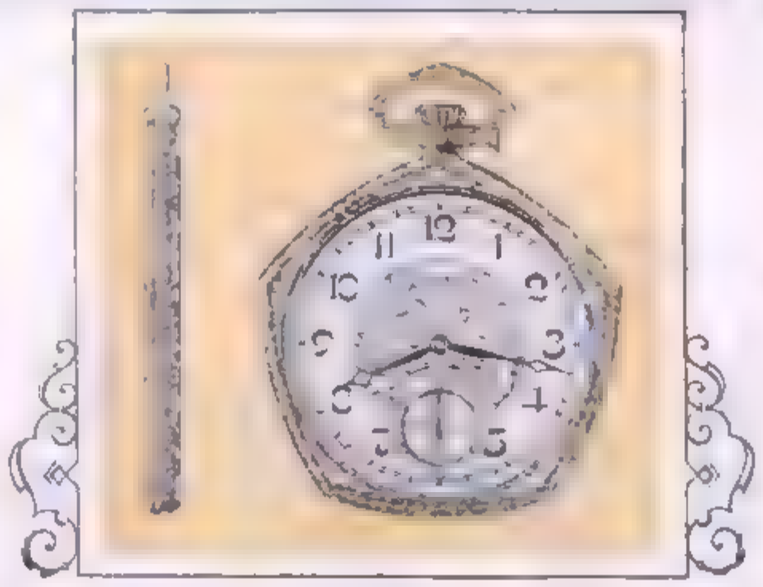

Many of the members of the modern Gruen Guild are actual descendants of the old guild watchmakers of Switzerland, where the "art and mystery of watchmaking" reached its highest development.

To them the word "guild" incorporated in its name is an inspiration embodying the noblest tradition of the watchmaker's art.

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In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watch pictured here, as well as many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

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A real Hoosier—fully up to Hoosier standards of quality.

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What does the fact that this new model is a Hoosier, mean to you?

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Every inch of storage space, of shelf and drawer, every accessory is *scientifically planned* to save time and strength.

It means Hoosier construction. Seasoned wood, expert hand cabinet work. Fittings and accessories of unquestioned quality.

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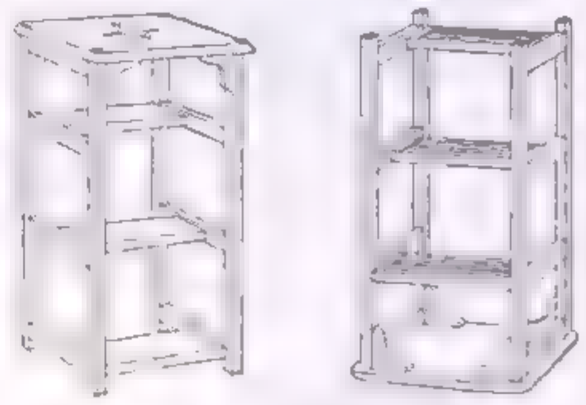

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(Continued from Page 150

that the bow swung hard to the right, and Lin stood up to push the boat clear of that side of the slip. Janet remembered his injunction to keep the engine turning over, so she put on power once more and swung the wheel hard, and the result was that the boat leaped forward and rammed the end of the slip so that Lin was thrown forward and to one side. There were beside the slip upright iron strips running in stout grooves, which were used to lift the boats out of the water in winter, and Lin's head struck one of these a glancing blow.

He turned to her, crying, "Reverse, Janet! Reverse!" And she saw the blood leaping from the wound and all her nerves let go and she sat supine and helpless while he shut off the ignition and brought the destruction to its end.

She did not move during the interval in which he got out to inspect damage, but when he came back to say "No real harm done. Lucky the slip was rotten at the end," she cried pitifully, "But, Lin, you're hurt!"

He dabbed at his head and looked at his red fingers.

"All right," he assured her. "Nothing but a scratch." But Janet had recovered herself by this time and she insisted on inspecting the scratch and found it to be a ragged wound, and she hurried Lin to the house. There was, thereafter, the business of a doctor, and a shaven spot on Lin's head, and stitches; and Janet said indignantly to Mrs. Hart that night before they went to bed, "But, Mrs. Hart, a motorboat is dangerous! It's just dangerous all the time!"

Mrs. Hart tried to comfort her. "I've worried about him since he was a boy," she agreed calmly. "But nothing very bad ever happened to him yet."

"It's not the boats," Lin said impatiently. "It's the fool way people handle them." He realized, at sight of Janet's face, what he had said and tried to make amends. "I don't mean you, of course, honey."

But this attitude on his part, even though she recognized its justice, banished the repentance and contrition she had been inclined to feel.

He tried next day to make his peace with her; told her a long story about a similar misadventure which had, he assured her, an excruciating humor about it.

"Happened to Dave White," he explained. "He had an old four-cylinder boat that he used to bat around in; didn't even have a cover over the engine. And coming out of Melvin Village one night he ran right into an old sawdust pile under water and stopped him dead. It was a hot night and Dave just had on a running shirt; and it threw him right on top of the engine, and the spark plugs kept right on sparking—one-two-four-three, one-two-four-three, up and down his breastbone." She did not laugh, and he explained earnestly, "They give a hot spark too. I tell you he got off of there quick as he could."

"I tell you they're dangerous," she reminded him. "No one is safe in one of them. It's just like—like cooking dynamite or something, to play with them."

He shook his head. "No danger as long as you don't run into anything," he assured her. "You'll get used to them by the end of the week." He hesitated a moment, thoughtfully, then added, "I'll tell you, we'll take an all-day trip in the Hellwinder, and by the time we get back you'll be crazy about it."

"All day?" she echoed doubtfully.

"Over into Green's Basin," he urged. "Take our lunch along. It's mighty pretty over there. You're right under Ossipee, and it's wild."

The prospect of spending a long day in that infernally frail craft tormented by the roar of its engine, did not appeal to her, but she would also be all day with Lin. They would stop sometimes, she told herself, and perhaps even go ashore; and to picnic together would be fun. So she agreed. They had intended to go the next day, but Lin went down to the boathouse after breakfast and did not come back, so that Janet followed at last to see what had become of him. She found he had the fishing boat on the lifters, stern out of water, and he explained to her what was amiss and said it must be fixed; and then Mrs. Hart appeared and cried, "Lin, you ought to be starting." He was by this time in the water, half under the boat. "Whatever are you doing?" she demanded.

Lin seemed busy, so Janet explained: "When I ran into the wharf yesterday I started the sleeve that holds the propeller, and he has to tighten the bolts." She was rather proud of the technical sound of this till Lin from the water said reprovingly, "Reverse gear—not propeller."

Janet colored; but Mrs. Hart said resignedly, "You won't get away today, my dear." She proved to be right, for Lin worked at this job till noon, and Janet enlarged her condemnation of motorboats as a class.

She said rebelliously, "There's always something to fix about them." But he protested at this.

"Not always," he assured her. "Sometimes there won't be a thing go wrong all summer; but things have bunched up a bit this week."

Bad weather next delayed them, and on the third day Janet woke to find the skies clear, but a high wind was whipping the lake into a torment of tumbling water.

"So we can't go today, can we?" she said at breakfast.

"Sure!" Lin exclaimed. "This won't bother the Hellwinder."

"We'll get wet," she argued.

"Take submarine suits," he explained. "They'll keep us dry, and we'll be in the lee a good deal of the way. You'll like it. The Hellwinder goes right through waves like these."

"We'll sink," she insisted, almost pale with dread; but he laughed at that.

"Self-bailers," he retorted. "She keeps herself bailed out. Don't matter how much water comes in."

She was still doubtful, but Mrs. Hart seemed to find nothing outrageous in the proposed expedition, so in the end Janet was overruled. Sometime after breakfast, with a hamper stowed under the seat, clothed in water-tight garments, they set out. Lin permitted Janet to sit on the driving seat with him; and the engine was almost under her feet, and water came slinging back across the hatches into her face so that she could not open her eyes at all. But Lin shouted into her ear, "Great, isn't it?" And she forced herself to nod. She was too short of breath to speak.

Lin this morning was ebullient; the engine ran smoothly and sweetly; and he was alertly occupied in choosing their course, cutting the heavy seas, rounding at last into the lee of an island and comparative peace. Janet had a little time in which to look around; and as she became used to the noise of the motor and the vibration of the boat she was able to forget them. So she watched the rocky little islands among which they took their way, answered the wave of children on a beach, feasted her eyes on the green flanks of Ossipee ahead. Lin pointed out to her this island and that and told her their names, and she turned them over and over in her mind, enjoying their sound.

"There must be stories about all of them," she suggested; and he agreed, and told her one or two of the tales.

Their course at first had been south, before the wind; they went now eastward and swung little by little into the north till open water showed ahead of them and they came once more into the wind-tossed reaches. The wind now was in their faces, and the Hellwinder fought her way, tossing and thrusting, sometimes checked by a wave larger than its fellows, then lancing on again. She could not look forward, so she lowered her head and watched Lin's hands and the engine, and she asked questions and he pointed out to her the throttle and the spark and the ignition switches at his right side. He let her hold the wheel and she felt it buck and fight, and she saw that he kept a foot braced against the clutch lever and asked the reason for this precaution.

"She slips out sometimes," he explained. "Loose. Needs tightening. She's kind of tricky. Sometimes she'll stick, and then if you didn't know what to do she'd ram straight ahead into the wharf if you were landing."

"What do you do?" she asked.

"I can usually tell when it's going to stick," he explained, and laughed. "This boat knows me," he told her. "We've lived together twenty years."

She detected the pride and affection in his tone and touched his arm sympathetically.

"It's a wonderful boat," she told him, and he grinned with delight.

"You'll get to be crazy about it," he agreed.

It was a little while after that that she noticed his attention began to concentrate on the engine, and she asked him what he was listening to.

He said in that abstracted fashion characteristic of him at such moments, "Forward carburetor isn't set right." This meant little to her, but by and by he added, "I'm going to fix that. You run her for a minute."

"Oh, I can't," she protested.

He laughed. "Just hold her on the point of that island straight ahead," he assured her. "We're getting into the lee now; she steers easy." And he got up to move and she slid into his seat and gripped the wheel. He waited a moment to be sure she had control, added in a cautioning tone "Hold that clutch lever, too," and she braced her knee against it and nodded. Her teeth were set hard.

Lin opened the hatch cover on the left-hand side and stepped into the engine compartment, leaning forward and down. Janet gripped the wheel till her knuckles ached, and the clutch lever vibrated against her knee, bruising it, torturing her. She tried to let go of the wheel and hold the lever with one hand, but the boat swerved and Lin looked around quickly. She nodded to reassure him, gripping the wheel again, and he bent to his task once more.

It seemed to Janet she endured interminably the torment of that lever against her knee, and Lin showed no signs of being done. So finally she tried to move her leg so that the bruising impact might come against a new spot, and as she did so her knee slipped off the lever. With the perversity native to such things, the clutch seized this moment to slip, and the lever flew back into neutral. The engine roared, and the boat, head-on into the wind, checked suddenly. Janet saw Lin half fall forward and heard his smothered exclamation, and then she pushed the lever into its place again and the boat leaped ahead.

Lin scrambled back out of the engine compartment, staring at his hand, wringing it, and she cried, "What's the matter? What is it, Lin?"

He showed her his left hand, a spot as large as a dollar on the back of it already red and inflamed.

"Hit it against the exhaust," he explained. "Burned it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she gasped, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I couldn't hold it any longer. It slipped."

He smiled gently. "I'll take it," he offered, and they changed places again. She looked at his hand and wanted to touch it, to caress it, to bathe it with her tears, but he said sharply, "Leave it alone. It's all right."

His tone was not angry, but it seemed angry to her; she sat very still, tears flowing.

"I think motorboats are terrible," she said defiantly at last; and he grinned at her, and she cried, "Does it hurt, Lin?"

"No-o," he drawled.

"I know it does," she insisted.

(Continued on Page 167)

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS ~ 7 MILLION A DAY

(Continued from Page 154)

When presently they stopped in the lee of an island, in shallow water where a beach extended rods offshore, he permitted her at last to tend his hurt. There was already a suggestion of a blister and she could only smear it with engine oil to keep the air away.

"I mustn't bandage it," she reminded him. "The bandage would stick. Lin, we've got to go right home and have it taken care of."

"We will not," he told her goodnaturedly. "It don't amount to a thing. Don't give it a thought, Janet. We're going to have our picnic just the same."

"Can't we walk home?" she demanded. "I don't ever want to ride in that boat again."

He said sternly, "Boat's all right!" And she felt that he was accusing her, and resented it in silence, but forgot her resentment by and by in the beauty of the spot to which he had brought her. Behind them were tall pines growing close to the water's edge, forming long aisles carpeted with needles soft as velvet underfoot. Before them the lake, dotted hereabouts with islands; and beyond, seeming to rise from the very water, the slopes of Ossipee. They had meant to swim, had brought bathing suits, but Lin decided to stay out of the water and Janet stayed with him. Only in this respect did his mishap alter their plans. They unpacked the hamper and devoured its contents; they went for a walk back among the pines and along the shore, exploring all the island upon which they were; and they sat for an hour with their shoulders against the great trunk of one of the trees, very happy together.

Toward midafternoon he said, "Well, we've got to be starting home." But she was unwilling to go.

"Not yet, Lin," she urged. "It's the first time I've had you to myself, on shore, with no motorboat to interfere." She was laughing, but he detected an edge to her tone.

"You'll get over feeling that way," he assured her. "A motorboat's lots of fun. You'll be taking them apart yourself before you're through."

"If I do I'll throw the pieces into the deepest water in the lake," she told him definitely. "I hate the things."

"Don't be foolish," he protested angrily, and she became angry at the adjective. His hand was hurting more and more, and she knew this; and the pain shortened his temper, and her understanding of his suffering shortened hers.

But the incipient quarrel resulted only in an added dignity in both their bearings. They discussed the question gravely and at length, and each found the other unalterable.

But Janet said at last, "Well, I'm not going to marry a man that will leave me on our honeymoon to fix a motorboat, Lin, and that's just the sort of thing you'd do."

"Oh, is that so?" he retorted gloomily.

"Yes, it is."

"I don't know as I want to marry a girl that'd be jealous of a boat," he told her.

She bit her lip. There were many things on the tip of her tongue to say, but she held them back. His hand must hurt him terribly. . . . She rose and turned away and brushed aside her tears, and they started home at last, their manner toward each other almost painfully courteous. Each was miserably conscious of the justice in the other's attitude, and each resented the fact that right was not wholly on his side.

At the first roar of the engine Janet's head abruptly began to ache, and she was more miserable than she had been before.

When they emerged from the lee of the island it was to discover a new ferocity in the wind, and Lin looked back to see clouds piling up behind them. That meant a thunderstorm, and he realized that it would strike them before they could get home. He glanced sidewise at Janet, then devoted himself to an attempt to nurse a little more speed out of the Hellwinder, keeping his eyes ahead.

For a time they ran, as it were, before the storm; but eventually their course swung across its path, and when the open lake at last appeared before them Lin saw to the north a mist upon the water, driving in their direction, and he caught the flicker of an occasional lightning flash among the clouds. The engine's roar drowned any other sound, but Lin realized that the rain was deceptively near.

"Isn't that rain?" Janet asked in his ear, and he nodded.

"Lightning, too," he explained.

She laughed a little gayly. "We don't mind a wetting," she reminded him.

He did not assent to this. "Be a squall of wind, too," he replied. His eyes were searching the shores ahead of them and luck was on his side. He marked where a cottage lay on a point of land, remembered that it was vacant and swung the Hellwinder that way.

Instantly Janet asked, "Where are we going?"

"Tie up there," he replied. "We'll sit on the porch till it passes."

He felt her scrutiny, but kept his eyes ahead. The race would be, he saw, a close one; they were, in fact, only just in time. The first spattering drops fell as they slid alongside the wharf; he moored the Hellwinder and ran with Janet toward the porch as the storm broke upon them with a roar of thunder and a blinding flash. Safely sheltered from the rain, he stood very still, trembling a little, while lightning cracked about them and tremendous thunder rolled.

Janet was watching him, and she said by and by, "You mind it, don't you, Lin?"

He nodded honestly. "Scares me to death," he confessed. "Doesn't it bother you?"

"Not half so much as a motorboat does," she told him dryly, and he was at that so angry that he forgot to be afraid.

"You keep talking like that!" he said resentfully. "Just like a woman!"

It is curious that to the masculine mind this characterization is so satisfactorily damning. He stalked away from her to the further end of the porch, and she sat down on the veranda rail and swung her feet and hummed under her breath, and thus remote they waited for the storm to pass.

It was tedious in this passing; the crashes resounded all about them; and once in the wood behind they heard a great tree rend and fall. The skies were black, and after a time Janet realized that they would not brighten, that night was coming.

"It's late, Lin," she called to him. "We won't get home to dinner."

"Good deal of wind out there still," he retorted.

"Oh, all right," she replied; but he thought there was in her tone scorn for his weakness, and this spurred him to move.

"Well, just as you say," he agreed. "Come on."

She had not really wanted to go on; was secretly as much afraid as he. But she could not hold back now, so they went down through the rain and got into the boat and started on their way again. And Janet huddled in her seat, and the heavens blazed with fiery lances, and even over the engine's noise she could hear the thunder roll. Once or twice she glanced at Lin. He sat very erect beside her, the rain cascading into his face, eyes narrowed as he peered ahead, and once the boat heeled hard over as he made a quick turn to pass on the right side of a buoy discovered in the last safe moment. And Janet was very much afraid.

That homeward journey seemed to her an inferno; she thought they fought forever against high-mounting waves whose solid tops billowed over the bow. It was by this time so dark that the shore line lost all identity to her unaccustomed eyes, and she could not tell where they were; knew only that they were abroad upon the face of furious waters.

Under the hatches by and by she saw a glare, two red bars of light, and she thought the boat was afire and screamed in Lin's ear, "Look, Lin! There!"

"Exhaust pipes," he replied. "They're always that way."

She remembered it was one of these red-hot pipes his hand had hit, and she was sickened at the thought and terribly sorry for him and repentant for her harsh and bitter words. With the thought she leaned toward him; but he shook his elbow free, concentrated on the task of driving the boat, and she shrank away again, resentful once more, hurt and wounded and afraid.

She saw at last that there were lights ahead of them; one high in the air, two others lower down; and she recognized them as the lights on the boathouse at home and was vaguely thankful. A certain apathy settled upon her, a dreadful fatigue. Yet she watched while Lin wheeled the boat in a circle and headed in toward the wharf, and she saw Mrs. Hart on the lighted veranda waving to them. And then the Hellwinder's speed checked, and then her reverse held her hard, and as Lin snapped off the switch she floated at rest at last.

Instantly upon the engine's silence broke about them the roar of the storm. Lin had jumped out to secure the stern line; she scrambled after him. He ran forward past her to make fast the bow, and he was on his knees taking a hitch with the line around the cleat on the wharf when a great flame enfolded them.

There was at the end of the wharf, just beside the Hellwinder's stern, a flagpole with a light atop. The lightning caught the tip of this flagpole, followed it down, leaped then to the brass binding along the gunwale of the boat, followed this forward to the coil box, threaded its way in an instant's destructive passage through the ignition system and plunged out and down through the thin planking of the bow with a last hissing flame.

When Janet could see again the Hellwinder was already half submerged, down by the bow; and before she could move, it had sunk, the strain on the lines ripping the cleats from its deck planking.

Only the little flagstaff on the bow remained above the surface as the ruined boat lay in six feet of water there beside the wharf.

She had time for a moment's profound gratitude that it was gone before she discovered Lin lying stunned and senseless where the impact had flung him, half along toward shore.

He was miraculously not seriously hurt and an hour later came back to full consciousness again, to see Janet by his side, his mother just behind. And his eyes met Janet's and then turned to his mother and then to Janet again.

"All right, Jan?" he asked uncertainly.

She nodded. "Not hurt a bit, Lin," she whispered.

He looked at his mother.

"Hellwinder all right?" he inquired.

Mrs. Hart shook her head. "Blown all to pieces," she declared. Her voice was gentle. "She's gone, Lin."

He digested this and looked at Janet again, and he said with weak bitterness, "Guess you're satisfied!" She could not speak—shook her head. "Guess you're through with me!"

She brushed at her eyes, and then she laughed softly.

"Why, Lin," she whispered, "you'll be getting another boat."

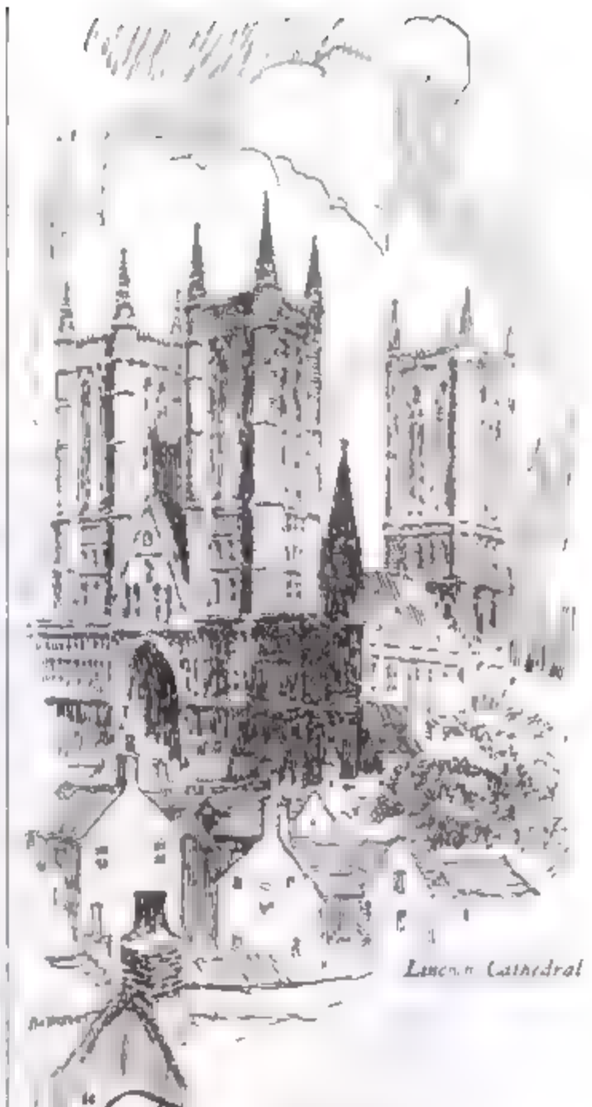
He looked at her with vague eyes, not understanding. Nodded in a dull way.

"S'pose so," he confessed.

She touched his bandaged hand. "So, you see," she said in a careful explanatory tone, "you'll just have to have somebody to take care of you."

Neither of them heard Mrs. Hart take herself away. She went downstairs and found her husband, and Mr. Hart looked up at her coming and said gravely, "Well, that was a lucky escape, wasn't it?"

She nodded contentedly. "Yes," she agreed. "But it came out all right." And she added in a complacent tone, "She's a pretty little thing. But, Will, she's sensible too."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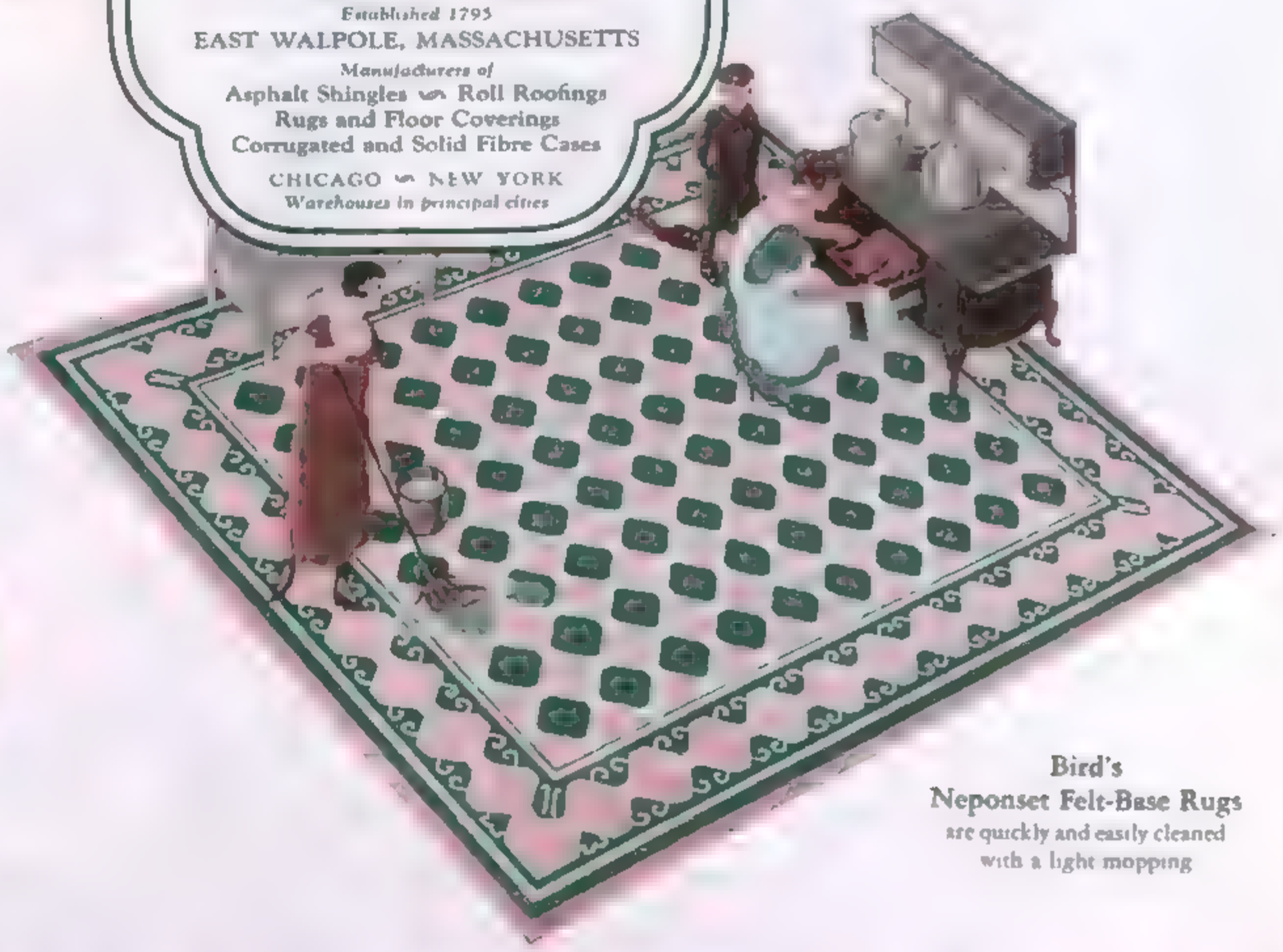

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

A COUNTRY THAT IMPORTS TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 9)

sources that are usually inimical to the existing and prosperous established order, and that they portend not only political change but also political revolution.

There is a class of pussyfooters in Australia who depreciate the red influence in the politics of their country, and the menace of it against commerce, business and the orderly and enterprising upbuilding of a country that needs tremendous upbuilding to make it a large factor in world affairs. These say there is no red in the warp and woof of Australian politics. These decry the alarm over the signs of affiliation of Moscow with some of the dominant forces in their country; but there is no right-minded thinking man who is in touch with political affairs who does not know that there is a serious situation underneath the present disturbances, especially the ceaseless labor disturbances; and that Australia, to be healthy, must be cleansed of many political sores.

However, the real Australians know all this, and are handling their problems as well as circumstances will permit and without any delusions as to the future. Australia began to be a country at about the time we gained our independence from England. It is probable that the Spanish navigators of the 1500's had an inkling of it, and it was rediscovered by the Dutch somewhat later and named New Holland. The Dutch did nothing with it, having troubles of their own elsewhere, and in 1688 Dampier got a sight of it for the English. It was not until 1770 that the British got their hands on it really, and that was when Cook took possession of the eastern portion for the British.

Farther Than Mars

Captain Phillip nailed down what Cook had not taken, a few years later, and the present Australia had its beginnings. It was a collection of crown colonies until late in 1900, when the final step consolidating these colonies into the Commonwealth of Australia was taken. It is now a federation of six states, with an ornamental British governor-general, and with a federal parliament and ministry, and state governments corresponding in some particulars to the state governments in America.

The Australian constitution was modeled on the Constitution of the United States, and while the Australians are politely loyal to the British crown, and make loud protests if anything of opposite tenor is said publicly about them, they, in reality, are much more concerned with what the people of the United States think of them than they are over what the British think.

The Australians think, furthermore, and with reason, that they are too far away from base for their needs and desires to have much weight back in the mother country. Some 14,000 miles of salt water is a lot of salt water. It is only half that distance to the United States, and our western coast is washed by the same ocean that washes their eastern coast. The British look on the Australians as useful for producing wool, wheat, meat, and so on, but hesitate to grant them either the ability or the opportunity to do more than just that—be the primary producers for the manufacturers in England.

They had an imperial press conference out there last summer, and a lot of newspaper bigwigs, mostly proprietors, came out from England and other parts of the empire and looked the Australians over and told them about themselves, making countless speeches on the local needs, opportunities, ultimate destiny and prospects of Australia, speaking from the rostrum of an older and superior civilization, as the head of a university would speak to a newly gathered freshman class. It was the consensus of opinion of these ambassadors of newspaperdom from the empire that Australia is doing very well at present in raising wool to be shipped 14,000 miles to England, to be manufactured into cloth, to be shipped back 14,000 miles to Australia for the use of Australians. Not that Australia does not need an English market and a world market for its wool, but that Australia is very foolish to think of ever being anything but the primary producer—very foolish, indeed—and should abandon any such ideas and let England do the manufacturing.

A primary producer. That was what these British pressmen thought should satisfy Australia. And that is what makes the Australians see red. They do not think there is that close bond of sympathy between the mother country and this, her gigantic child, the largest island in the world, that there should be. Like every island people, they are self-conscious, these Australians, and are at the awkward national age. They want to do things, but do not know just how to go about them, and are abashed and hurt when their parental government says: "There now, Aussie, be a good boy and keep right on as you are doing. I am very well satisfied with you, and you must not aspire to be anything but a feeder for me."

"What do they think of us back home?" I heard an anxious Australian ask a British peer

"My dear sir," said the peer, "we rarely think of you at all. We have other things to think about. Why should we be thinking of you? You keep on sending us your wool and your wheat and your meat, and you will be all right. Remember, you are not the sole outlying member of the British Empire."

"True enough," said an eminent Australian to whom I mischievously reported this conversation. "They think back in England that we are all descended from either convicts or kangaroos. Your people know more about us than they do."

"Well," I asked him, "why not? We're nearer and we are both pioneer peoples."

This consideration by England of Australia as a large, remote and mildly interesting country that supplies wool for its looms, pays its national taxes, acknowledges the King, is colored red on the map, and is one of the far-flung members of the imperial galaxy, is as much Australia's fault as it is England's.

A General View of the Business District, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

"They know nothing about us," I heard an Australian orator wail. "Why, last summer I was in England and I went to see a regatta on the Thames. I sat next an English lady, and she asked me, 'Were you at the regatta last summer?'

"'Madam,' I told her, 'I was 14,000 miles from here last summer.'

"'Indeed!' she said, surveying me curiously. 'You must have come from Mars.'

"'No, madam,' I told her, 'I did not come from Mars. I came from a country you English know even less about than you know about Mars. I came from Australia.'"

Well, why does England know so little about Australia?—meaning the mass of England, of course, for governmental England knows all about Australia, lends her money now and then about as a cautious father would lend a precocious son money, shutting down now and again for the purpose of making it apparent to the borrower that there is an obligation entailed and money lending is a serious business. They shut down last fall and said no more loans for a time. The Australian newspapers explained this hard-heartedness of the parent country in a truly parental manner, but that didn't make much of a hit with the Australians. You see, we had lent Australia $100,000,000 only a short time before, and told her to come again if she got short. The Australians, being a new people, like us, and a liberal, felt pretty good about that.

The reason England knows so little about Australia, save that Australia sent over a bunch of the best fighting men the world ever saw to help in the war, is that the original Australians, the men who shaped the processes and progresses of the country, remained so slavishly English in everything they did that there was nothing new, novel or exciting to attract the attention of the English people. These English came, or were sent, to Australia; and instead of developing a new country in a new way, as we did in the United States, they developed a new country in an old way.

There they were, from a fogbound and rainy bit of land in the North Sea, with a continent to operate in, a vast island that almost touches the equator on its north and reaches almost to the fortieth parallel to the south, with every variety of useful climate, from tropical to temperate, every variety of soil, every sort of fertility, with great harbors, minerals, coal—not so self-contained as the United States or with so great a variety of resources, but sufficient, at that—and instead of making Australia Australian, instead of initiating new methods for new conditions, they started by patterning everything they did on what the English did; they started as the greatest aggregation of copy cats the world has known; and they are not far away from that now, save in some of their labor legislation, such as the basic wage.

Like Home

About five-thirteenths of Australia is within the tropical zone, and in a considerable part of the contiguous territory it gets hot—very hot—in their summertime, which is our winter—in such places as Sydney, say—yet they built their buildings in the gloomy, heavy, foggy English style. They had every foodstuff at hand—fruits, vegetables, fish, meat, tropical, subtropical and temperate-zone products—and they immediately began to massacre those foods after the manner of English cooking, which is probably the worst cooking in the world and has fewest native things to cook with. They stuck to the suffocating English style in clothes, modeled their politics on English politics, made their newspapers copies of English papers, and looked to England for every inspiration. They adopted the English monetary system, out-Englishing the English at every point except, of course, in absolute wilderness pioneering, where they had to fend for themselves because there were no precedents back there. Everything they did was based on what the people did back home. And so it persists largely to this day.

The man who laid out Melbourne, for example, had the vision to lay out wide streets, but the men who built Melbourne stuck up alongside those wide streets a collection of buildings that look like Manchester and Liverpool, and not at all like a city in the antipodes.

They did little on their own. Every time they had a job to do they ran home to

Continued on Page 163

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wire brush was all it needed"~~

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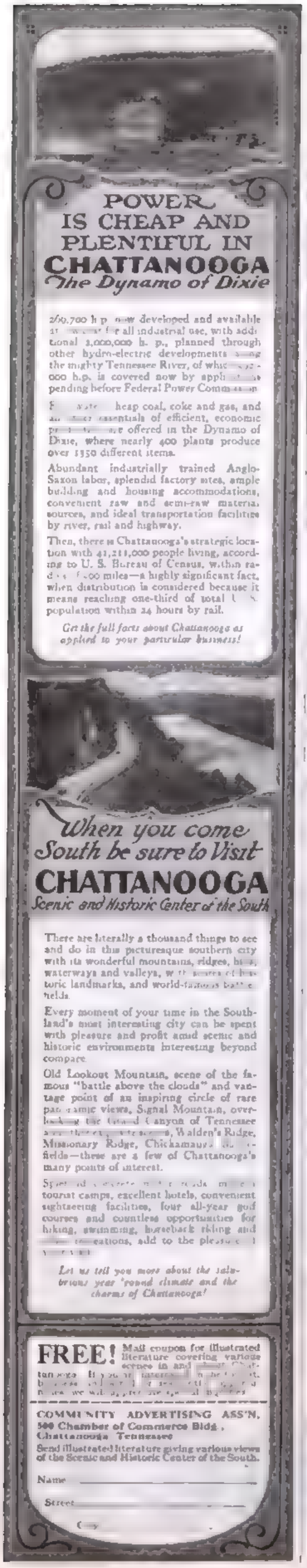
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(Continued from Page 159)

mother to get the correct formula and usage for it. What was good enough for grandfather back home was good enough for them, and is yet, largely. England should worry and spend hours thinking of such a precedented, tradition-obsessed, back-home daughter. She's all right. She has had her little flare-ups in the way of local legislation, of course, and has been dominated by labor, and is yet, and has gone to every political extreme to placate labor—which, when you come to think of it, is absolutely English too; but in the main she has not displayed enough independence of character or originality of operation to make mamma think of her other than as a nice child—a bit flighty now and then, but nice—and, when mamma has a moment, to pat her kindly on the head.

When one thinks what the Americans, who were originally just as English as the Australians—I mean the Australians who built the country—did with the United States; how they not only built a country of their own but a language, a literature, developed a spirit and an enterprise and an initiative; how they set a new mark in the utilization of resources, and in the founding and making permanent a people; how they not only secured but maintained their independence and position—when one thinks of it the manner in which these Australians clung to English habits and customs is astonishing to the outside observer. It also is explanatory of why England seems to know so little about Australia, as the Australians complain when they are talking frankly. What do the Australians expect? They are good little copy cats, and have been for 150 years, and mamma is pleased with them, and sends them a nice gold-braided governor-general to give a proper tone to their social functions. And how they love it, that last! The newspapers carry the records of the social doings of the governors-general and their wives, and of the governors of the various states under the head Viceregal Society!

A White Man's Country

There is an explanation for this, in its beginnings, for England's original utilization and consideration of Australia was as a convict colony, and it is quite understandable that the men who came out in the first days of the colonies considered the country as just that, also, and did not see far enough ahead to realize that some day it must be much more because of its vast extent, its vast possibilities and its immense natural advantages. They came from England, had none but English ideas, and they planned and laid out and built with solely British views. Moreover, it was not until 1850 that the British finally stopped sending convicts there, quit using the country as a dumping ground for her undesirables, although the Australian agitation against transportation had been strong for years. It took the ominous protests over the arrival of the convict ships Hashemy and Randolph, in 1849, by the people of New South Wales and Victoria, and the failure of the subterfuge of sending the convicts to Western Australia, to convince the British authorities that that game was ended; and, in 1850, transportation was discontinued.

Admitting that Australia is a new country—it is 150 years old—and giving it every concession; allowing that Australia did not get going on her own, really, until transportation ceased in 1850 and England let loose that grip on her, the country has had seventy-five years for original and appropriate national development along her own lines, but still is so slavishly English in things where it should be Australian that the wide complaint that the mother country does not know much about her gigantic child is amusing. If her gigantic child wasn't so much like mamma it is quite likely mamma would be intensely interested and show a lively concern; but when the child is but a copy of mamma, mamma, knowing she is all right—the English admit that on every occasion—doesn't need to bother her head about her faraway offspring.

There are no figures for the time up to 1871, but from then until 1923 Australia's population increased from 1,700,888 to 5,749,807. Approximately one-third of these people live in the cities, leaving less than 4,000,000 people spread out thinly over a territorial area almost as great as that of continental United States, a territorial area that comprises one-fifth of the entire British Empire, is three-fourths as large as the whole of Europe, and twenty-five times as large as the United Kingdom. Territorially Australia is enormous. As a people the Australians are inconsiderable, judged in terms of the populations of other countries; but they have this distinction: They are a white people. Although their greatest need is people, they sternly set their faces against immigration of any but whites, and hold that the disadvantages that arise from the slow increase in their population are compensated by their slogan that theirs is a White Man's Country. This may or may not be a wise discrimination. Australians are more or less divided on the matter, but it certainly is a taking discrimination from a white man's view—especially a white man who knows of the immigration troubles of other countries.

Our Friendly Critics

Being insular, and remotely insular at that, the Australians have developed the usual self-consciousness; and being a sparse people, they have a strongly marked defensive spirit. The Australian is extremely critical of all other peoples, especially of Americans; but this is a phase of them that can be laughed at, because it is merely the aggressiveness of numerical inferiority. They are always on the offensive. They think they have to do that because there are only a scant 6,000,000 of them, and they make up in assertion, or seek to, what they lack in numbers. They have a fine conceit of themselves, these Australians, and when it comes to telling Americans just what is wrong with them, and just how we can improve ourselves, and just what is the multitudinous matter with the United States, none other of our critics can surpass them, not even our dear brethren of the Anglo-Saxon blood and the hands across the sea—the English.

An amusing instance of that is a book which Australians think well of, and which is largely sold in a paper-covered edition. This book was written by an official of a New South Wales agricultural society—I forget his name—who went to the United States a few years ago to look into and report on our agricultural methods and products, our livestock, dairying, and so on. This investigator enlarged his mission and took a look at everything about us. He didn't find anything either agriculturally, socially, politically, architecturally, culturally, governmentally or any other way that suited him, or that could be compared to what they have in Australia. He began with our cows and ended with our skyscrapers, and he panned us from San Francisco to Boston and back again. He couldn't see even the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which, in his opinion, is merely a hole in the ground and of far less interest than the Blue Mountains. His opinion of our cows is that our best wouldn't be allowed in the exhibit pens in Australia, so inferior are they, and his opinion of our women is that they stand in the same relation to the ladies of Australia that our cows stand in relation to the super-bovine products of his native land.

Some of their slam-banging of us is pretty rough, and some good-natured. I heard one very prominent citizen of Melbourne, who, after he had criticized our speech in a dialect wherein he said "sike" for "sake," "mike," for "make," "pipers" for "papers," and so on, came to our iniquity in driving to the right on American roads. It was a bally outrage, he said. "In every civilized country they drive to the left," was his summing up of the case, and there is a good deal of that sort of stuff to be heard by Americans as they move about the country. The newspapers treat us rather severely at times, and all thus and so; but it pleases an Australian more to tell him he does something Americanwise than it does to praise him in many other ways. They sputter at us considerably, but no harm is done.

For, in reality, this sort of thing is the natural reaction against a great and prosperous and growing people from a land that is equal in expanse but has lagged behind in every other development. It is not to be taken seriously, for when you get down to the essentials with any Australian who has the wit to comprehend the real relations between the United States and Australia, and the real situation that exists between them because of the various geographical, oceanic, and political circumstances of them, he knows that Australia's deepest concern is not to flout and criticize and deride the United States, as often seems to be the case, but to cultivate the closest and most harmonious relations with us, and to get and maintain us as their powerful friend.

The visit of the American fleet was a great thing for Australia, for, as is always the case in such matters, the people of Australia know considerably more about the United States than the people of the United States know of Australia; and what Australia needs in our country is publicity, for the two countries have many interests that are identical. We sent about 40,000 Americans over there—young Americans—who are not of the British shellback sailor sort, but who went around the country with cameras and guide books and wanted and got information. These boys, from all parts of the United States, will scatter back to America and tell about Australia, what they saw and how it impressed them, because their enlistments are short and they are of an excellent type of young Americans. They had a bully time. The Australians prodigally saw to that. The fleet's visit was reciprocally a good thing for all concerned.

A Well-Dressed People

Although they are intrinsically British, and will probably continue so in many of their manifestations because the bulk of their immigration must come from the United Kingdom, the Australians like to think of themselves as individualists; and if that pleases them, it need not do more than amuse others. In fact, they are not individualists at all, save in the sense of having established for themselves—or tried to—a certain swagger of deportment and a certain freedom of speech that is local. They have developed their own slang and have taken up some of the blackboy terms for common use. They have wide spaces and the freedom of them at their disposal but they are dominantly an urban people. They herd together. As I have said, more than a third of them live in the cities.

They are a highly paid and well-appearing people. The basic wage, as I recall it, is four pounds and some shillings a week for men and about a pound less for women. That gives the lowest paid worker among the men twenty dollars a week. This shows at a gathering of them. They let the reds and the cranks and the laborites and the zealots and all who think they have a message spout on the Domain in Sydney on Sunday afternoons, and the people come down to hear them. I went over while I was in Sydney and heard one speaker shouting, "Kill industry by bleeding it white and then turning it red," and another proclaiming the destruction of all capitalism, and another making threats against the empire, and so on, mingled with temperance speakers, astrologers and faith curers. There were probably 10,000 Sydney people there, walking about, and a better dressed, better-looking lot I never saw. Nothing scrubby or furtive or ragged about them, as in the crowds in Hyde Park, London. They were all well clothed and looked

(Continued on Page 164)

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"Quite clever. All useful."

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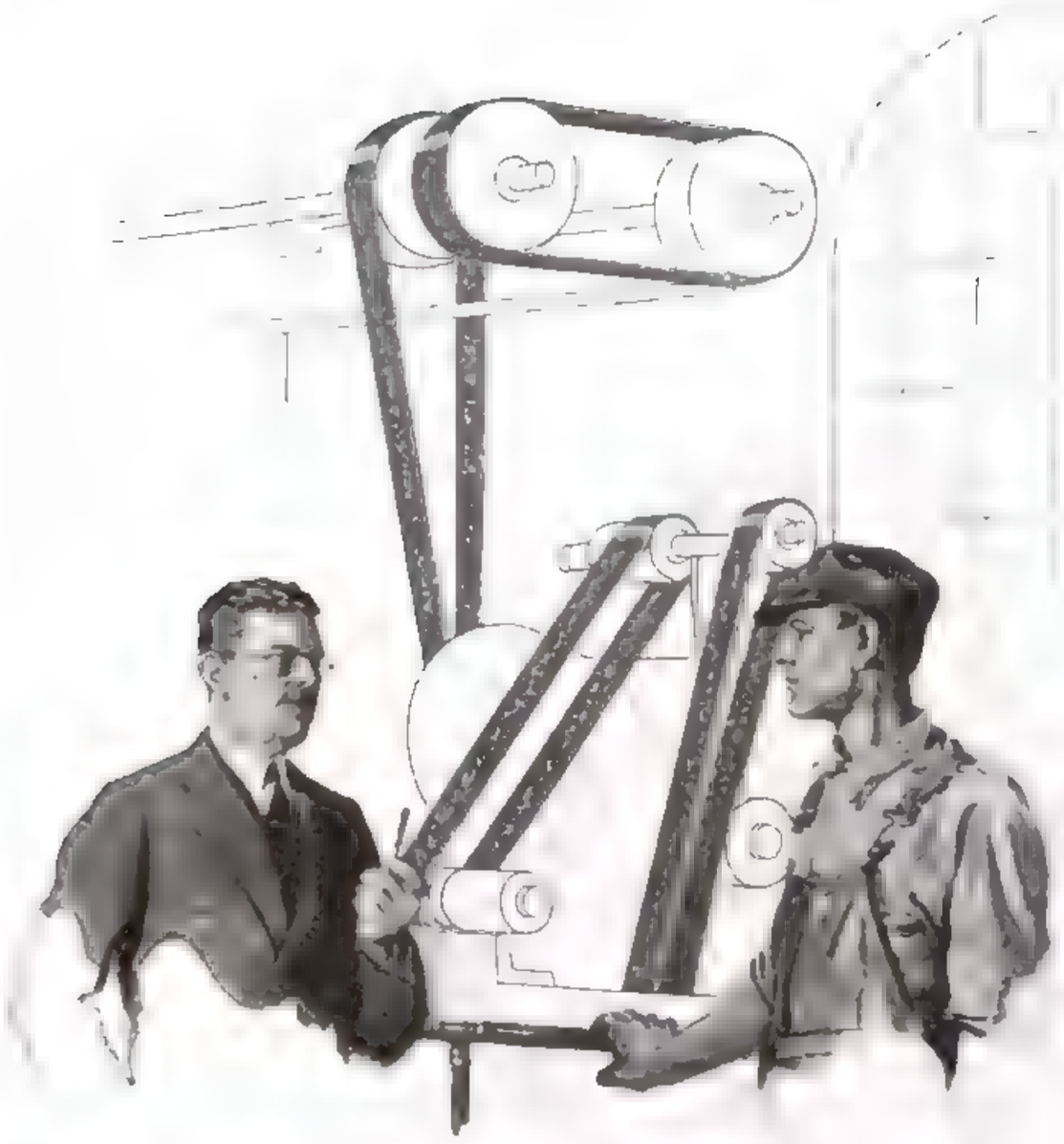

"Don't take my word for it . . . take the machine's"

"You don't need to ask me about those belts. Just watch how the machine is leaning against the collar and hurrying out the work.

"Remember the trouble it used to give? Starved for power. Speed low. Holding up production. Down for belt repairs. No more of that! Not since we called in Graton & Knight and got the belts that were standardized for this work."

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Tanners—makers of belts, straps, packings, fan belts, lace leather, etc.

(Continued from Page 162)

like high-class artisans, merchants, clerks and so on, on a holiday.

"My word," said Lord Burnham, the London newspaper peer, "they look like a shareholders' meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel'"

The Australians are a well-traveled people. A great many of them have been to the United States. They are an intensely patriotic people and proud of their land, its size, its annual 400,000,000 pounds of wool, its great sheep stations, its wheat, its cattle, its potentialities. They are proud of Sydney and its gorgeous harbor, and they well may be, for Sydney is in its location and will be presently a beautiful city in its structures. As it is, the suburban portions on the slopes abutting the many-bayed harbor, the beaches and the cosmopolitanism of it make it a place to remember and revisit. It is a land where everything is offered, from the equatorial to the far-down temperate, where living can be easy and joyous, where opportunities abound. And while we come in for a good deal of joshing, they like to compare themselves to us.

"Isn't Sydney like an American city?" I was asked half a hundred times. They all hoped I would say it is.

A favorite jape at the United States is that even though we are a republic and they are a dominion under a king, their democracy is freer than ours, and their liberties greater. Being more or less a free-drinking people, they base a good deal of this, of course, on prohibition and what they term the baleful effects of it as regards the restrictions of American freedom. Without making a case either for or against prohibition, an apt observation is that, say on Saturday afternoons, a modicum of prohibition wouldn't hurt Australia any; and a further and equally apt observation is that, apart from being actually prohibited, their drinking is about as stiffly regulated and as closely proscribed as in any other country whatsoever.

The Tyranny of Tea

As far as public-bar drinking is concerned, the Australian must do his between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening. Of course, this gives him twelve hours if he is an earnest drinker and has no other occupation; but with the general public it works out to about this: There is a space for drinking at lunchtime and a space for drinking between afternoon closing and six. The result is that the city Australians, at least, hurl their bar drinks into them between twelve and one, and five and six, and "hurl" is the term to express it. Also, as the bars are open at six in the morning, this gives the horny-handed son of toil a chance to drop into the bar on his way to work and liquor up before he begins the day's labor; and that undoubtedly establishes his liberty, even if it does not especially promote his efficiency.

As to their individuality, they have little, even in their drinking. They sop up whisky and they sop up beer, and that about ends it, save in the fashionable bars, where they make what they mistakenly conceive to be cocktails. They drink by rote. You observe none of that brilliant technic that was to be seen in the United States in the old days, nor that varied and versatile drinking that was characteristic of our drinking classes. Scotch—beer—beer—Scotch. That is practically the Australian gamut. Herded in the cities, they all do the same things. They go stolidly about their occasions in Sydney, say, in its torrid summer weather, wearing bowler and felt hats. They all do that, and with true British phlegm, for your true Britisher and his Australian counterpart defy the weather to make them shed their customary armor, and assail the tropics in bowler hats and with suet puddings and bubble and squeak.

They have every fruit, save the absolutely equatorial fruits, every vegetable, every grain and all the products of the sea at hand, and their wage standard is high; but the standard of their living is not high. It is a dull, dead level of English cooking, used obstinately to spoil the natural and delicious food products of their country. They raise fine oranges, excellent bananas and pineapples, good apples and the other fruits of the temperate zone in abundance; but what they do with them I cannot say, for the substance and structure of their eating is meat and potatoes, with occasional excursions along the old-country lines of sprouts, cabbages and marrows.

They are the greatest tea drinkers known to man. As they say they are individual and free souls, it would seem that one of them might make a stab at cutting himself free from the standardized dominion and tyranny of tea. Not at all. Every Australian—every one—has his morning tea, his tea at breakfast, his eleven-o'clock tea, his tea at luncheon, his afternoon tea, his tea at dinner, his tea before he goes to bed. They are all alike as to tea, as to clothes, as to talk, as to sport, as to the commoner manifestations of the social animal. They herd in the cities and do the same things. They are a capable and an interesting and a well-to-do people, but their fancy that they have outstanding gifts of native originality and individuality is quite erroneous.

As a matter of fact, they are a completely standardized lot, and rarely get away from the beaten path. Why, every clerk coming in to work carries the same sort of little suitcase, and every sundowner, or tramp, carries a tin bucket. And every tobacco shop is run in connection with a barber shop—every one. You'd think that some bright spirit might one day step out and establish a tobacco shop without a hairdressing appendix, or set up a barber shop where tobacco was not sold in the lobby. Not so. Tobacco and hairdressing, cigarettes and shaving, must walk hand in hand in Australia—and do.

As to liberty, which they say they have and we have not, only one item need be mentioned. Of course attention might be called to the fact that the tram company is not allowed to run its street cars of a Sunday morning in Melbourne, and that Sunday newspapers are prohibited there, and all games and amusements of whatever nature, to say nothing of the regulations forbidding mixed bathing at most of the beaches; or a casual reference might be made to the further fact that there is a city ordinance in Sydney prescribing exactly how bathers at the beaches must lie on the sands. However, such minor things but superfluously remind us of the standardization of the people.

A Racing People

What is in mind specifically is this: For a country claiming such a great meed of liberty, Australia is in poorer case with the tyranny of its organized labor than any other country whatsoever. Australia is roped, tied and branded by organized labor. All its industries are at the mercy of organized labor and are meekly allowed there to remain. Its politics, in at least five of its six states, is dominated by organized and political labor, which, over there, is the same thing. The whole country is in quod to labor. And their favorite jeer at us is that we have no liberty!

One of the visiting imperial pressmen said that, as far as he could see, the chief occupations of Australia are horse racing, football and cricket. He was quite right as far as exterior aspects go. Indeed, it seems to the casual observer that the main object of life in Australia is to herd in the cities and play the races. The passion for horse racing is universal. It is more than a passion. It is a disease. There may be a day, aside from Sundays, when there are not half a dozen—or two or three, at least—race meetings in progress in Australia; but as far as I can ascertain, there is racing every week day somewhere, and betting everywhere. The average Australian has three chief concerns. The first is how to bet on the races. The second is where to get the money to bet with, and the third where to get more money to bet again after he loses.

It is a great and profitable game for the track owners. The big jockey clubs are enormously profitable institutions

The Melbourne Cup race, which comes early in November, is the greatest event of the year in Australia to 90 per cent of the population. It transcends any commercial, political, social or other happening. The Sydney Derby is a close second. The crowds are enormous. The betting is prodigious in its total. And so is the ordinary betting, in its total, on the ordinary day-to-day racing—the everyday racing that is going on somewhere always. And such racing!

The purse for the Sydney Derby, run last September, was £8000, or, roundly, $40,000. The ostensible reason for these big races is the improvement in the breed of horses. There were more than 600 nominations for the race, but only seven horses went to the post. Manfred, the horse that won the race, was practically left at th. post. The six other horses had fifty lengths start on him before he made up his mind to get into the game. Then Manfred went out and won handily. Fancy that, will you—six horses, the pick of more than 600, considered good enough to run in the second biggest race of the year, beaten by a horse that started fifty lengths behind them! What, in the name of Zev, Man o' War, in the name of any of our stake horses—what sort of goats were those six others?

But they like it, these Australians. It is their ruling passion. Economists and preachers and others with the good of the masses at heart inveigh against it, but they never make a dent in the Australian. Wowsers, the race players and goers call these inveighing men and women—a lovely word, "wowser." And they like football and cricket also, and turn out in enormous numbers to see these matches.

Wanted: A Population

A curious people, of a large conceit for themselves, due to their long distance from any others, save their neighboring New Zealanders, and they are 1500 or so miles from them. They have an enormous island to be insular on and they make much of their opportunities. Now and then an Australian rises up and tells them a few things about themselves. Witness, these excerpts from an editorial article in the Sydney Bulletin, one of the most able weekly papers of politics and literature in the British Empire:

"The Australian fighting man proved himself in the hardest-fought war the world has ever known the equal of any and the superior of most. The Australian worker, when he works, has shown himself on statistics of his output to be the best in the world. The Australian athlete holds his own in nearly every branch of sport. The patent records show that on a population basis there are more inventions and attempted inventions in Australasia than anywhere else. In literature and art there is, again upon a population basis, a bigger body of effort among Australians than among the people of any other nation. Yet despite these indications of ability and energy, there are few countries where poorer use is made of national opportunity. . . . The potential wealth of the country is enormous, the actual production is large, the people earn a great deal of money; yet the standard of comfort is not particularly high. Food is very plentiful, but never very cheap; knowledge and general information are widespread, but indications of public taste and culture are not marked; the country has an immense body of politicians, yet little in the way of definite policies. Putting all things together—the energy, the ability, the intention, the resources, the misfit arrangements and hesitant progress—there is something lacking in our way of doing things that makes for enormous waste of good material, physical, mental and moral."

What Australia needs, of course, and must have if it is to continue as a free and self-governing country, is population. Without more population, and with the present forces of agitation and repression dominating, or at least approaching near to domination, and certainly handicapping the nation in every way—and particularly in the most vital way, the way of production and distribution—Australia will never get forward, and is likely to go backward. On the other hand, England and Scotland and Ireland must get rid of population—especially England.

England is about Australia's only hope for population such as Australia wants, for no American or Canadian could have any motive in going there, nor achieve any great benefit if he did go, and there is no very great influx from the Latin and Scandinavian countries.

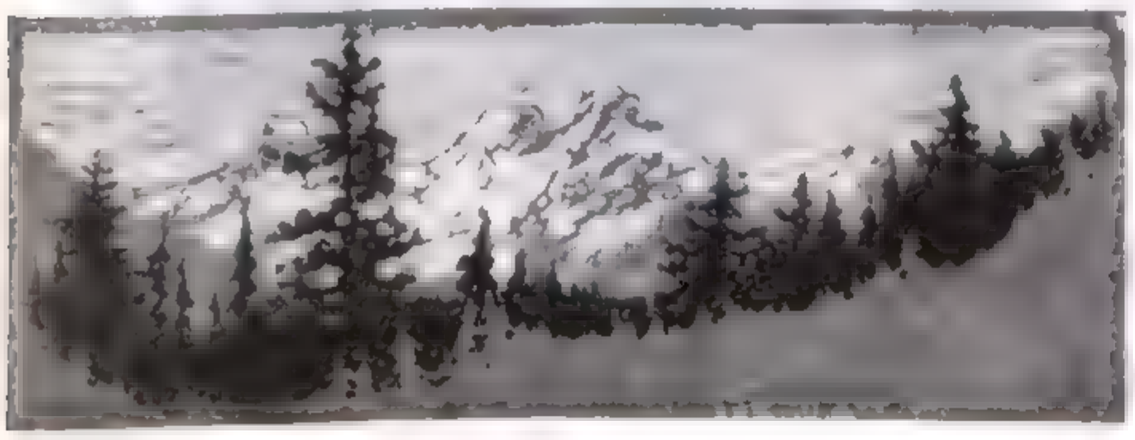
The Awkward Age

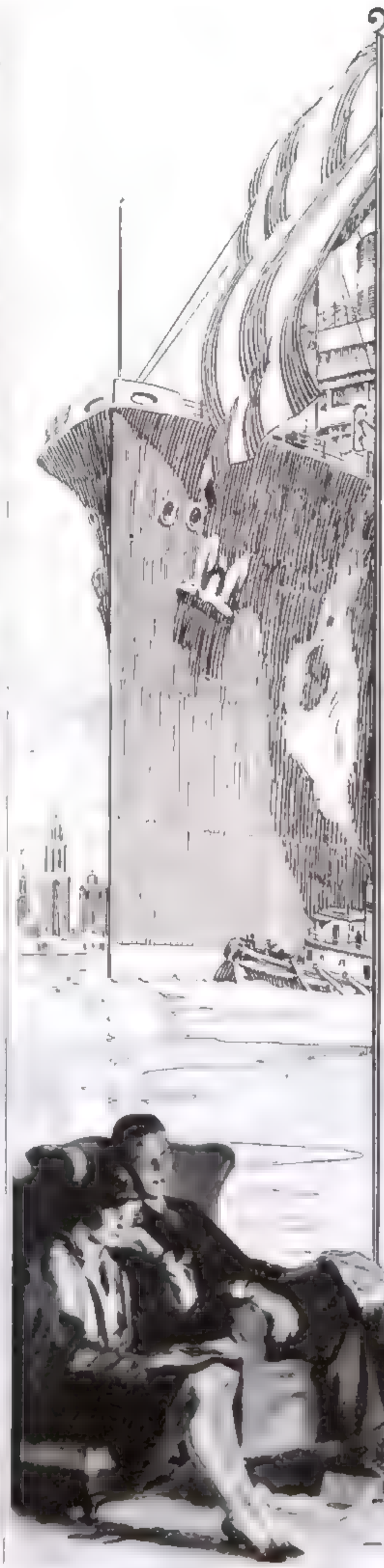
I was told by the two men in Australia best informed on such matters that careful surveys of the potentialities of Australia show that 50,000,000 people are as many as the country can support. It has 6,000,000 now. If it could get even a few million more—say, six—it would be in a stride that would bring about great things, for despite some of the characteristics herewith set down, the Australians are a fine, upstanding, sturdy, intelligent and likable people.

Just now they are at an awkward place. Their territorial and their required-development clothes are too big for them, and their political and their habit-custom-and-procedure garb is too small for them. They have let themselves into a labor situation that is retarding them. They are too British in their commercial and other relations with the outside world to be forcefully and progressively Australian, and too Australian in their manners within their own confines to be much more than parochial when they should be international. They have the great difficulty of remoteness to contend with, but they have enormous resources, vast possibilities and a development scarcely begun to overcome that handicap.

What Australia really needs is a new deal, with the subordination of the British influence in its finances and its commerce and its internal business to a purely Australian system, dealing with Britain, but not subservient to Britain; with a few leaders forceful enough and patriotic enough to subordinate the politics of the moment and the expediencies of party to the real needs of the country; with a recognition of the just rights of labor, but not a submission to the domination of labor; in short, what Australia really needs is fewer politicians and more real politics.

If there ever was a country crying in the wilderness for a real leader, Australia is that land.





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At the great White factory in Cleveland we build into every truck our finest combination of materials, workmanship and design. As fast as the sciences bring forth new light on material or design the discovery gets actual test at the hands of practical White engineers. They prove it in the light of an experience in motor transportation which has no match for the completeness of its scope. They prove it in actual field tests. If the new discovery will add to the service an owner can get out of a truck it goes into Whites—immediately.

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But service is more than a salve or a remedy. Service, as we see it, is the work the owner gets out of his White from day to day, from year to year. Service began before you bought your White—it goes on long after your White has been written off your books. Service is transportation—profitable, uninterrupted transportation—money-earning miles.

Buy transportation. The kind we sell has built the White Roll Call, the industry's greatest record of service well done. It cannot be equaled. It has not been successfully imitated.

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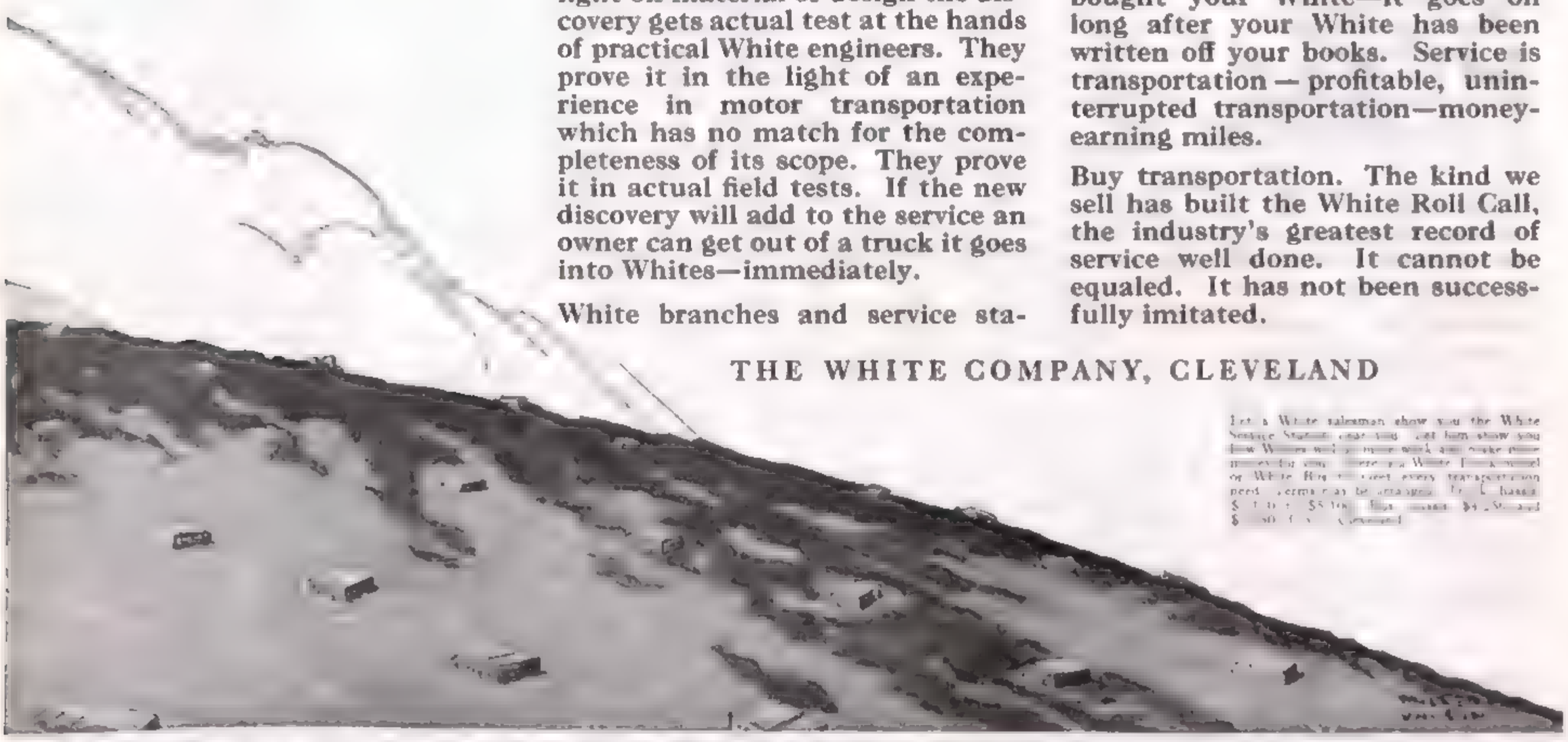

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Insist upon the Genuine

"GOLD MEDAL" FOLDING FURNITURE

MR. AND MRS. GILDERSLEEVE

(Continued from Page 17)

I confess that I have never attained to a modern mode of speech and thought. I am sentimental and old-fashioned, a follower of Victorian tradition, but I gathered myself together.

"I congratulate you ——"

"Don't bother. That's the whole trouble. It's raising the dickens with everything. Not that I don't want it this way—I'm crazy about it. But Bill doesn't—or at least just now. Well, I'll be so handicapped ——"

To my surprise, the blue eyes beneath the purple hat brim filled with tears. Mrs. Gildersleeve drew from her cuff a small scrap or sample of bright strawberry cloth and dabbed at them.

"At-a-girl!" she sniffed after a moment. "Bawl a little, baby, and maybe's you'll feel better. Pay no attention to me, Mr. Cogswell," she directed. "I pull a funny line sometimes. All I meant to—uh—say was about your dog."

Here I found my voice suddenly. Those tears under the purple hat brim affected me strangely. I vouched for Timothy's future behavior. I couldn't, I told her, help her in the matter of the whisky; but I found myself hoping audibly—I, who have no cellar and believe in none, with the exception of a bottle of blackberry brandy for illness, the present sample untouched since 1919—I found myself hoping the matter would be satisfactorily adjusted, whatever I meant by that.

At the door Mrs. Gildersleeve paused and looked up at me. She appeared suddenly about fifteen.

"You—uh—I guess you're a literary person, aren't you, P'fessor Cogswell? I heard you did some kind of writing. Do you write scenarios?"

She didn't wait for an answer.

"I wish sometime you'd do me a favor. I wish you'd get hold of my Bill and—uh—have a talk with him. Bill's literary too—kind of. At least he did pretty well in college, in his studies, and he can write good poetry too. But he's off the brain stuff now. He's got a place in the Central Trust Company, you know; not very long or hard hours, either—mostly nominal—but he hates it. He's got enough money anyhow. That's why he just plays round so much and fools away his time. I hate to see Bill a waster, but I can't do a thing. My family weren't smart. Papa was a self-made man, and I only had a finisher at Miss Flynne's; but Bill's got a brain that might come in handy—if he could be made to use it—if somebody wasn't always deviling him so to stage a sketch or take a dare. Well, you know how it is in a crowd! Well—uh—if some good person, with a kind of head to him, should get hold of Bill and tackle him—uh, you know—right where he lives —— Well, anyhow, Mr. Cogswell, you're the kind of man, I guess, that could do Bill good."

And with this flattering assumption my fair neighbor left me. I need hardly say that at once my cruelest fears, my darkest anxieties concerning the new arrivals next door, were justified.

Peace fled from our scene. Within twenty-four hours Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve's quiet summer set in with appropriate ceremonies. And if they had forsaken the world, they were not by the world forgot. By twos, by threes—though more commonly by dozens—the world came to them. Motors screamed and honked on the driveway all day—and night. Parties—a word that in reminiscence still makes me creep—were the order of the day—and night. It was the word "party" that more than any other figured. In the wee sma' hours youthful voices on the porch, the terrace, beneath my window, shrieked their gratitude for a "Nice party. Darn good party." The intoning and raucous fervor of those sounds known as jazz poured in a tom-tom beating perpetually from the Aldrich windows. Dancing began apparently with breakfast, and the last sight at night was of encoupled shapes darkly silhouetted against blazing windows. What time they did not dance, apparently they lunched or held impromptu vaudeville. And the matter of the bootlegger must, indeed, according to my wish, have been arranged, for there was a general prevalence of vinous material, a flourish of flasks visible even from our distance. I need hardly say that all this was accompanied by a running fire of shrill laughter and conversing extremely difficult to bear. My sufferings became intense.

It was only on the second day of occupancy that I saw a tall young man with tiger-striped brown-and-orange legs rush out of doors bearing in his arms a young lady in cobalt blue, whom he submerged, to an accompaniment of shrieked encouragement, in Mrs. Aldrich's fountain. It was a night or two afterward that Harriet and I were awakened by a group of young ladies caterwauling beside the hedge, accompanying themselves on ukuleles, in imitation of alley cats, and creating an effect at which no feline need have blushed.

But it was on the sixth evening that unexpectedly I came into much closer contact with the situation. I inadvertently attended a costume party given by Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve.

Mrs. Aldrich had given me the freedom of her rose garden before leaving, which is separate but adjoins both our grounds at the back. It was about ten o'clock that, feeling restive, I decided to take a quiet turn in the rose garden and passed into it from our gate. I was surprised to see, in the distance and upon the Aldrich lawn, a quantity of brilliantly colored lanterns, and I realized by the accent and excess of the beating tom-toms in the house next door that a special festivity was on. But I was hardly prepared for the words of welcome that met me as I passed beyond the gate.

"My sheik!" cried a feminine voice. "Here you are at last!" I stopped in my amaze and saw a figure in a filmy flowered material pressed up against the hedge of the rose garden. "Oh, don't hesitate!" the voice went on. "Come here and kiss me this minute, Methuselah. I know you're as old as the hills, but I'm awfully fond of you, you funny old thing."

Here I perceived the words were not intended for me at all. A figure, costumed as Pierrot, was approaching, galloping the rose-garden path. I recognized him perfectly—a stoutish elderly citizen of Wychgate named Boyce—at least fifty, baldish and pink of gill, and desperately addressed, from my own observation, to the lost cause of a perpetual youth. In his black-spotted white muslins, with wide sleeves and frills, he resembled nothing so much as an immense unwieldy white parrot. But I instantly forgot him. For a line of new figures burst into the garden and saw—me!

It is my habit in dishabille, and sometimes on sequestered evening walks in the garden, to wear a quilted black Japanese dressing gown I possess, with a gold crane on the back. I was wearing it this evening, and at the last moment, with a slight predisposition to neuralgia, I had unfortunately set upon my head Harriet's gardening hat, a round broad-brimmed straw affair with a band and long narrow streamer of flowered stuff. The implication, with my long gray mustache and shell spectacles, was apparently perfect.

The group of figures approaching checked slightly, then rushed forward about me and began to dance.

"Look at Ko-Ko!" a voice cried. "Look at Ko-Ko out of the Mikado. He has come to our party! He has come to our party! Professor Ko-Ko has come to our party!"

The voice came from the immediate foreground, and I perceived a tall, imperious-looking, handsome blond youth I had seen about the place. With him was a tall, dark-haired, equally imperious girl, who hung upon his arm. These two now sprang forward and, pinning my arms to my sides, whirled me away before them. In a moment I was being danced willy-nilly in a ring of my aggressors, round and round Mrs. Aldrich's sundial to an improvised refrain of:

"*Professor Cogs-well, he clogs well.*"

May I note in passing that during the entire Gildersleeve occupancy, lasting some months, no one on the other side of the hedge ever pronounced my name as other than "Cogswell"?

I was considerably mauled and winded, and it took me a certain time to extricate myself from the band of revelers, carried away with their *sans gêne* and barleycorn. Only after actual physical struggle was I free and, returning to my own home, able to lean, panting, unnerved, against a pillar of my own veranda. In particular I remember that what elicited my chiefest anger and sense of indignity was the conduct of that blond youth. At intervals in the dance he had lifted his bent knee and driven it violently into my back. I could feel its pressure still as I stood there trying to calm myself, praying that Harriet had not witnessed my unhappy debacle.

If my sister was not a party to my humiliation at the hands of these intoxicated young people—a point I have never tried to ascertain—there was practically nothing else that went on across the hedge that escaped her bright eyes. Profoundly disappointed in our new neighbors, she yet exercised a certain feminine privilege and presently had identified all the leading actors in our neighborhood drama.

It was on their second Sunday with us that she drew me to a window and pinched my arm.

"That," she said, "is Mr. Gildersleeve."

A game of marbles had been improvised next door. Young people, with a fine display of limb and interest, were crouched and slouched juvenile fashion before a number of glassies on the flagstone walk. But upon the upper porch step stood a figure now somewhat aloof—a tall imperious blond youth whom I instantly recognized. I took my first good look at Bill. Even as I appraised him, a second figure joined him. A little girl in Tyrian purple, with swinging bronze-dipped hair, came to his side. She slipped an affectionate arm through his—there was something very youthful and lovely and a little wistful in the way she had turned to him and now stood leaning against him—with an air of proprietary pleasure.

"—— and Mrs. Gildersleeve."

But with her words they were not alone. A third figure joined them—that tall dark-haired girl who had been one of my leading humiliators. She, too, slipped an affectionate arm through Mr. Gildersleeve's remaining member—she, too, now stood leaning against him with an air of proprietary pleasure.

"Which," I asked, far more aptly than I realized—"which is which, Harriet?"

III

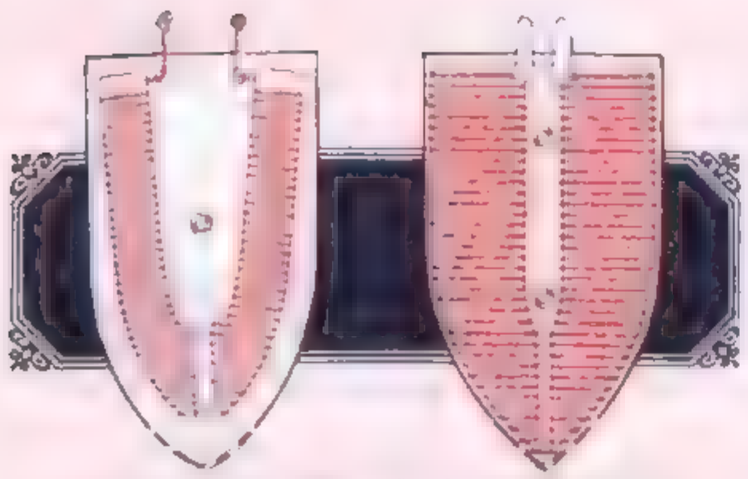
IT WAS very soon after this that Harriet made certain deductions bearing on this question. A lull had fallen next door for the moment, though a sort of pandemonium had broken out earlier in the afternoon. Young people came rushing out of the house carrying little blue tickets. They climbed, screaming, with these, into a covey of waiting cars parked on the drive, and with a great snorting of horns and shrieking of gears tore away into the main avenue. It was, Harriet explained, a treasure hunt. The blue cards contained cryptic directions guiding the bearers to new spots, with still further mystery of itinerary, indicated by still more blue cards when they got there.

"The one that covers his ground first gets a prize," Harriet explained. "They will be

(Continued on Page 171)

Says the
City Dye Works, *Chicago:*

"It is cheaper to buy the *Sunbeam* than it is to repair other irons"



Ordinary Heating Unit too far from the edges to KEEP them HOT when they come in contact with damp cloth.

SunbeamAll-OverHeating Unit comes to the very edges, and KEEPS them HOT when iron meets damp cloth.

"BEFORE we adopted the Sunbeams for long daily use on all kinds of fabrics from the most delicate wash goods to heavy suitings and coat materials, we used two other varieties of electric irons. The irons of other makes gave out under the exacting service required.

"We now have 15 Sunbeams in use by our pressers and the remainder of our staff will be equipped with Sunbeams as fast as the other irons give out.

"Eight of the Sunbeams have been in use 3952 working hours at eight hours a day. In other words, each of these Sunbeams has already had as much use as it would get in a home in several years. And they are all going strong.

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This statement comes from the City Dye Works, Chicago, which operates a large dry cleaning and dyeing establishment and caters to particular customers in numerous states.

Can you imagine a more practical test of an iron's capacity to heat quickly, stay hot, and not burn out? For these are not special irons, but the regular Sunbeam that irons the family clothes each week in homes all over America.

The iron that lets women sit down restfully at their work, because it has an All-Over Heating Unit which supplies heat constantly over the entire bottom, including the edges where an iron meets the damp cloth first. Hence, damp things cannot cool off the Sunbeam as they do the ordinary irons. And mind you, what an electric iron fails to supply in heat, a woman must stand and furnish in arm-aching pressure.

It costs us double to make this All-Over Unit. And Sunbeam's double-nickeled mirror-smooth bottom costs us extra too. But it never wears through, never peels and roughs up delicate fabrics.

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General Cords have never been sold as original factory equipment, yet thousands of new cars are delivered with Generals "all around" . . . . the buyers having specified Generals.

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It reflects the enthusiastic confidence car owners have in General—a confidence backed by their extra dollars when they *order* General Cords on a new car.

You may not have experienced the many advantages of General, but just ask a user and you'll be introduced to a brand of enthusiasm seldom accorded any product.

Some will speak in glowing terms of unheard-of mileage. Some will talk of greater motor power and give you figures on fuel savings. Others will tell you the full meaning of low pressure. But the sum total of this favorable comment among users is the reason General enjoys the largest sales confined to voluntary purchasers of any tire on the market.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

The Mark of Leading Tire Values Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

— GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 168)

gone some time but they will return. They are to dance here this evening."

"You seem to know a great deal about it, Harriet."

"I know everything that goes on over there, Thomas," said Harriet solemnly, "and I'll tell you one thing—all is not as it seems in that love nest."

"Love nest! Hornet's nest, you mean."

"Whichever you like. But I'm telling you. And I can't tell you how sorry I am over the discovery. There is great unhappiness there, Thomas. There is a woman in the case."

"My dear Harriet, your headline terminology ——"

"Thomas, have you ever noticed a young woman who comes over there a great deal—tall, quite good-looking, with black hair, who is usually found somewhere near Mr. Gildersleeve in all these groups and parties?"

Had I not? A picture of my unrehearsed sundial dance arose to make me wince.

"I think I have seen her," said I blandly. "She is here all the time, and she drives a very fast high-powered car the color of fresh table mustard."

"That's the one!" cried Harriet. "She's called, I believe, a man-eater. Anyhow she's making all kinds of trouble over there—and she's breaking little Mrs. Gildersleeve's heart."

"How in the world do you make that out?"

"I have intuition, and that's not all I have. Thomas, wild and silly as that gang of young ones is, they're not all in the same boat—for frivolity. I knew that after two hours' watching Mrs. Gildersleeve. Any woman could see she's eating her heart out with worry, and I've found out why. She's deeply in love with that yellow-headed young demon of hers, and he's spending every moment he can scrape chasing after this other girl—this Mrs. Joyce Springgold."

"Springgold! How do you know that's her name?"

Harriet leaned toward me with a penetrating eye.

"I know plenty more. Listen, big boy, and I'll tootle you a full line on this same *femme*. She's one of the fastest workers in the township; she's a long-distance widow and has *beaucoup* jack, and it's aces easy that what she's after here is to be Bill Gildersleeve's permanent sweet mamma."

I lay back, panting, "Harriet Coswell!"

"Oh, I'm an able learner—with so much free tuition flying round. And I'm much more. I've become a good friend of little Mrs. Gildersleeve's. We're going to be quite pally—in the end.

"Thomas," she added, "my heart really aches for the poor child. She hasn't a soul in this world. She hasn't chick or child of a female relative. That old McCoy, that Irishman, simply gave her a lot of money and turned her loose. Her brother goes his own way. All she has on earth is this Gildersleeve boy, all she wants really, and now she thinks she's losing him. She's really the most miserable little thing I ever saw, just now. You see, he's not so keen on the new situation—doesn't care for it at all—chafing in the harness, I guess. He was madly in love with her when they got married. But he's been indulged to death, himself, and there's a world of pretty girls at hand. This Springgold for one—with a husband safely over in Paris—always there to play round with him. Oh, there's been nothing but flirtation as yet—it's always in a crowd. Mrs. Gildersleeve sees to that. But that won't last. She's free enough now, but there'll be disabilities later on.

"You see, that's why she got away from Summerlea, just to break with that fast crowd over there at the country club, where the poison's thickest; but they all keep coming here, and the poor child is fairly sick. She sat over there in your chair the other night talking about it and looking so wretched—her eyes I mean, and they're the sweetest blue—and trying to be brave and cocky the way these young ones do, with her head up and all those queer little rushes of slang they use, that I almost cried over her. She's so little and so young, and so afraid underneath."

It took me very little time to observe, without much trying, that Harriet was right.

Mr. Gildersleeve was the king-pin and prime mover of the activities next door. His was one of those rich personalities that cannot endure its own undiluted society ten minutes, and it was immediately clear that its favorite element of dilution was to be found in Mrs. Joyce Springgold. What Mr. Gildersleeve did, that equally did the dashing semiwidow. They were truly affinities, evenly balanced in their desire for noise and motor energy, and reasonably careless of neighboring windows in the lighter freedoms their mutual enthusiasm permitted.

Not that Mrs. Springgold's hostess failed to match her eagerness or vivacity. Whatever was suggested, whatever event figured, Mrs. Gildersleeve was right there prominently, alive and tingling with apparent interest. It was only to an observer like myself, screened in a hidden aerie, that the effort this required, the fatigue and slacking of spirit, were visible. There were times when I detected upon her face a look so wretched it was with difficulty I refrained from rushing out and falling upon Mr. Gildersleeve physically.

This, however, would have availed me nothing; and driving the situation from my mind, when and as Mrs. Gildersleeve's troubling face did not appear between me and my page—and the tempestuous hubbub raised outside permitted—I intrenched myself in my treatise, leaving matters more competently with Harriet; with whom I knew our young neighbor had presently formed a confidential friendship, coming in to sit with her at odd moments; on one occasion, indeed, as I myself witnessed, holding in her lap that pink wool Harriet had purchased, while Harriet guided her hand on a knitting needle.

It was on an evening late in August before I really consciously thought about the Gildersleeve matter again. Harriet had gone away on a visit of some weeks, and I became aware of a peculiar and disturbing quality in the air. It took me some time to realize. The house next door was quiet! It had been quiet all day. Not one of the crowd had screamed on the premises since early morning. It was now dark and deserted. On the principle of the military ear attuned to the heavy guns, it was a little disturbing. Then my bell rang. Once again on my step stood Mrs. Gildersleeve. She had flung a white sports cape around her, and from her eyes I saw that she had been crying.

"Good evening—uh—Mr. Cogswell," she said. "I—uh—thought I'd come over a little. I know Miss Harriet went away today, but I—uh—thought you wouldn't mind if I came in and—and talked to you a little. It got so kind of lonely over there."

I confess, as she settled like a white moth into one of the living-room chairs, to feeling a great doubt as to my conversational adequacy here; but she covered the immediate slight hiatus—as once before she had—by taking out her gold box and writing mechanically on her mouth again. Indeed, the instrument may well have been invented for such purpose.

"Yes," she said, "I'm all alone tonight. I wasn't up to going on this wild party at Wyvern all day. Bill said he'd stay home with me, but at the last minute somebody phoned and he flunked it. I guess—I guess Bill'll go away more and more now. It gets on Bill's nerves—being quiet. A still house and all that. Anyhow he went off with the bunch."

"Well," said I, "the bunch makes it all right. There is safety in numbers. It might be worse."

"Or better," said Mrs. Gildersleeve. "Springgold's along."

Her assumption that I shared the situation she had discussed with my sister made

(Continued on Page 173)

Breaking in a bucking briar?

SOMEWHERE in this broad land there's a man—perhaps several—with a new pipe and a few misgivings. He is putting it off! And putting it off. But one day will find him in the thick of it. Wrangling fiercely! Doubting that he'll ever make a really sweet pipe of it.

For such doubting smokers there's a swift and sure pipe-pacifier. An absolute boon to beginners. It's an all-pipe tobacco. It's mellowed by an old and tried method. It's cut in large flakes to burn slowly and coolly. It is Granger. Granger Rough Cut.

For with all its success as a day-in and day-out tobacco for pipes already broken in, Granger is an ideal tobacco for breaking in a new pipe. Its coarse-cut, cool-smoking flakes take all the edge off the new briar.

Granger sweetens a pipe and keeps it sweet. Granger makes a pe ce-pipe of a bucking briar. It is, in fact, a peace-pipe smoke.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, and the heavy foil package ten cents

Granger is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

This Year will bring You many New STAINLESS *Products*

Watch for the series of startling announcements that will appear in this publication, telling of new Stainless Products for men and women—for workmen and sportsmen

NEXT month housewives will discover Stainless in a new role—the month following we predict a "run" on Sporting Goods stores, for Stainless has come to the rescue of many despairing sportsmen. And so, throughout the year, you'll find the infinite superiority of Stainless manifested in many new products—products that will not rust, stain, tarnish or corrode.

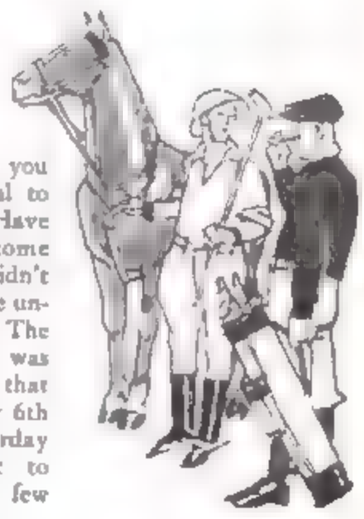
Truly, the opportunities for better products made from Stainless Steel are endless.

Housewives

The April 10th issue of The Saturday Evening Post will tell of a new product which has been given a tremendous advantage through the use of Stainless Steel. One of the hardest spots in the kitchen to keep clean is made as easy to clean as your Stainless Steel Cutlery.

This new product of Stainless brings further relief from kitchen drudgery—and a delightful new service from Stainless Steel.

Watch for this interesting announcement.



Sportsmen

There is a surprise coming to you—something that will appeal to your keen sense immediately. Have you sometimes suddenly come across an article that you didn't know existed, but that you've unconsciously wanted for years? The moment you saw it—well, it was *yours*. You'll feel pretty much that way on the morning of May 6th when you open your Saturday Evening Post—you'll want to phone your sports dealer a few minutes later.

Architects and Builders

Yes, and Home Owners too—would it mean something to you to have door hardware, locks, hinges, push plates, garage hardware, etc., in silver-bright Stainless Steel—rustless, stainless, tarnish-proof and needing only wiping off to clean? Of course you'd like it—and want it in *your* home.

Man About the House

Suppose that squares, saws, grass shears, trowels, or any one of a dozen such articles should be insured against rust and corrosion. And there are enough rusty ones hanging or laying in basements and work-rooms to make someone wonder if Stainless Steel could be made into such products.

Well, it can—but that's another story still to come. Watch the monthly announcements in The Saturday Evening Post.

Auto Owners and Garage Mechanics

Have you ever tried to tighten a fender bolt after a car has been run for a few months? Then you *know* what a striking contrast Stainless Bolts and Nuts would make—with freedom from rust and corrosion. And speaking of automobiles—how about headlights that would look as bright as silver—and stay that way without polishing, just by wiping off with a cloth?

Manufacturers in scores of lines are awake to the tremendous advantages Stainless Steel offers. They have experimented cautiously, have proceeded carefully—have finally gone ahead enthusiastically, knowing that they had found qualities in Stainless Steel that would not only answer the unvoiced demand of millions of people, but would insure leadership in their fields of industry. To make sure that you are getting products made from genuine "Stainless"—look for the name stamped on the products or the little circle sign below.

To Manufacturers: *The opportunities for new Stainless products are still endless—every manufacturer should have a copy of our free booklet "Stainless in Industry"—it points the way to better products. Send for it today.*

STAINLESS

STAINLESS

Always Easy to Clean

Products

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 171)

it a little easier for me. I took on an air of certitude worthy of Harriet. Suddenly I rose, pacing my floor, and talked, saying things I had wanted to utter for some time. I assumed a knowledge of wayward masculinity quite beyond my real deserts. I explained to her that such lapses as this little one of Mr. Gildersleeve's were but trivial affairs, and not worth the noting; that man, superficially polygamous, and in search of entertainment, and bored in certain moments, very often assumed an attitude far from being in consonance with his soul's inmost conviction. History and literature, I pointed out, cede to erring humanity a certain uniformity in the matter of such lapses and are at one in citing his invariable final reaction—his return to the fold and those verities which have ever been his pole star.

In my interest I forgot I was speaking to Mrs. Gildersleeve. Her face diminished, receded, in the dusk—took on vaguely a white pansylike quality. I talked as I might have talked to someone else—someone dearer, more personal, than my small neighbor. Harriet does not accord me full privilege here. Anyhow, I released all repressions now and gave myself to some very fine periods. They sounded, I think, quite well, and Mrs. Gildersleeve approved.

"Oh, sure," she said politely, when I had finished.

She asked me after this if I played any games. But when I joyfully proposed the board for a bout of chess or cribbage, she stopped me. She did not mean sitting-down games; though she said her auction wasn't so bad if the bets were high. What she meant was athletic games—golf, tennis, polo. She wished to discuss them. She asked me to feel of her hands—there were some small calluses below her fingers. She had got them, she told me mournfully, on the Summerlea golf course—"going round in eighty-five," whatever that meant—and again at the helm of her sailing boat. This year Mr. Gildersleeve had bought a yacht—a wonderful affair of brass and mahogany, with a double-decker engine, an ice plant and built-in cellar. They had planned to take the inside tour this summer—paralleling the seaboard by the coast lakes and rivers.

"Just we two," she said with a little break in her voice. "Bill for pilot and me to swab the decks. Bill doesn't mind being on the water alone."

Regret for this—seen through Bill's eyes—consumed her. It was a lost paradise, never to be regained. In fact, the future did not speak to her—only the past, wherein she had been free from anxiety, fully approved, the well-beloved.

Again I tried to reassure her. I offered her man's greatest solace—contact with the classic past of our race. I led her to my study, I showed her my books. I showed her Greek Roots of Modern Culture, my symbols. I showed her my coins, my amphora, Professor Dummel—my father. It was my father who seemed to cheer her most. She laughed aloud on looking at him, becoming very bright and pretty.

"Oh, for the love of potash!" she murmured. "Oh, for cryin' out loud!"

But when she went she asked if she might come again.

"Do you mind," she asked, "if I—uh—come over again, Professor Cogswell, while Miss Harriet's gone? I mean, if I'm alone and it gets too kind of still over there."

"Do," said I, and thus began my singular personal friendship with Mrs. Gildersleeve.

A strange pair—an iron-gray pedant, a wan-faced child in her long fleecy white cloak, with bright defiant painted writing on her lips and a tugging worry gnawing at her heart.

Through the day I saw little of her, but very shortly my evenings knew her more and more. At first I think she resisted the companionship—there were certain evenings when a dim upper light next door told me of a lone vigil, when certain music was played upon her talking machine. There were two singularly reiterated pieces whose names she divulged—All Alone and Yearning—that seemed to bring her some comfort. And occasionally she played something she called red dog with one of the maids. But presently, defeated by the oppressive silence and loneliness, she frankly sought shelter with me in those hours when that bright cockatoo, Mr. Gildersleeve, preened his wings elsewhere.

I did what I could for her. I talked to her. I read to her from my treatise. I related anecdotes from my college years—the occasion, for instance, when I placed a saltpeter mine in Professor Fowler's desk in Logic 2. I showed her Harriet's nest of robins, now divested of tenants. I discussed bird and flower lore, I introduced her to the stars, which so often paled out above one of her gay parties—Antares, glowing redly, Mars and far-away Deneb. I spoke of the Water Carrier and traced the square of Pegasus, and described the winter stars wheeling unseen over our heads by day.

Sometimes we sat together in my living room, but more often we walked about in the garden. Sometimes here, as I pointed out an object, she would slip her hand into mine with a naive unconscious gesture of confidence quite daughterly. I found it extremely touching. She was, I think, a typical young girl of the new-rich class, with too much money and not a real friend. Facing now toward a primordial experience, terrified of life, she was glad even of a wayside friendship, even of society as dull as mine.

Not that mine was the only entertaining. She talked to me at great length with that odd little stumble in her husky voice, discoursing and asking my opinion upon affairs that struck me as infinitely trivial. She was what she described as a Dumb Dora. Of painting, sculpture, music, literature she knew nothing; nor history, nor science. Not even the Great War, which is supposed to divide youth from old age today, elicited an interest, since it belonged to "those older people."

But of the moving picture she spoke long and ardently, citing personal expoñents whom she specially fancied—one Thomas Merrigan or Mayhew, and the Spaniard, Valentio. Of these she could speak, and of apparel, and of dancing and very fast cars and of scores of athletic sport.

All the rest of her talk was of Bill.

Once or twice I was minded to speak to Bill seriously. Once, I remember, he was standing by his car when I came up to the hedge with some such intention. He looked up and grinned at me.

"Why, if it isn't Professor Ko-Ko-Ko excuse me," he laughed, "I've got a touch of cold—Cogswell, I mean. Would you have a match, professor?" Before I could utter a word he added, "Between you and I, I simply can't keep myself in 'em."

I think it was the fact of his saying "between you and I"—that and his terrible effrontery. I am always overpowered by the English slaughter of a modern college graduate—and I have never seen a finer nerve than Mr. Gildersleeve's. I handed him the match in silence.

I could only continue to be friends with his wife. Until Harriet's return and her more competent solace, there was all too little, I felt, that I could do for one so desolate.

IV

ONE dark October afternoon Harriet came to my desk. "Well," said she, "it has come."

Singularly, this had but one significance. I looked up from my treatise with a wave of relief.

"Good!" I cried heartily. "Girl or boy?"

"You dummy," said Harriet, "I am not speaking of the end of things but the beginning! What I mean is, Doctor Caldecott has arrived next door. But at that, it may mean the end too. Thomas, do you know how things stand now? Do you know the terrible thing that has happened? That young pup of a Gildersleeve hasn't been seen around here for two days. They

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MANY people fail to realize the extra convenience and comfort derived from a well screened porch. An additional living room, usable day and evening, free from flies and mosquitoes, can be obtained at slight cost by using Jersey Copper Screen Cloth.

Jersey not only gives you a maximum of protection but also a maximum of service. It is made of copper 99.8% pure. Jersey is the *only* copper screen cloth on the market woven from Roebling wire. In stiffness and tensile strength, the cloth is comparable to steel. As a result it lasts for years and years.

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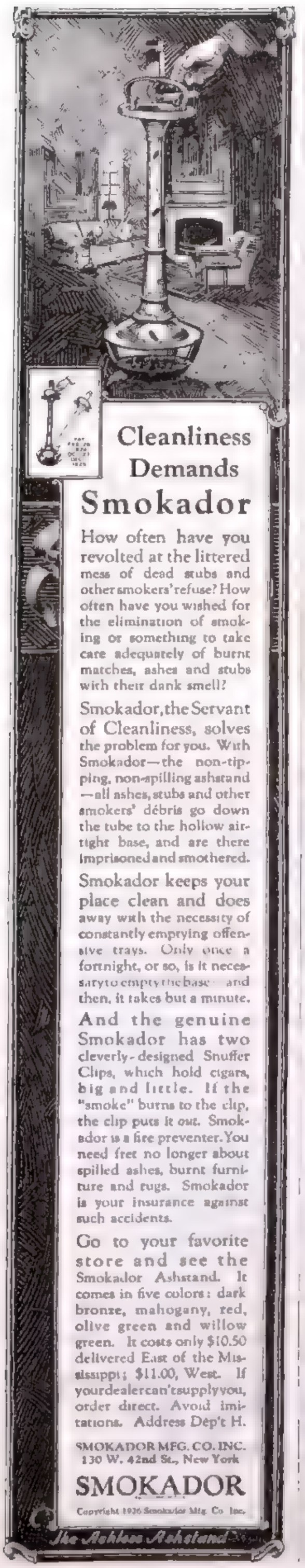
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How often have you revolted at the littered mess of dead stubs and other smokers' refuse? How often have you wished for the elimination of smoking or something to take care adequately of burnt matches, ashes and stubs with their dank smell?
Smokador, the Servant of Cleanliness, solves the problem for you. With Smokador—the non-tipping, non-spilling ashstand—all ashes, stubs and other smokers' débris go down the tube to the hollow air-tight base, and are there imprisoned and smothered.
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And the genuine Smokador has two cleverly-designed Snuffer Clips, which hold cigars, big and little. If the "smoke" burns to the clip, the clip puts it out. Smokador is a fire preventer. You need fret no longer about spilled ashes, burnt furniture and rugs. Smokador is your insurance against such accidents.
Go to your favorite store and see the Smokador Ashstand. It comes in five colors: dark bronze, mahogany, red, olive green and willow green. It costs only $10.50 delivered East of the Mississippi; $11.00, West. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Avoid imitations. Address Dep't H.
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The Ashless Ashstand

had a quarrel about this Springgold piece—she caught him in some petty lie—and he packed up a bag and went away without a word. This is no time to quarrel. I've just been in there and she won't speak his name—won't send for him. She'll never look at him again—if he's gone to this young woman. Something must be done. I'm somehow convinced that that boy is fond of her underneath all this silliness—it was a love match in his senior year at college—but if he isn't careful it will never do him any good any more. Simply, he's as green as that pickle of a car he drives, and he'll let things go too far. There's such a thing as the iron entering a woman's soul, and then —— Yet when I come and tell you this: No Gildersleeve, no husband; Doctor Caldecott next door—you cry 'Good!'"

"You misunderstood me," I cried, and added, "He must be found—sent for!"

"That has been tried—Doctor Caldecott's orders. But there is no trace of him. His trust company, his clubs in town, have been called, those friends we can reach; but there isn't a sign of him. What makes it more terrible, inquiry at Mrs. Joyce Springgold's apartment is met with the news that Mrs. Springgold went out of town herself two days ago and her present address is unknown."

Here was indeed a distressing situation, and as the day wore on and night advanced, and Mr. Gildersleeve's absence continued, as his whereabouts remained unknown; as hour after hour signaled from the lighted rooms of the house next door the age-old drama in which our poor young friend was engaged, quite alone and unsustained by the moral support of her husband, and from which presently, no doubt, she must pass only to face even acuter misery—I became very agitated. I confess that I slept none at all, pacing my room in great trepidation of spirit, cursing my own futility, harassed by recollections—unavoidable—of a small lonely shape moving beside me, a rough hardy little hand thrusting into mine, a gruff boyish little voice with a curious trick of stumbling in it.

At dawn Harriet came and tapped on my door.

"Announcing," she smiled, "William Billings Gildersleeve, Jr. She is sleeping," she added; "and now comes your part, now that it is daylight."

"My part?" I echoed, looking at the graying sky.

"Yes," cried Harriet, "yours. Every discreet method of discovering him has failed, short of detectives, but there is still personal search, by a friend—delicately. That's what I mean—for you. You must go and find Mr Gildersleeve."

"But how—if nobody knows where he is?"

"That," cried Harriet exaltedly, "is for you to find out. Take Susan and look for him." Susan, I will add, is Harriet's electric, in which she has gone to market for twelve years. "You are a man—go and get Mr. Gildersleeve."

I was helpless before her. She goaded me into my hat and overcoat. She forced me to climb into Susan. As Susan and I rilled gently out of her small barn, I remember looking at Harriet and calling her insane.

"This," I said, "is madness, a wild-goose chase. It's my opinion that the worst has happened. Mr. Gildersleeve cut the traces and has run away. I know that I shall never see him, Harriet."

But strangely enough, I did, and was able to do the little I could.

I will not bore you with the minutiæ of my wasted morning in the city and over at Summerlea, prowling secretly as an amateur detective around Mr. Gildersleeve's usual haunts. That I did so was logical enough—that I picked up not a single clew, only in keeping with previous discouragement. It was at two in the afternoon, returning discouraged from a luncheon of crackers and milk, and on the road to Wychgate, that I had a ray of hope. On the macadam just ahead of me appeared the form of Mrs. Springgold's mustard-colored car, baying like a bloodhound as it swept in from a turn. I acted instantly. I drove Harriet's electric after it at full speed.

You may smile. Mrs. Springgold's bloodhound had a potential speed of ninety an hour—of which she was now using about two-thirds. Susan's exquisitely delicate system is capable at the extreme of twenty. Yet do not forget Æsop's immortal fable of the tortoise and the hare. I overtook that yellow car on the next curve.

One moment and it was before me, approaching a sharply turning wooded bend; another and the curve had swallowed it like a yellow flame. By every canon of speed, it should have put miles behind it ere Susan and I had really cleared our lungs of its dust and odor. Yet such are the principles of general ballistics that Susan's ladylike demeanor in negotiating curves is far better adapted than the torpedo drive of the swift bullet. As we rilled hastily onto that first wooded stretch of curve, there was, indeed, upon the road no sign of the mustard car. But it was near at hand. Rushing at a tangent from the roadbed, it had hurled itself into a sturdy oak tree, demolishing it to match-wood, tearing off two wheels and throwing out into the undergrowth two human forms. I climbed down and hurried to them.

"Mr. Gildersleeve," I cried, "and Mrs. Springgold!"

Here one of them—the female—sat up.

"Shut up!" she said. "We know that already. I guess I've broken my leg—and I guess Bill's killed."

Mr. Gildersleeve, however, was not dead. He, too, sat up, and looked at me with a dazed unwitting eye, and I went over and examined him. There was apparently no breakage of bone, not even actual concussion. There was a large bump on his forehead, swelling rapidly, but he was not bleeding from nose or ears. I took him by the shoulder and bent closer, and realized his condition more fully. Mr. Gildersleeve had had a hard whack on his head, but there were contributing influences. What ailed him was a combination of bump and Bacchus.

Mrs. Springgold was still crying.

"Shut up," said I in my turn, "and tell me the only thing I care to know. Where have you been these three days? Where have you kept him while his wife lay dying?"

She stared at me. "Kept him—these three days! Bill's kept himself, I guess. He had a fight with his wife and ran off on his yacht up the Quane River, all alone, to sulk and drink, I guess. Bill's an awful boob in some ways. And after he got there he got sorry about Marge. What I mean is—well, he just came rushing back to see her. Don't look at me that way. I wasn't with him. I went away myself the day before to a place I have up the country at Winsdon—a little farm there where I've got a tenant farmer—and I just got back. I ran into Bill at the South Street dock. His car was being overhauled and he was scouting a taxi. I said I'd give him a flying lift home. Well, I did."

Somehow I knew that she spoke the truth.

"But," said I sternly, "you've both been out of town—your friends know that, and you were coming back together. Nobody but yourselves and a man in your employ know that you went away—er—individually. In view of your friendship, when people hear of this accident, who among your friends will believe? Who, anyhow, when it gets into the papers?"

"Go and tell them then and get it over with," she interrupted, and cried some more. "'Smatter of fact, a while ago I wouldn't have cared a darn what they thought. I—I've given Bill a lot of my good time. But I guess he likes Marge the best after all. In fact, we had a fight of our own about that very thing. That's what made me go to Winsdon. Oh, go tell the newspapers and be done with it, grandpa. My leg, too ——" She began to weep passionately. "I'm all through with men. That's just what I was telling Bill. They never appreciate what you do for them. Fred'll probably fire me for this—but go ahead and get the undertaker. Think of my leg!"

"Mrs. Springgold," said I, "your leg will be attended to in due course. Personally, I should like to place it with its companion in a stocks. What I am worried about now is how to help Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve."

On this Mr. Gildersleeve fought free for a moment of the daze he was in and nodded to me pleasantly. "P'fessor Cogswell," he murmured, then he closed his eyes like one about to sleep. Instantly I apprehended a certain danger for him. I had read that in certain forms of concussion or contusion the victim is left with an overpowering sense of sleepiness or torpor, which if yielded to—in a state of alcoholism—may prove very serious. As the writer put it, he may pass out. "What is needed is the stimulus of muscular activity, of an enforced bodily exercise until the circulation is normal, and the whole stunned metabolism resumes its balance." As I remembered this I could have lifted my hands to heaven for aid. I had a threefold problem before me—to get aid for Mrs. Springgold and her leg, to keep Mr. Gildersleeve from passing out, and to establish some alibi here—for Mrs. Gildersleeve's sake; some story that should lift any least doubt from her mind. Then Mr. Gildersleeve opened his eyes drowsily and spoke again.

"P'fessor Ko-Ko," he murmured, and I had a flashing inspiration.

"Listen!" I commanded Mrs. Springgold. "Here is the story of what happened to you—attend me carefully: This afternoon while you were driving back from your place at Winsdon you encountered on this turn a small black electric containing two passengers—Mr. William Gildersleeve and his neighbor, Professor Thomas Boswick Coswell. Traveling at your usual rapid rate, you did not perceive the small car which held the center of the road, until in diverging you lost control, sustaining a heavy shock against yonder tree. You were thrown out, breaking your leg. But the electric, likewise swerving, was in no better case. Upon the opposite side of the road it was demolished, throwing out Mr. Gildersleeve, who equally sustained a blow on his head."

For reply she pointed to Susan standing in the middle of the road. It hurt a little, but I drove Susan roughly into a poplar tree opposite and with rocks and heavy stones reduced her suitably.

"But," she moaned, "what about the rest—the three days?"

"Your own story will do—for you. And if you are interested in the rest, here is what happened to Mr. Gildersleeve. As I haven't been out of my house in the daytime for a week, nobody will contradict me: Mr. Gildersleeve, having a difference with his young wife, left home rather suddenly. I, his friend and neighbor, aware of the situation, and in the family confidence, followed him. I was able to overtake him at the South Street dock as he was departing on his yacht alone, but I could not dissuade him. Therefore I accompanied him. I have spent this entire period with him on the Quane River, and bringing him to his senses presently, I am now taking him home to his wife."

"If," she groaned, "anybody would believe Bill would step into your car. But where are you going now?"

"I am going away," I said, "with Mr. Gildersleeve. In about fifteen minutes I shall stop at a farmhouse I know of back here in the woods and send you help. See that you have the details of your accident well in hand. Drive slowly, avoid curves, and keep to the middle of the road." I approached her companion.

"Rise, Mr. Gildersleeve," I said, "I am about to do you a great favor. Truth I can sacrifice, if I must, but I am no longer young and the three miles cross country from here to Redmond, where my physician lives, are stiff going. They will supply

(Continued on Page 177)

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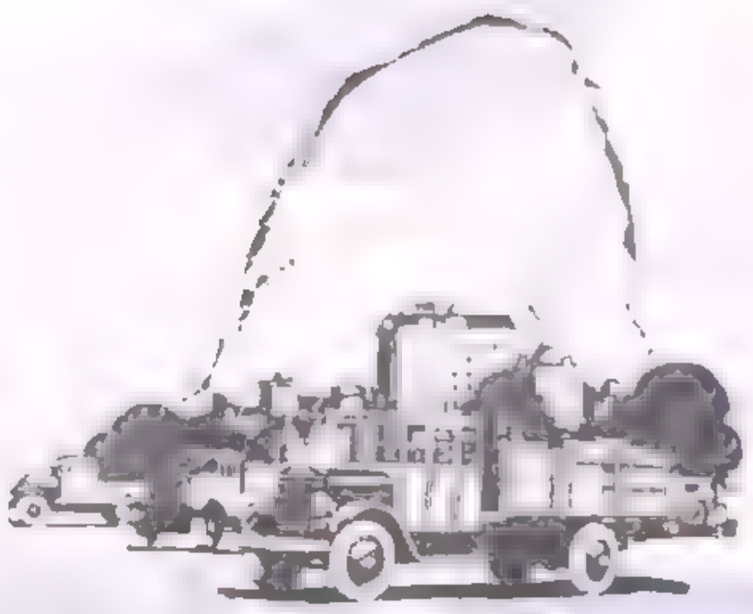

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You can use Tanglefoot Spray with confidence because of years of familiarity with Tanglefoot quality and the knowledge that good dealers everywhere recommend it.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

TANGLEFOOT SPRAY

(Continued from Page 174)

you with muscular stimulus, which in your inebriate and bumped state you need—with proper encouragement." Against his murmurs of dissent, I dragged his torpid form upright and placed him in advance of me. "Walk, Mr. Gildersleeve," said I, and I suddenly lifted my bent knee and drove it violently into his back. "Professor Ko-Ko," I said firmly, "is taking you to a party. Professor Ko-Ko is taking Mr. Gildersleeve to a party."

V

WHATEVER indignity I had suffered at that boy's hands was avenged, I feel, in our journey to my physician's home. I was his flail and his demon.

If you have ever been half blind with stupor, and your head so muddled you didn't know your name, wanting nothing in the world but to drop in your tracks and yield to numbness, yet found yourself unable to do so by reason of a flock of hornets at your back which somehow forced you forward, you will have some idea of Mr. Gildersleeve's condition. Our progress was not swift, but it was continuous. I drove him up hill and down dale, I forced him through brake and bush and across streams. When he fell I helped him up; when he would have sat I hurled myself upon him. I was without mercy. And as we went I divested myself of my opinion of him freely.

"You handsome nothing," said I, "what you need is a liberal course of adversity—you and your kind—the discipline of honest hard work, constructive struggle. You waster, you boozing fool, you May fly —— No, don't sit down, please. Providence has showered every blessing on you—a devoted young wife, freedom from financial worries, the privilege of name continuance—a privilege never mine. And how do you reward it? With riotous frivolity, the imbibing of illicit liquors, with insolence and cheap diversion, with faithless ingratitude—the code of a moron. Walk, Mr. Gildersleeve—Professor Ko-Ko is taking you to that party.

"God," I continued, "in whose image the human soul is issued, has seen fit to sanction the imprint of your personality upon another individual, has given you the sacred accolade of paternity —— No, don't sit down! And how—how does this signal of favor find you occupied?"

I did not spare Mr. Gildersleeve, as I say, in the recital. As little as I spared him physically. My knee and his back were in constant conjunction, and in a choice of two passages, I inclined to the rigorous. I guided him under thrashing osiers; I passed him through a barberry hedge—and I secured the desired result.

I am not a physician, but we had not progressed a quarter mile before the vinous stupor, the alcoholic reaction which had claimed him in conjunction with his bump, began to pass. He clutched my sleeve.

"Where 'n 'ell are we going?" he muttered, and at the end of another quarter the heavy torpor that had seized him began to lift.

But we were almost at Redmond's outskirts before the suffusion left his face, lucidity appeared in his countenance, and he slipped down, sat on a big stone and stared at me with dawning recognition.

"P'fessor Cogswell—it is P'fessor Cogswell ——" Then, as though he caught at a word of mine: "Marge! My wife! What's this about Marge!"

I let him have the situation concisely. It took the young dunderhead square in the chest. He turned green. Then he swallowed.

"You mean—I'm late? You mean—it's over, P'fessor Cogswell? I—that I missed out? That's what I came back about. You see, I got sorry, bein' such a skunk. You mean I'm too late?"

I nodded. And suddenly any further desire to punish Mr. Gildersleeve left me at his complete breaking-up.

"I didn't realize," he said. He went from green to white, and suddenly buried his face in his arms. I turned my back—I had no desire to salt his wounds. I left him for a little, and to what went on behind my back I cannot definitely swear.

There was a mixture of choking sounds, a great noise of nose blowing and a general atmosphere of recrimination. Words of unmistakable context figured—"louse," "dumb-bell," "selfish snob," "dirty cad," for a few.

When the air grew purer I rejoined my companion. He sat very quiet, his head still down, and as I looked at him it struck me for the first time how very beautiful—to the eye—Mr. Gildersleeve was, how easy it might be for Mrs. Gildersleeve to love him.

The place we had stopped in was a little spinney by a run. It was full of October—tufts of emerald-green moss and flying clouds of yellow birch leaves. In this setting, with his bowed golden head and shapely young body, Mr. Gildersleeve looked curiously Greek to me, like some young earth god—Antæus, perhaps—in meditation. I went to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Mr. Gildersleeve ——"

"Do you think she'll forgive me?" he groaned. "Do you think Margie'll see me, P'fessor Cogswell? I don't care for any darn woman on earth but Margie, after all! I don't know what the dickens has ailed me lately. I'm a damn fool—you're right. Oh, I got you—what you've been saying! I'm all that. It came to me up the river—and now I'm too late. Do you think Marge'll ever forgive me? Do you think she'll see me?"

"I vouch for it," I said heartily. "My story, which is very carefully arranged, militates against the least grain of doubt—must fix it all. But first my friend Doctor Amea, here in Redmond, must see you. You have nothing, I am sure, but a bump on your forehead, some scratches and a guilty conscience. These will be easily repaired."

Harriet was not so sure.

"That's a splendid story, Thomas," she said, on my announcing my return from my yachting trip up the Quane, "and I'll see that she gets it—only, you forget she's a woman, and she's suffered a lot. I doubt if she'll let him come back at once."

"Well, tell her we're safely home here and at her service," I replied, "and you may tell her that it was a rough passage." I winced, because I ached and was scratched all over—even under the peace I now felt—since I had gone under those osiers and through the barberry with Mr. Gildersleeve.

"I am now, Harriet, going to hire a room in the hotel here and rest the balance of the day—and I'll ask you to have some garage man go out and collect Susan. My alibi," I added, "will cost me a pretty penny."

It did. There was exactly one hundred and forty-seven dollars and eighty-five cents' worth of alibi.

VI

NOT immediately useful. Harriet was right. Mrs. Gildersleeve would not see Mr. Gildersleeve.

"Give her time," said Harriet. "Remember all she's been through. It isn't that she doesn't realize he was in good care—with you. She believes that, but she's got somebody else now to depend on. I don't blame her. He needs discipline."

Mrs. Gildersleeve was supplying it. Her husband was not even admitted to the house. "Doctor's orders" imposed a rigid barrier. Mr. Gildersleeve, eschewing his old habits, his old crowd, old follies, stayed at the inn, and went up and down the hill like the King of France, with pleadings and strategic finesse. To no avail—until ten days had elapsed and the end came.

It was my fortune to figure here too.

"You may go over today and see young William," Harriet suggested, and within ten minutes I was in a bower of roses—the creation of Mr. Gildersleeve—in the midst of which lay in state two small and quiet people in a white ivory bed. A little girl of fifteen—presumably—holding a bald-headed doll in her arm.

"P'fessor Cogswell," said a husky voice, and a small boyish hand entered mine.

I bent to examine the doll. A very fine specimen—stout, rotund, brightly pink-hued. One hand, resembling a crumpled rose petal, was thrust into his mouth, the other clutched tightly a pale pink wool concoction he wore—a camisole I believe the ladies call it that garment on which Harriet and his mother had wrought with knitting needles. But I had not time for speech.

A furious uproar broke out in the lower hall—a struggle and commotion—the sound of feet leaping up the stairway. And I started up to see two blue eyes on the pillow turn into morning stars.

"P'fessor Cogswell," said the lady with the stars, "would you—would you—uh—go in that little room there—through that door? I—uh—think somebody's comin' in—to see me."

I had barely time to close the door. Mr. Gildersleeve lapped me by about an inch. His distrait shape fairly exploded through the door.

"'Sno use," I heard him say. "I won't stay out. I will come in, and you can't stop me. Oh, Marge, my girl! Marge, my little wife ——"

Oh, no, the Gildersleeves are not living over there any more. They left very shortly, and have a place in the city, where Mr. Gildersleeve is in closer touch with his position. Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich have been back here for some time, with their quiet Scotch maids. I can walk in the garden at any time—in any costume—in peace now.

One would fancy the Gildersleeve episode a figment of the imagination but for certain things. For one, certainly, a new symbol added to my collection. Here, along with my Attic coins, my amphora—and my father—stands a framed photograph of a stout, handsome infant wearing an infant's ultimate negligee, caught carelessly at the waistline with a jeweled pin. It is inscribed:

To My Good Friend
PROFESSOR THOMAS COGSWELL
from
WILLIAM BILLINGS GILDERSLEEVE, II

Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies

CLOTHES
to be proud of and oh! so easily

Now you can have more and finer clothes for yourself and the kiddies in a fraction of the time—and without the drudgery of foot pedaling.

This wonderful electric motor gives *your* sewing machine the speed and ease of operation found in the finest electrics.

Simply place motor against the hand wheel. The touch of your toe to foot pedal gives you absolute, instant control of sewing speed Runs fast or slow at cost of one cent an hour. Never breaks threads.

This *same* motor with attachments mixes cake batter, whips cream, beats eggs, mixes and beats dressings; sharpens knives and tools; and polishes and buffs silver.

Fully guaranteed by the makers of the celebrated Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper which brush-sweeps and air-cleans, the cleaner that gets all surface and imbedded dirt.

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ALLIANCE *Insurance*

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 21)

vehicle of consuming flame to reabsorption in the great deity whence he derived his nature, or whether—as for many years past had been the case—one of his sons, partaking of his divine substance and therefore equally efficacious, would go in his stead. In their primitive logic there was nothing of wanton cruelty in the awful and annual sacrifice. On the one hand, the human incarnation of the god could not reasonably be suffered to fall into a senile decrepitude and thus, by sympathetic extension, so to enfeeble the luminary that his light and heat would fail, and the earth cease to bring forth. On the other hand, the dispatch to him of his earthly representative in the full vigor of his human strength must obviously reinvigorate the deity as was equally obviously essential from time to time. Over all the primitive world—and the belief and custom yet survive in certain parts of Africa—it was the tragic inescapable privilege of the king god to die for his people.

But Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear were only of the earth-born common herd. Their humble human love was unmenaced by the divinely awesome horror they would see—were even naively eager to see—consummated. She smiled at him, the honest eyes in her freckled homely face happy and proud in this first wedded journeying together to the great Sun worshiping. He smiled back, in an impulse to kiss her that had—unless he wanted to excite the ribald mirth of their coarsely humorous fellow pilgrims—to be postponed. He shouted to the clumsily jostling bullocks he drove before him, secretly pledged himself to buy for her, from the proceeds of their sale, a really nice pair of jet ear pendants at the great fair.

For one night they had camped, united with other bands of similarly bound travelers, in a star-canopied bivouac of many fires. Food they had brought with them. Water they had obtained from one of the cunningly constructed dew ponds distributed over these fountainless uplands, far too lofty for the sinking of a well—unfailing reservoirs fed from no visible source which, paradoxically, dried up if a streamlet of rainwater should happen to flow into them.* A merry night it had been, with much drinking of the barley beer they brought in the heavy skins. Round-Paunch had been caught kissing Red-Poppy, and Little-Wren, his wife, had sprung at her rival like a wildcat, initiating a clawing, screaming, stand-up fight that was uproariously applauded by the circle of laughing, shouting spectators. Red-Poppy had emerged from that fight with her face badly scratched, muttering to herself, as she went off to find her own husband, careless of her in a private drinking bout at the other end of the camp, that she would at the first opportunity visit the Wise Man and have the death magic made for her adversary. This threat, being reported to Little-Wren, caused that lady to sit down abruptly, as though already stricken, and howl with terror—for Red-Poppy, young as she was, had a bad reputation, and was notoriously a frequenter of magicians if not already a witch herself. And then Little-Wren and her somewhat disturbing panic fear had been forgotten in the diversion caused by Weasel, the husband of Black-Cow.

The little squint-eyed lame flint knapper, having imbibed with exceeding freedom of the barley beer, had solemnly insisted on singing, from end to end, one of those long semireligious traditional ballads in which each verse accumulates and repeats all that has gone before—highly popular mnemonics that hid in a riddle the Sun-priest-told story of cosmic creation; our children still repeat The House That Jack Built, one among several debased survivals. As Weasel's singing voice at the best of times was a matter for general mockery, and as he was far too drunk to remember correctly the complicated succession of piled-up events—a circumstance that angered him furiously, and exasperated him into commencing over and over again, with hiccoughing stubbornness, at the beginning—his performance had elicited shrieks of delighted mirth from his rapidly collected audience. And then, finally convinced that his now almost empty beer skin was ineffectual as an aid to memory, he had renounced the effort and, bursting into tears, had solemnly recounted to a circle that rocked with laughter the familiar story of his domestic infelicity with Black-Cow.

Wheat-Ear had lain apart from all this coarsely rustic orgy. Closely wrapped in the warm skins Wolfhound had tucked about her, she had stared for a while at the bright stars high above the dark shoulder of the down, wondering which of them it were best to pray to for a continuance of the miraculous happiness of true wedded love. And then she had stretched out her hand to where Wolfhound lay beside her and, slipping her fingers into his hand, slid into naively happy dreams of the marvels of tomorrow's fair.

They had come in sight of it in the afternoon of the following day. The vast treeless undulating plain was covered with a great temporary encampment where the small nucleus of permanent habitations was indistinguishable. In the center of that far-stretching agglomeration of huts and tents, the imposing circular temple of colossal white stones gleaming in the sun rose dominant on a swelling rise of the ground, the thin smoke of the sacred fire twisting skyward from the altar, marked by the great overtopping trilithon within its midst. Familiar though it was to most of them, the pilgrims hailed it with a shout of awe and wonder, pointing it out to each other with eager gestures.

Wheat-Ear squeezed her husband's hand as they momentarily stopped to gaze at it from afar, smiled at him with her honest eyes. There tomorrow the Sun Deity would manifest himself at the midsummer maximum of his glory, radiating for all the world—but most particularly for those present—a divine guaranty of fertility in herd and field and wedded love. To him would belong the first-born he would infallibly soon procure for them—even as that first-born calf of the year, trotting long-shanked with Wolfhound's half dozen bullocks, was his; but, as did everyone else—except in times of pestilence or famine, when, of course, the great angry god must be appeased with his full rightful dues—they would ransom the babe with many gifts to the severe Sun priest, who saw to it that his god was not treated with calamity-bringing niggardliness. At next year's Sun worshiping she would surely come with the craved-for infant at her breast, even as Brown-Owl, Cornflower, Evening-Star and many other envied women came now in that long train of skin-clad worshipers. Wolfhound smiled back at her, sharing to the full her intense desire. Unhappy and doomed to poverty was the household that had not many children.

(Continued on Page 181)

*Excavate a hollow considerably larger than the proposed pond. Cover the whole of the cavity with a thick layer of very dry straw. Cover the straw with a layer of fine, well-puddled clay that has no cracks and make quite sure that the clay effectively laps over the straw all round the margins. Strew the clay closely with stones. And then, in the times even of greatest drought, your pond will steadily fill with water. That was the way Neolithic man did it—and he evidenced a surprising grasp of a subtle little problem in thermodynamics. If a stream should flow into the pond it will wear down the clay margin and wet the straw, when the straw is wet the clay is no longer insulated from the heat of the earth and no longer will atmospheric moisture condense upon it. Q. E. D. Neolithic man—or those primitive scientists who did his thinking for him, as our scientists do the thinking for most of us—could and did apply a quite remarkable mastery of not a few abstrusely exact sciences.

Does *your* house look a bit worn and shabby?

IF your house is beginning to have a discouraged, weather-beaten appearance—looking a little less attractive than the other houses on your street—paint it this spring. Give it new life and color. Put on it an all-lead paint made of Dutch Boy pure white-lead and pure linseed oil.

Property-owners everywhere know the soundness of this advice. Houses kept clean and fresh-looking are worth more than poorly painted property. Houses are going up in value today. Why should the value of yours decrease, just for lack of paint?

Guard against decay

Invest in Dutch Boy white-lead paint for protecting as well as beautifying your property. A weather-worn surface may hide the beginning of decay. An all-lead paint which has the weather-resisting qualities of the metal keeps the covered surface safe from deterioration and increases the permanent value of the house.

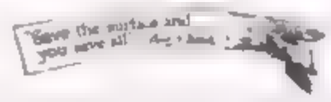
You can get this complete protection against the weather at a remarkably reasonable cost. Only 100 pounds of Dutch Boy white-lead are required to make 7 gallons of pure lead paint. The real economy of this paint is especially evident when you compare its cost with the cost of repairs occasioned by lack of paint. Another point to consider is that Dutch Boy white-lead paint lengthens the period between repaintings.

See the most reliable painter in your community about painting now. Ask him about the qualities of Dutch Boy white-lead paint. Most likely he uses this paint on his finest jobs, as do many painters throughout the length and breadth of the land. He knows from experience what a tough, durable coating white-lead paint will give your house—a coating that does not crack or scale, and makes your house look like new.

Write for new paint booklet

"Decorating the Home" is a new free booklet illustrated in color which suggests decorative treatments for exteriors and interiors. It will be sent you if you write our nearest branch. If you are planning to decorate your home, write our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch. Specialists will help you without charge to plan distinctive color treatments.

The Dutch Boy trade-mark is on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead. It guarantees your getting a product of the highest quality—lead paint. In addition to white-lead, there are also made under this trade-mark red lead, solder, babbitt metals, and flatting oil for use with white-lead in decorating interiors



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Steet; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

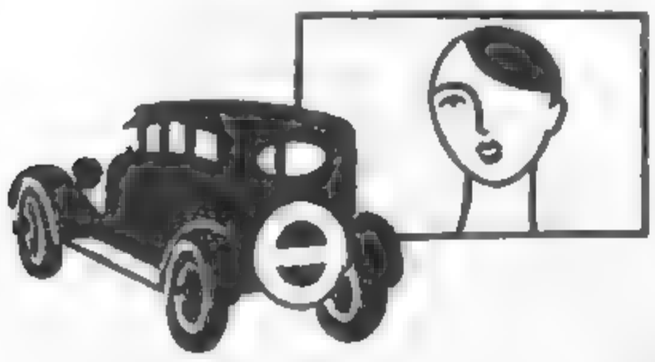
Dutch Boy White-Lead

MAKES AN ALL-LEAD PAINT

"An old cabinet maker in Grand Rapids once said that you have to have a good disposition to work in wood. It seems to me that that applies especially to a varnish maker. Varnish is essentially a product of truth and sincerity. It must be transparent as glass but durable as iron. Its whole purpose is to efface itself and let the beauty underneath show through. The Murphy Varnish Company would like to feel that its advertising is like its varnish; that it permits the sincerity of its determination to make good varnish show through."

Your car is as young as it looks

The outside of a car always wears out first. Beauty is only skin deep, not a hundredth of an inch, to be exact, just the depth of a coat of enamel. A coat of enamel will give the old bus back that school girl complexion.



You've got to be firm with yourself about this. Does your car need painting, or does it not? Don't delude yourself with the idea that nobody notices. The looks is all they do notice. You are the only one who knows how it runs. Ride

down the street and see your car reflected in the eyes of the neighbors. What's the verdict? Thumbs down! You're "it".

You can now do one of two things—three, if you won't accept the verdict of public opinion, and your own guilty conscience—but one of two, if you decide to give the car a chance to look the part. You can drive to the paint store and get a can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel and a long-haired brush, and take an afternoon when both you and the car are off duty at the same time, and

make her glow like Solomon in all his glory. Or you can have the auto painter spray her with Murphy Murcote Lacquer or varnish her with Murphy Varnish.

Which you do is no matter to us, just so you use Murphy in either case—which you will if you want a good job—but it is for you to decide whether you will have the fun of refinishing her yourself, or pay the painter, and let him have the fun.

Murphy makes two quick-drying finishes for cars. One is Murphy Murcote Lacquer to be sprayed on by the professional painter. The other is Murphy Da-Cote Enamel to be brushed on by the owner. So you can have it repainted

or you can do it yourself, and in either case use a Murphy finish, and in either

case get a quick job and a good looking job and a long lasting job.

The painter in your town uses Murphy Murcote Spraying Lacquer.

The dealer in your town sells Murphy Da-Cote Brushing Enamel.

Do not put off painting until it is too late. Do not go another summer with a shabby looking car. Make your car line up with the best. Give it a new coat and enjoy it for all it is worth.

Murphy

MURCOTE SPRAYING **Lacquer** DA-COTE BRUSHING **Enamel**

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY • NEWARK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

(Continued from Page 178)

"We will make great prayers, little mother of many babes," he said fondly, calling her by a name of good omen as he reciprocated her squeeze of his hand. "I give a bullock as well as the calf. Next year our first one shall cry in the arms of the priest and shall be given back to us. Haste now, let us go on with the others."

Already, in fact, the chattering, gesticulating procession was streaming past them, hurrying toward that vast far-stretching encampment whence a clamor of multitudinous voices was fitfully audible.

They reached it, added themselves to it on its outskirts, making an encampment of small skin-covered shelter huts of their own. The cattle that were for the market were penned within one of the many hurdle inclosures prepared for the purpose, tallied for by the notched stick given by a half-caste representative of the Sun people. And then, driving before them the calf and the selected best bullock, Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear set out for the great temple.

To approach it they had to pass through the bewildering, dusty tumult of the fair. From the roughly constructed temporary huts and booths which lined the intersecting narrow roadways running in all directions, traders of every sort and of many diverse races vehemently harangued the swarming mob which drifted slowly along, with here and there a traffic-obstructing halt before some merchant whose wares were more than usually attractive or whose strange or clamantly forceful personality irresistibly arrested its attention. Here it was a vender of amber beads, outlandishly foreign with his long fair hair and blue eyes, his face congested with the effort of outshouting his rivals in the vociferated praise of the fascinating long strings he held up to view or ran in a rivulet through his fingers from hand to hand.

There it was a native maker of crudely shaped, coarsely fired pottery, standing amidst a close-packed array of pots and cups and vases which marvelously he did not break, spinning first one and then another on his fingers, clashing them together, while at the top of his voice he proclaimed the surpassing excellence of every article he sold. Further on, a dealer in knives and axes held up, in loudly ejaculated admiration of his own products, the beautifully shaped smooth-polished tools and weapons of heavy stone which were the closest possible imitations of those rare unprocurable bronze models that it was rigidly taboo for any but the most superior of the Sun people to possess. Nor were those bronze axes and knives, which came from far-off Mediterranean smithies direct to the proudly exclusive nobility of the Sun, recognized by the ignorant common people as being of metal, or in any way connected with the tin ore which was so freely exported. They thought they were made of some magic kind of stone—a magic rightfully reserved to a divine race. Elsewhere, in a shrill duet of garrulous eloquence, a man and a woman held up between them lengths of the expensive linen cloth which only the Sun people and the wealthier of the common people could afford to wear as a garment.

Beyond was a dealer in magic charms, garbed in a long robe embroidered with strange devices that awed the vulgar crowd collected around him; from him could be purchased—far cheaper, he assured them, than their local Wise Men could supply them—amulets which guaranteed the cattle against pestilence, amulets which provided the wearer with supernatural strength, amulets which were an absolute specific against blindness or toothache or the body sores not uncommon among a people who rarely washed, amulets which insured to married folk the spell-bound fidelity of their respective spouses, which conferred everlasting youth, which made certain of a man child for those who desired such.

Wheat-Ear very nearly stopped Wolfhound to beg him to buy one of these last, but Wolfhound at that moment was engaged in a furious altercation with a man in the crowd who had been butted in the back by their bullock. Everywhere, mingled with these merchants, were the glowing seductively smelling furnaces of the honey-cake makers, the thronged benches and booths of the sellers of barley beer, the jugglers, the contortionists and dancers, male and female, performing with thudding drums and screaming fifes, the singers and bagpipe players who added their quota to an immense collective din that deafened the ears and confused the senses. For one among the divine progeny of the Sun, this great religious festival might be a supreme and ghastly tragedy. But what mattered to earthborn human beings the remote destinies of gods?

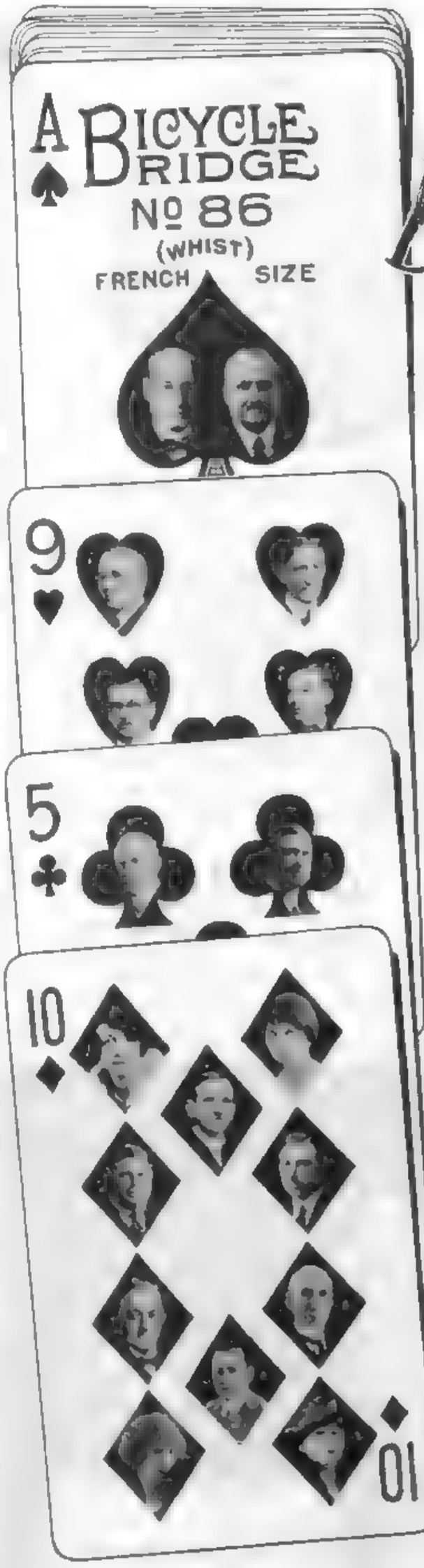
For the merchants and showmen it was quite frankly an occasion to make the biggest profits of the year, and they exploited it vigorously to the full. For those simple-souled cattle breeders and agriculturists swarming between the booths it was an occasion to make holiday, to saturate themselves with unimagined marvels, to relax joyously for unwonted delights in that spontaneous release from normal inhibitions which is strangely sanctioned by the congregation of a multitude united in a common thirst for pleasure. Awful are the many gods man has devised for himself, but in all ages he has managed somehow to accommodate them to his elemental need to live and be happy, to make of their solemn and even dreadful rituals an excuse for trade and feasting.

Wolfhound forced a vehemently disputed way through the press for his bullock and his calf, for Wheat-Ear and himself. Not until they had made their pious offering could they tarry for the enjoyments of the fair. It was a long and slow journey, hindered by all manner of obstacles, beset by many temptations. In the whole world, did one ever see so many wondrous things gathered together? Happy the women who would wear those richly dyed linen robes, who would possess those fascinatingly attractive long necklaces of strung shells, those pendants of magic-imbued jet! Happy the man who would acquire that glassy polished greenstone ax! Presently, they would come back to this cake stall and eat—no, this other one seemed even more appetizingly set out—or this one.

"Make way there, in the crowd—make way! Clumsy fool! Have I not a right to drive my calf and my bullock to the temple? To the temple, I tell thee! Where thou shouldst have taken the offering thou hast drunk in the beer tent! Touch them not; they are sacred. They are already dedicated to Him-who-must-not-be-named! Make way, there—make way! Look where thou goest, O woman! My calf! Smite not my calf who is first-born and sacred! May the Angry One wither thy crops! And to thee, too, O pig face! Make way there! Beer skin, make way! Yea, I see thee—thou art dead and corrupt. Ho, temple scavengers! Remove me this hill of stinking flesh! Make way! Make way! Didst thou see that girl dancer bending her body back so that her head touched her heels? And that giant black man—he comes assuredly from the abode of demons—breathing flames of fire from his mouth? Here will we come back and eat. Didst ever see such honey cakes? Presently, presently. Make way there—make way! Is there no end to this accursed multitude? Make way! Blind and deaf, make way!"

Thus, adding their shouts to the vociferated clamor of the crowd, they struggled through the narrow congested street between the booths where the competing merchants broke off in their cheap-jack salesmanship to scream vituperations at each other. At last, choked with dust, streaming with perspiration, they emerged from the stifling heat of the jostling mob to the bare gentle slope where, surrounded by its great circular embankment of gleaming white chalk, the great temple was vivid against the blue summer sky.

Not directly to it, however, did they take their offerings. A little way distant from it on the slope where the booths were not allowed to intrude, the Sun priests had



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established a temporary depot for the receipt of this great annual influx of the Sun God's income. Thither streamed a continual succession of skin-clad peasants driving before them their dedicated cattle, as Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear drove their calf and bullock, bringing on their heads great pots of grain, skins of barley beer, the pelts of wild animals, whatever was specifically typical of their wonted industry. Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear handed over their cattle to a businesslike young Sun priest, his linen robe embroidered with the sacred solar symbol of concentric rings about an inmost dot, tonsured in the fashion of Sun priests the world over, received in exchange a conventionally solemn assurance of divinely guaranteed felicity.

The young priest was overwhelmed with the pressure of business, could not spare time for more than a most perfunctory blessing, particularly as at that moment a wealthy cattle breeder approached driving before him a double hand tally of fine cows. Secretly a little disillusioned, though neither would on any account have confessed the sacrilegious thought, they saw their precious calf and bullock driven away by a short-tempered Sun servant, saw them driven, with many others, to the great cattle inclosure at some distance from the temple. Thence they would in due course go to join the sacred herds of the Sun God which pastured innumerably on the fattest lands all over the country. Surely, they would now get their hearts' desire! Wheat-Ear smiled bravely at her husband. Poor they were, and a bullock as well as a calf was a recklessly generous contribution from their scanty possessions; the fact was depressingly vivid to them now that the animals had definitely gone. Surely the great benevolent Sun God, sublimely of more penetratingly sympathetic understanding than his overworked heat-exasperated priests—only junior ones, it was to be remembered—would take note of the relative splendor of their offering, would vouchsafe them prosperity, would grant them the plumpest, the sturdiest of man children! It would have been heartbreaking to have doubted it.

Wolfhound put his strong arm round his wife.

"In thy arms he shall be at the next Sun worshiping," he said, "and all women shall envy thee, little one—the first of many to make proud the husband to whom thou art the only woman with a face that smiles."

Wheat-Ear looked fondly up at him with her honest eyes, spoke with a simple sincerity.

"If He-who-must-not-be-named will it, man of my heart."

And as she spoke she wondered secretly whether this grandiose and definitely masculine deity who ruled the sky was indeed the most efficacious to invoke for this particular purpose; whether the crude obesely feminine little stone statuette which her mother kept concealed in her hut—it had been handed down through uncountable generations—was not more likely to concern itself sympathetically and potently with her specifically woman's prayer. At any rate, when they returned she would make the experiment—furtively, with those uncouth hidden rites which her mother had already whisperingly suggested to her—saying nothing to Wolfhound, who, as a man, might not be given the least hint of these traditional women's mysteries. A great wrath fell upon the woman who revealed them to the other sex. She was forever barren. She smiled at him, spoke with a perfidy excused by her love for him, by the urgency of their common heart's desire, covering her wicked thought, repeated the pious formula of the Sun priests, intolerant of the primitive cults they had supplanted:

"There is no god but the one god who flames in the heaven and wheels forever about the earth. To him alone I pray and he alone gives increase."

Wolfhound devoutly, as was proper, repeated the formula after her, at the same time thinking to himself that an additional supplication or two to the wise old bull who was the leader of his herd might be a judicious reenforcement of divine assistance but this was a man's mystery, not to be disclosed to chattering women. The Sun priests were unpleasantly severe in the matter of exacting fines. He changed the subject abruptly lest—as uncannily she sometimes did—she should read what was in his mind

"Look! The people are gathering on the wall. Let us go and see. Perchance He-who-must-not-be-named passes to the temple."

They hastened toward the circular double embankment of upcast chalk where already an increasing throng was posting itself, obviously as spectators. He helped her up the short slope, down again and up to the second and slightly higher crest. Thence they had a clear view into the arena, which was the most sacred spot in all their land.

Majestic in its crude simplicity of colossal stones, the temple reared itself not a hundred feet away from them. An outer ring of thirty vast smoothly wrought monoliths, standing twelve feet out of the ground and four feet apart, was linked together by a continuous lintel of great blocks invisibly keyed onto the uprights. Within that ring was another circle of smaller but still huge rough-hewn single stones perhaps possessing an already ancient sacred history, they had been brought with incredible labor from far-off Pembrokeshire in the wilds of Wales; by water to the river at West Amesbury and thence dragged on rollers by great teams of men up the easiest gradient to the lofty plain. Encompassed all about by that double circle was a horseshoe of five vast lintel-joined trilithons, the central and tallest of them, twenty-five and a half feet high, overtopping all the rest. And within that was another horseshoe of the smaller Welsh single blocks inclosing the great horizontal flat stone which was the altar whereon burned the never-extinguished sacred fire. The opening of that double horseshoe was accurately oriented to the northeast, to the precise spot on the horizon where, on the longest day, the Sun God would rise in his awesome blinding brilliance. There was no detail in that edifice, from the number of its outer ring of uprights—thirty days had the solar month, in Egypt as in Peru—to the horseshoe shape of the central sanctuary, which had not a symbolical esoteric significance.

Nor was that all. To the circular earthwork, in an exact prolongation of the northeastern axis of the temple, led a great sacred avenue, likewise between embankments of thrown-up chalk, which was a union of two such roads; one conducting from the distant river, the other issuing from the earthwork-walled inclosure, half a mile to the northward, that was the residence of the god king. In the center of that avenue a few yards before it passed into the circular earthwork around the temple, was erected an immense roughly hewn monolith of far greater antiquity than the oldest temple on this site, a survival indeed from an infinitely more primitive worship and thus excessively sacred. That stone, meticulously in alignment from the horseshoe-inclosed altar to the sunrise of midsummer morn, stands yet where for millenniums it has stood, bearing still the name that the rough Saxon tribesmen of two and a half thousand years later gave it—the Hele-Stone, from the verb *helan*, "to conceal," because on the longest day, to a man standing within the then ruined circle, the sun rose hidden behind it. And just on the threshold of the circular earthwork, where the sacred avenue led into it, was another great flat block, level with the earth, known to this day from immemorial if vague tradition as the Slaughter-Stone. Two other sacred rough-hewn monoliths stood—and stand—within the earthwork: from the viewpoint of the priest officiating at the great altar, and looking between the trilithons, one marked the rising of the sun at

the winter solstice and the other its setting on that shortest day. That esoteric priesthood, reserving to itself its now unfathomable stores of knowledge, could boast of a remarkable proficiency in by no means simple mathematics.

As Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear stood with the throng of eagerly chattering spectators on the circular earthwork the sun was sinking to the west behind them, and the smooth massive blocks of the great temple glowed golden against the still blue sky. They contemplated it with an immense awe, the almost supernatural product—quite recent though was its construction on the site of a yet older temple—of intelligences immeasurably superior to their own. Other such temples existed and still exist all the way from Portugal to the remote Orkneys, but this was the most magnificent of them all—and the last of that series ever to be built, though they knew it not who thus looked upon its freshness of neatly hewn stone, marvelously wrought with only crude stone implements. A few hundred miles away across the North Sea, was even then accumulating the storm that would sweep the Sun people out of existence, out of the very memory of man.

But Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear were happily unaware of that future fury of death and barbarous horrors. To them that temple was established for eternity, was for them—as the Sun priests told them—the sacred navel of the world, a place of holy and perpetual peace within whose hallowed confines no weapon might ever be brought. Did it not exist the Sun would cease to shine and the world would be frost-withered in the bleak darkness of an endless winter night—for on its altar burned the sacred fire which magically kept the great luminary aglow. Great, indeed, was the awe with which they contemplated it.

The chatter of the expectant throng was suddenly hushed. From down the sacred avenue came a blast of raucous horns. They craned forward with eager interest. He-who-must-not-be-named was coming to the sunset sacrifice. The procession approached. In front marched the men blowing harshly on the long, slightly curved bulls' horns, which themselves had a mystic significance. Behind them came an array of priests, their white linen robes embroidered with the symbols of the Sun, swinging the smoking pierced potter-ware censers which contained embers of the sacred fire and chanting a hymn that was immemorially old. In the rear of them, two by two, came the superior priests, old men, with venerable beards and small gold ornaments on their heads; very awe-inspiring they were in their slow-paced solemnity, but their dignity was forgotten in the sardonic majesty of the high priest who followed singly after them, his linen robe gold-emblazoned with esoteric geometrical signs, a cone of beaten gold upon his head, his long beard white as snow. And behind him, loftily borne on a litter hoisted on the shoulders of four men, came—blazing with flashing gold—the incarnation of the Sun God upon earth, he who with the Sun God himself could not be directly designated, could only be cautiously and obliquely referred to as He-who-must-not-be-named. Those who marched by his litter, waving poles terminated by the mystic symbols of cone and circle, swastika and equilateral triangle and the especially sacred tau, piously averted their eyes from his insupportable divinity.

The throng upon the earthwork did likewise. They cast themselves prostrate in a murmur of awed worship, refraining from direct gaze lest they should be stricken blind, or haply dead, by his effulgence. To them he was nothing less than the very god himself. They did not see that almost pathetically human anxiety-haggard face under the great ray-aureoled headdress of solid gold, had no hint of the terror gripping the soul of that man already well past middle age whose destiny was caught in the fatal destiny of a divinity. They did not know—as he, faint with apprehension under his heavy magnificence, knew too well—the tortuous merciless intrigues of the inner hierarchy of superior priests, the secret debate which had already determined, although—and it was that which consumed him with a mouth-parched fever—he did not know the result, the continuance or not of his earthly life.

For thirty years he had been a strong ruler, had governed the land in a stern autocracy that had severely maintained the privileges of the divine Sun people, had enforced a peaceful prosperity wherein the earthborn common herd was well content. But now—he could no longer deceive himself—his mind was no longer so vigorous and so penetrating as of old, no longer were his decisions informed by that cunning shrewdness, that ruthless statesmanship, which had been the admiration of the venerable subtle-brained priests—in his heart he cursed them—who dominated, by immemorial right, in his council house of carved and painted wood, which had kept him on the great throne, covered with plates of beaten gold and backed with a golden sun radiating its glory, for a term of years unparalleled by any of his recent predecessors.

A long life of unrestrained indulgence—was he not divine, all things permitted unto him?—had suddenly claimed its toll. Invaded by a paralyzing lassitude that terrified him with an increasing terror, but from which only spasmodically could he emerge, he craved for repose, for an unworried idle enjoyment of his unbounded prerogatives. Delightful indeed was that newest bride of the Sun, she who was little more than a child and was so exquisitely timorous with him whose awful divinity she did not question. He thought of her little hands and feet, of her innocent eyes, of the long hair she let down for him to comb amorously with his shaking fingers, and it was like a new fire within him. Perhaps, even yet —— No, at the council gathering yesterday he had not been able to endure the interminable accumulation of public business, had broken up the solemn conclave in sudden exasperation, had perceived with a shock of renewed alarm the piercing eyes of the hypocritically deferential high priest fixed on him from under their bushy white brows in an expression he could not, would not allow himself to divine. Perhaps that episode had settled his fate! If only he could recall it, live yesterday over once again!

He would make a big effort, a superhuman effort, to keep his brain awake and keen. He shuddered.

That business he had so petulantly refused further to consider was of the highest import to the state. Carefully though they concealed the menace from the earthborn multitude, the Sun people had become acutely aware of a formidable danger threatening them from over the narrow sea to the eastward. The swarming myriads of wild tribesmen who dwelt by the great rapid river that finally emptied itself in a dozen channels through low-lying marshland were ominously once more collecting their canoes, and since their last invasion they had been lavishly supplied—taking in flank the work of a thousand years—with bronze weapons by unscrupulous traders from the Mediterranean. To repel them would demand the fiercest energies of the Sun ruler. Would he be equal to it? Would he be allowed the opportunity? Whom, this year, would the pointing finger of the Sun God designate for sacrifice? Himself? Or, as heretofore he had always arranged—how easily these solemn mummeries could be arranged—one of his many sons? He had already, as he always did, indicated to the high priest which son he would prefer to see selected by the god; that son whom not a week since his spies had discovered in intrigue against him. The sardonic taciturn old priest had suavely replied, precisely as always hitherto, that doubtless the Sun God, the source of all blessings, would take note of the desire of his sublime incarnation upon earth. Perhaps he would be vouchsafed yet one more year of life, of

(Continued on Page 186)

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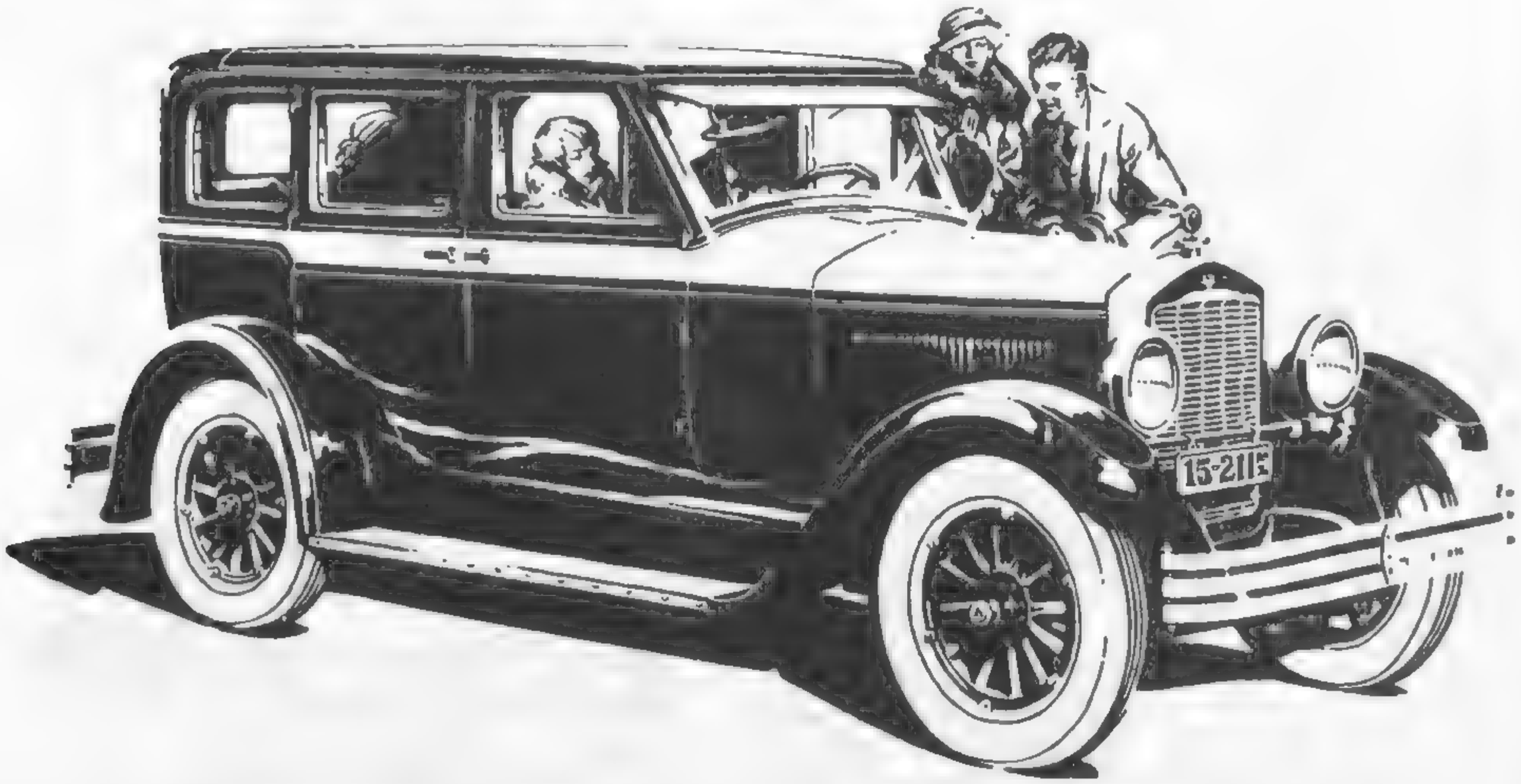

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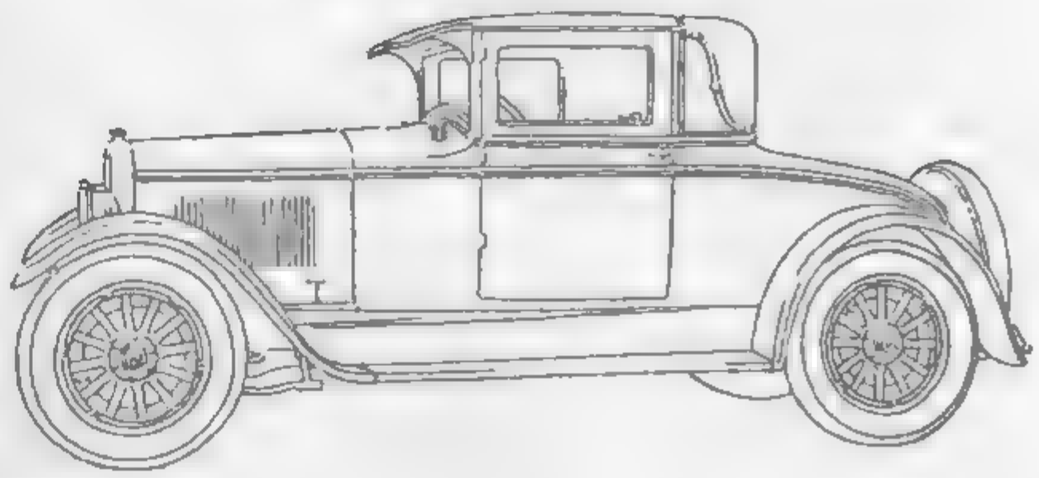

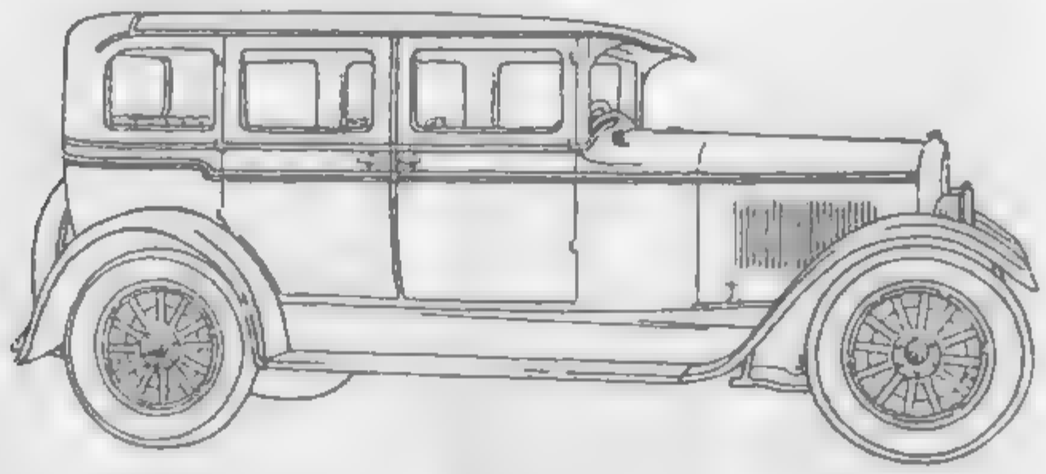

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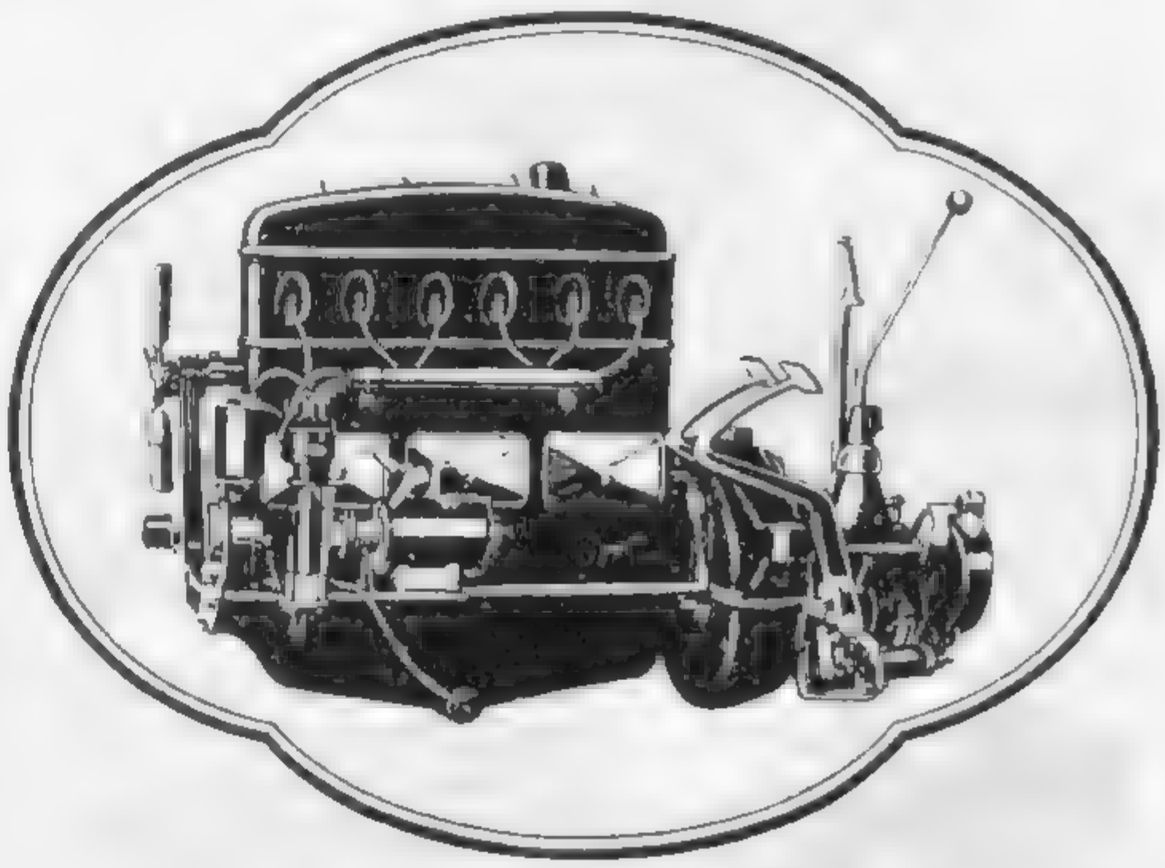

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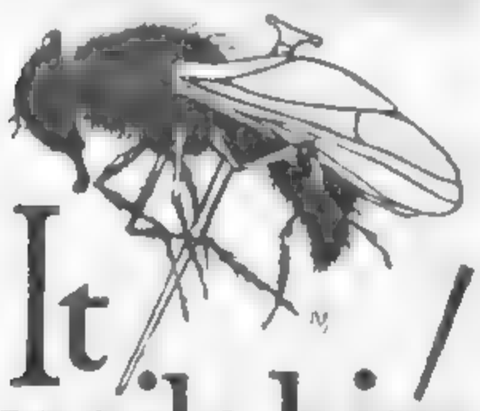

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THE SAFE INSECTICIDE

(Continued from Page 183)

sweet existence—how inexpressibly soothing was the touch of that child Sun bride's finger tips upon his brow! But as, blazing with a gorgeous magnificence of solid gold, he was borne into the sacred inclosure, he feared—he feared—he almost screamed with fear.

Behind him marched, splendidly appareled, of all ages from grown men to little children, the several score of his sons. They also were pale and haggard-looking with suppressed anxiety and excitement. Within twelve hours one of them would be either a victim or a king. And behind them trooped, singing with sweet voices, the great company of sacred virgins of the Sun, of divine blood all of them, from whom the Sun king drew his many wives, to whom his sons also could alone be wedded. They passed into the circle, grouped themselves around the temple for the sunset sacrifice. Then, when the great luminary had dropped below the horizon, they marched back in exactly similar solemn procession down the sacred avenue.

The throng of spectators arose from its pious prostration. Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear joined hands, ran joyously down the slope toward the undiminished clamor of the great fair. They would have several hours of natively happy enjoyment amid its wonders.

Not until midnight would the sacred ceremonies commence, the colossal annual fire be kindled within the temple.

That midnight hour was already long past. The great stone uprights of the sacred edifice were silhouetted around the intense incandescence of the fire whose heat and light would reënforce that of the divine luminary now at its season of maximum potency, would most efficaciously reinvigorate it for that annual winter struggle with the inimical powers of darkness which would henceforth imperceptibly begin. Outside the building an unbroken ring of priests circled endlessly, chanting their hymns of encouragement and praise, swinging the censers which contained each a particle of the sacred fire, assisting by their upward motion the Sun itself to mount once more into the sky. And on a great golden throne, facing the northeast where that Sun would rise, the Sun king himself sat motionless, his features like those of a dead man in the glare of the many torches which surrounded him, making—as was fitting—night into factitious day around his presence. Near him stood his divine sons, in an ordered group, and at a little distance the virgins of the Sun mingled their voices with those of the chanting priests.

All around, on the walls of the circular embankment, the massed faces of the spectators reflected back that central brilliance of illumination. They were the lucky ones, the early comers. Behind them on every side an immense crowd packed itself solidly over the undulating plain, participating with superstitious awe in this great worship whose incidents they could not directly see. Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear had come with the first, however. They stood—Wheat-Ear gripping him tightly in her excitement; to be actually present at the sacrifice was an absolute guaranty of all she craved for—jammed in the press on top of the chalk wall. They had a clear view over the part of the circle that would be most important; could see, plainly discernible in the glow of the great fire, the immense primitive monolith standing alone in the first few yards of the sacred avenue leading straight to the northeast, exactly aligned with the inner horseshoe of the temple over the great flat threshold stone of grim tradition. There would occur the thrilling culmination of this annual rite.

That culmination became swiftly imminent. The sky overhead was already pallid, had almost lost its stars. The great fire within the temple ceased to be a source of light, the torches around the Sun king were ineffectual tongues of smoky yellow flame. Yet a little longer period of waiting—long, and yet curiously short in the retrospect—and the crystalline dull blue of the overhead sky was irradiated with a greenish light on the northeastern horizon. That greenish light became primrose based with a thin line of burnished gold. High up, a small floating cloud was suddenly dyed blood red.

It was the appointed moment. Amid a murmur from the close-packed throng, a new chanting from the priests and Sun virgins, the Sun king descended from his throne, advanced across the circle to where the high priest stood among a small group of the most ancient priests. Behind the divine ruler came his sons, in a single file of mingled ages—all were equally liable. The high priest raised his arms and intoned a consecrated phrase of ritual. The Sun king answered him in an antiphonic similarly ritual phrase; resigning, as he proclaimed, into the wisdom of the Sun God the choice of that one of his divine race whose earthly life should be reabsorbed into his fiery essence for his greater and undying glory. The sons of the king reaffirmed it in a chorus of diversely toned voices, some of them piping pathetically in their extreme youth. The high priest made solemn and appropriate answer. Placing himself at their head, he led them forward to the space between the temple and the entrance to the sacred avenue. Then, quitting them, he posted himself at one side of the sacred threshold stone, a young and vigorous acolyte taking up his position at the other.

Again the chanting of the priests and virgins changed to a new and wilder litany. To that barbaric music the long file headed by the Sun king commenced to move slowly round in a serpentine procession that formed itself into a figure-of-eight between the temple and the avenue. The course of that ritual figure passed over the sacred threshold stone, and each individual, as he stepped on the great slab, stopped for a moment and turned himself toward the northeast. The chanting of the priests increased suddenly in vehemence. On that northeastern horizon appeared the first intensely vivid, thin segment of the rising sun.

Round and round in its serpent-indicating ritual figure-of-eight went that procession where the little children ran to keep up with their elders, that procession where one of them was doomed. Higher and higher rose the bright blood-red disk of the sun. Already it commenced to throw a shadow from that primitively sacred rough-hewn monolith, a shadow that pointed straight to the horizontal slab where those marchers stopped each for his moment—a moment that became at every instant more dangerous. The close-packed watchers on the wall held their breaths in heart-gripping suspense. The priests and virgins chanted louder and ever louder, adjuring the great Sun God to make his choice.

Higher and higher climbed the sun, longer and longer the shadow of the monolith stretched itself toward the slab where yet each successive member of that intertwining procession halted for a moment to make obeisance. Wolfhound, watching with fascinated intentness, felt a sharp pain in his arm; it was the grip of Wheat-Ear's fingers upon it, convulsively strong in the emotion of that more and more imminent tragedy for which as yet the victim was undesignated. To whom would point that finger of doom, the very finger of the Sun God himself? It reached now almost to the slab, upon which the eldest son of the Sun king stood for his brief gesture of worship. Would it be he? No. He passed on. Another son stood upon the fatal slab—and He-who-must-not-be-named, following close behind, stared at him in agonized expectation. This was the son whose intrigue he had discovered. The shadow almost touched the slab, wanted but a hairbreadth. The grim-visaged old high priest made an almost imperceptible gesture. The young man passed on. He-who-must-not-be-named stood, himself, upon the slab. The shadow reached it, touched his feet. He looked down, perceived it, screamed—screamed again as the young acolyte sprang at him with a downward thrust of a stone knife.

The next instant—while the priests and virgins chanted at the top of their voices—a half dozen of the younger priests hurried his sagging body into the temple, hurled it upon the great fire.

Three days later Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear journeyed happily homeward from the delights of the great fair which had continued in a riot of unrestrained joyousness—was not the world safe for yet another year?—after that tragic Sun worshiping which had seen the replacement of one worn-out Sun king by another, younger and more vigorous. No qualms of compunction troubled them as they went, along with Round-Paunch and Little-Wren, with Weasel and Black-Cow and Red-Poppy and Water-Lily and all the others of their original company, over the swelling treeless downs. What to them was the death of divine kings? Wolfhound and Wheat-Ear had meritoriously assisted at the most important of religious rites, and they went joyously back to their little hut in the chalk-walled hill fortress, confident that all they had prayed for would be granted to them.

It is to be hoped that they lived happily ever after, seeing not that dreadful time—which occurred not very long subsequently—when the fierce bronze-weaponed foemen from the Rhineland swept over those downs and obliterated the Sun people forever. Much later those relentless warriors, who were the first of men to speak the Aryan tongue in these islands, were themselves exterminated by the Goidels, who afterward were the ancient Irish and the Gael. And after them, equally ruthless, came the Brythons—whom Julius Cæsar eventually conquered in his avarice, for party-political purposes, for what had then become the richest pearling station in the ancient world.

NOTE: The reader who is seriously interested in Stonehenge and its enigmatic builders may be referred to an imposing list of authorities. They are remarkably unanimous—in their flat contradiction of each other. Whatever theory he adopts, the earnest searcher after that deep-buried truth will have to make a quite considerable use of his imagination—as I have done.—F. B. A.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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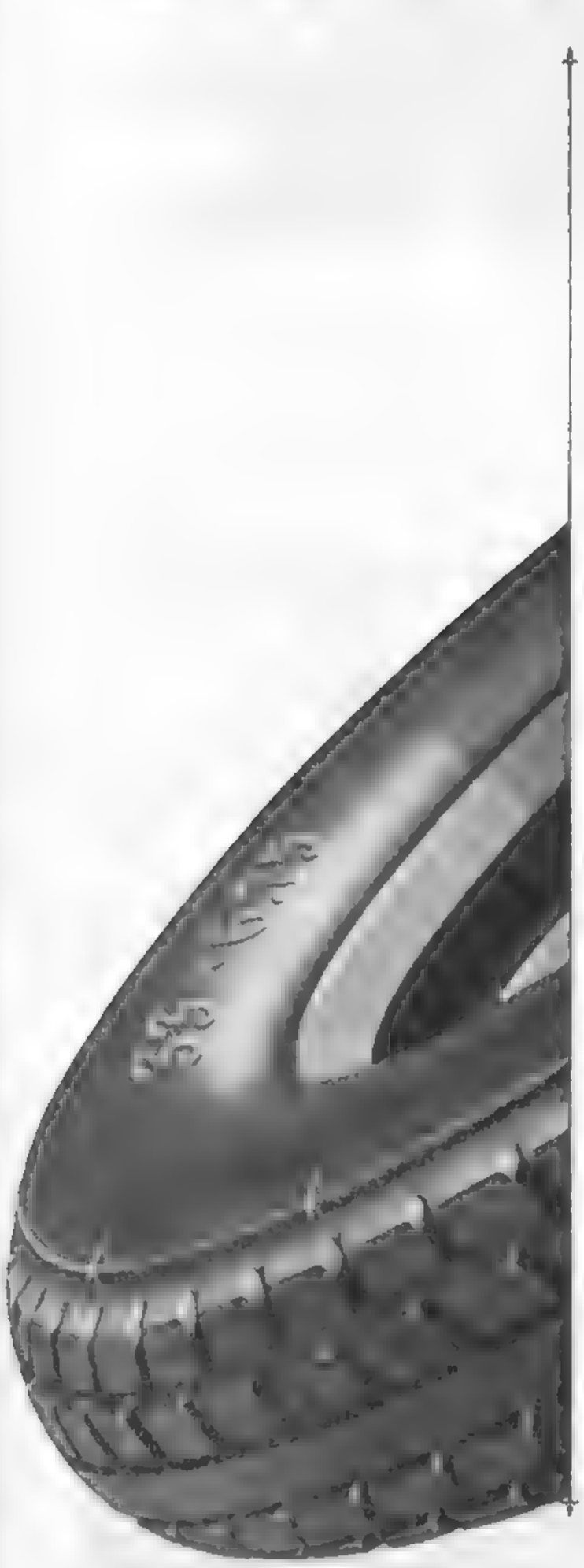

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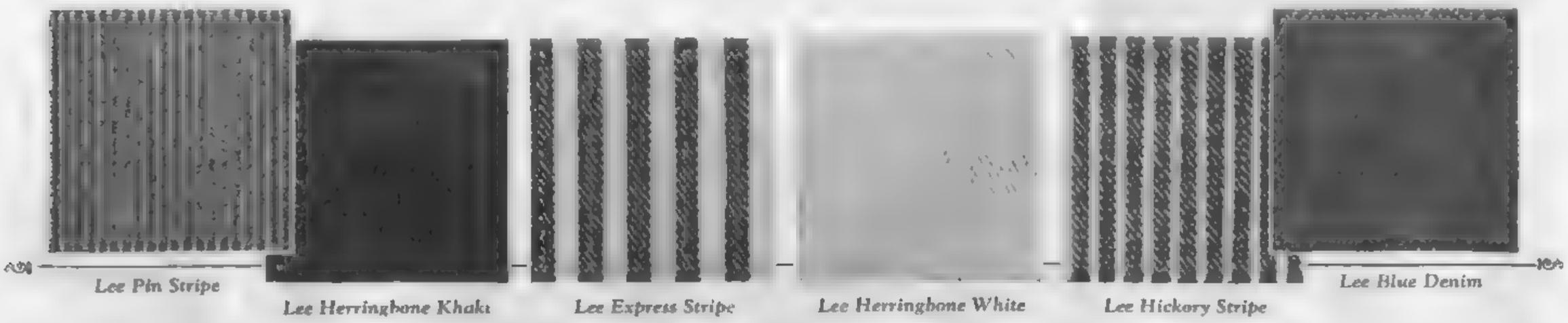

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THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF

(Continued from Page 31)

myself. . . . ought to be men of the most respectable character and of first-rate abilities, because, from the important nature of their respective offices and from their being always about the Commander in Chief, who is obliged to trust many things to them confidentially, scarcely any movement can take place without their knowledge. It follows then, that besides possessing the qualifications just mentioned, they ought to have those of integrity and prudence in an eminent degree, that entire confidence might be reposed in them."

The history of command in our Army for more than a century after Washington recommended a General Staff is an interesting one. During the Revolution the Army had been commanded by the Continental Congress, except for a few months in 1777, when Washington had the full control. For the remainder of the war the congressional command was exercised through a Board of War and a Secretary of War. After the Revolution, General Knox, Lieutenant Colonel Harmar, Generals St. Clair, Mad Anthony Wayne and Wilkinson were in turn the senior officer, though the command of our forces by both land and sea was exercised for about nine years by the Secretary of War.

All the arguments now urged for a separate department of national defense were current in 1798 as reasons against the creation of a Navy Department. Other than to take steps toward a proper organization in anticipation of war with France, Washington exercised no active command in the provisional army of 12,000 men authorized in 1798, but held the office of lieutenant general until he died in the following year, being succeeded by Alexander Hamilton as the senior officer of the Army. Hamilton was not assigned to the command of the Army, which went out of existence in 1800, when the war cloud disappeared.

Honorary General of the Armies

From 1798 no officer was assigned to command the Army until the President so designated Major General Macomb by an order of May, 1828. After Macomb came Scott, who wore the title of commanding general of the Army from 1841 to 1861, though, during the Mexican War, commanding no part of the Army but that under him in Mexico. He retired from age and infirmity in 1861 and was followed for a brief time by McClellan, who was absent from Washington in the field. Halleck was brought to the War Department in 1862, but really served as chief of staff to the aggressive and able but arbitrary and imperious Stanton. Halleck was followed by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield and Miles, who, as last of his line, retired in August, 1903. Theoretically, this long list of distinguished soldiers commanded the Army, but no one of them exercised command beyond administration and discipline

Congress has never surrendered fiscal control of the United States Army to a military man, except in the rare instance when an army officer has been for the time acting as Secretary of War. Under the Constitution the President is commander in chief, and his representative at the head of the Army is the Secretary of War, through whom he communicates with it. There is no constitutional authority for the position of commanding general of the Army separate and distinct from the President. No statute ever prescribed duties for the place. The office of commanding general was never recognized by Congress, except incidentally in appropriations for office furniture and similar items.

Yet Congress, in its desire specially to honor certain great soldiers, tacitly acknowledged such a place by the creation of the title of General of the Armies, conferred in turn on Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Pershing. But the attempt to exercise command commensurate with the title inevitably led to friction.

When General Grant became President, Sherman was assigned to command the Army, and in his order assuming command announced the various permanent bureau chiefs of the War Department as members of his staff. The new Secretary of War was John A. Rawlins, who, as a volunteer officer, had been chief of staff for Grant during the last years of the Civil War. General Sherman's exercise of full command was terminated in a few weeks and he was directed to revoke the order regarding the bureau chiefs.

In disgust, he forsook Washington, taking his titular headquarters of the Army to his home city of St. Louis, where it remained for many years.

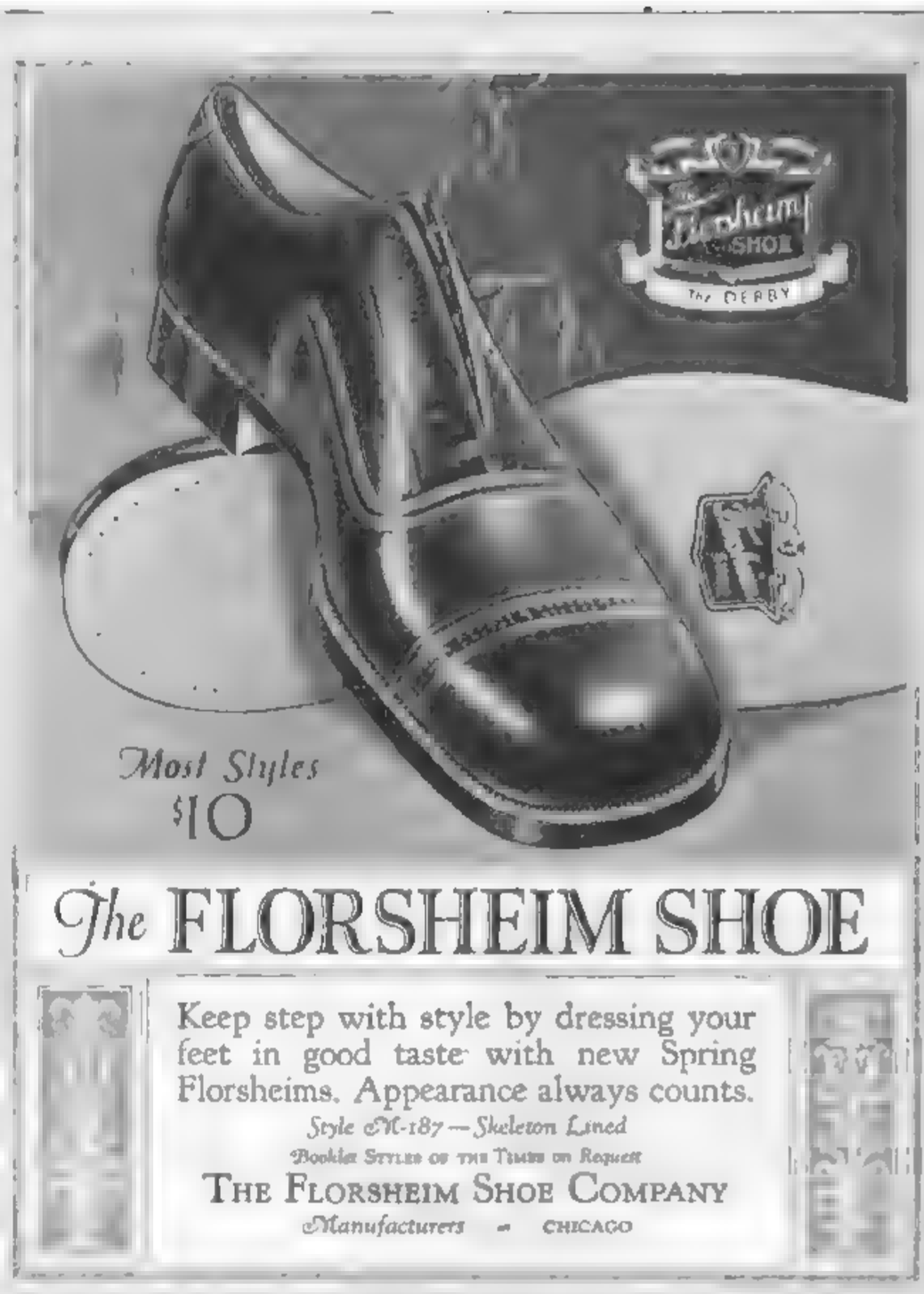
Grant was as reluctant to permit his old friend Sherman really to command as any civilian who ever sat in the presidential chair. Before Pershing, practically every general of the Armies was the center of controversy in attempting to exercise command. The same was true of every senior major general assigned by order to command the Army, except Schofield and Halleck, each of whom really acted as chief of staff for the Secretary of War, subordinating his own individuality. No compromise was ever devised to meet the situation. By law the fiscal control of the Army has remained with the Secretary of War, and no general can exercise command over any expenditures except by the Secretary's delegated authority. The one who controls the purse strings really commands the Army, no matter what his title. Controversy raged throughout the century and involved many names honored in our history.

Meantime independent staff and supply bureaus existed, and others were created by law to assist the Secretary of War, but usually only on the civil or fiscal aspect of his functions. These bureaus acknowledged no common military superior and were without coördination as part of the military team except as such impulse might come from the civilian Secretary of War, who was without any disinterested military advisers. With no professional fitness for it, and overwhelmed by the mass of detail involved in the fiscal control of the War Department, the secretary could give little time to military coördination. The permanent bureaus, however efficient, enjoyed practical independence.

Without a Bureau of Thought

Occasionally throughout our first century the serenity of bureau life was interrupted by actual or threatened war, but the emergency over, it ran smoothly back into the accustomed channels. The rival ambitions of bureau chiefs, the temporary favor enjoyed by any one of them to the corresponding discomfiture of the others, bred a race of military courtiers around the office of the Secretary of War. Meantime a permanent tenure afforded sufficient leisure for acquiring merit in the eyes of Congress, with aggrandizement of particular corps. The commanding general, barred from this happy bureaucratic family, devised new uniforms for himself, was photographed occasionally, took hunting trips incidental to inspections, busied himself with military administration not involving expenditures and exchanged scowls with the independent and arrogant staff departments.

The War Department knew no clear distinction between policy and routine work. There was no thinking department for the institution; none that was specifically charged with considering questions of major importance or with the duty of foresight or initiative. No one did any general planning involving the use of the military machine as a whole. Certain service



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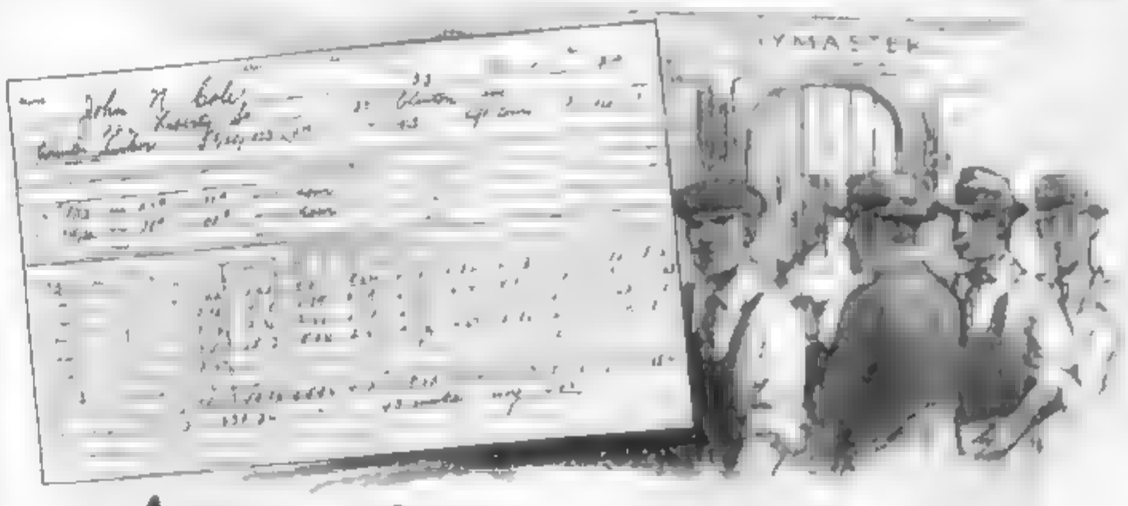

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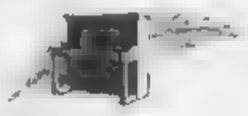

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schools, quite elementary from the standpoint of imparting the art of command in war, languished without special attention. These schools were in no way dovetailed into relationship in any general scheme of military training. It was the particular business of no one.

The attempt to centralize a vast number of incongruous functions in the personality of the occasional strong Secretary of War resulted in only temporarily restraining staff bureaus, greedy for power and on easy terms with a patronage-loving Congress. Staff and supply officers, being permanently commissioned in their corps, were out of touch with the remainder of the service, and in the higher grades, stationed at the capital, were strangers to the line of the Army and its needs.

The Army was run after the manner of a correspondence school. The ancient grind about the Army being a fine place if it were not for the soldiers well describes the staff attitude in the happy, careless 90's before the Spanish-American War. No one was charged with preparing the team for teamwork. The long period of peace after the Civil War brought a sleepy oblivion to the requirements of war. The soldier was in eclipse and the staff bureaus were in uncoordinated ascendancy. All real authority was divided among them.

The outbreak of the Spanish-American War found the office of commanding general occupied by General Miles, then in late middle life, but restless under the impotence of his authority and keenly regretful of his earlier days as a fighting commander, for Miles had been a major general in the Civil War at an age when men now aspire to be lieutenants. He had not witnessed with complacence the constant aggrandizement of the permanent bureaus, and his resentment had reacted on him in the form of friction with the new Secretary of War, himself a Civil War veteran.

The command of the Santiago expedition was given to General Shafter, who, like Secretary Alger, was a native of Michigan. With all his title of commanding general, Miles exercised no control over Shafter's corps, but was eventually allowed to conduct an expedition to Porto Rico. Meanwhile, with even the office room of a commanding general vacant in the War, State and Navy Building, the talented administrator at the head of the adjutant general's office took charge of the Secretary from Michigan and of the war, and for that eventful summer of 1898 carried the War Department around in a portfolio under his arm. General Corbin was in many respects a great man, and he saw duties that had to be done and opportunities that went with them. He neglected neither duty nor opportunity. There was no one to do the duties which should have devolved on a General Staff, and General Corbin assumed them as far as an individual could.

The Confused Nineties

The system of centralization in the War Department had existed so many years that now, confronted with war, the department was still obliged to attempt to run everything from Washington. Our people had forgotten that, after all, armies must win their battles under the command of generals. Any system that deprives these officers of authority up to the moment of battle is iniquitous and dangerous. The organization, equipment and mobilization of the volunteers called for were thus centralized in the offices of Secretary Alger and Adjutant General Corbin.

Their office rooms, as well as the corridors of the War Department, were jammed with aspirants for appointments and with members of Congress pressing the claims of constituents. Most of their business, impossible of transaction under the circumstances, had to be handled at night, to avoid the pressure. Omnipresent in the crowds were enterprising newspaper men, who listened to confidential as well as routine business. Almost all orders appeared in the press of the country before being received by those to whom addressed. If we had been opposed by a first-class military power, years of reverse and disaster would have been inevitable.

Those who endured those days of doubt will readily recall the embalmed-beef scandals, the typhoid-infected camps of the South, the wild confusion that everywhere prevailed, the actual terror that reigned along our Atlantic Coast until Cervera's fleet was located, and the prolonged investigations which followed our summer of crass inefficiency, and practically drove Secretary Alger from office in the summer of 1899.

That this situation was due to occur had been evident to military students for many years. In the early 70's Col. Emory Upton, one of the most distinguished of our young major generals during the Civil War, with two other selected officers, had been sent abroad to study the armies of Europe and Asia. General Sheridan had been an observer on the German side during the Franco-Prussian War. Generals Sherman and Schofield and others had been students of foreign military systems, and had left written record of their studies. The public opinion of our best line officers had been crystallizing toward the creation of a General Staff. Confronted with conditions as they evolved in the war with Spain, every thoughtful officer who had considered the subject realized that revision of our military system was an urgent necessity.

Elihu Root at the Helm

Inheriting the situation left by Secretary Alger, as well as the suppression of the Philippine Insurrection, the organization of the government of the new dependencies taken over from Spain, and the task of financial retrenchment following the war, there came to the War Department one of the greatest men our country has produced, Elihu Root, of New York. Without advisers, except as he found them among the bureau chiefs, each independent in his own sphere, his splendid mind at once recognized the necessity of radical change. He found the greatest business in the country in dire confusion and without a board of directors. He was at once aware of the antagonisms between the bureau chiefs of the War Department and the line of the Army as represented by the commanding general.

Secretary Root's attention was very early directed to the report by Gen. Emory Upton on the armies of Europe and Asia, and to his unpublished work on military policy, which was finally located in the possession of Colonel Henry A. Dupont of Delaware. Mr. Root caused its publication, and it has been for a quarter of a century the work of highest authority on our military policy.

There was still a considerable fraction of Congress which had seen service on one side or the other in the Civil War. In every reform of military policy in our country there is encountered the complacent attitude of those in high places who have participated in success under the system to be superseded, no matter what its defects.

Previous to 1917, no American doubted that our Civil War was greater than any other, though it was really so badly managed that a committee of Congress sat through it continuously, investigating the conduct of the war.

Some opposition to a General Staff, of which the best existing model at that time was German, was certain to be met. Nor was there any enthusiasm for it among those separate entities of the War Department who would be compelled to surrender power to it.

Convinced in his own mind as early as February, 1900, Secretary Root proceeded to set the stage for a General Staff, and administratively paved the way for it by creating an Army War College with certain general-staff powers. He convened a board of officers to formulate the project and draw regulations for its future conduct and

(Continued on Page 193)

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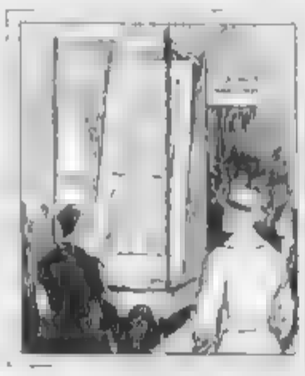

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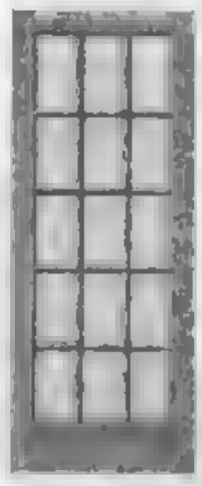

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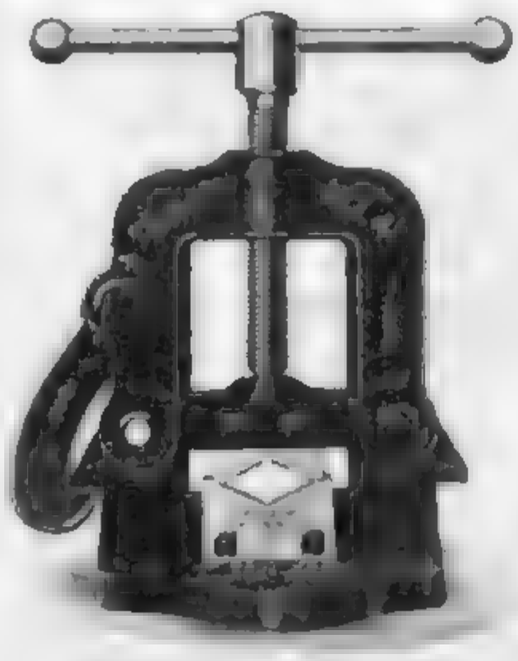

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(Continued from Page 190)

guidance. This board, whose names deserve recording, was composed of Brigadier Gen. William Ludlow, Col. Henry C. Hasbrouck and Lieutenant Col. William H. Carter; later Lieutenant Col. Joseph P. Sanger was added. All were officers of the highest type. Colonel Carter was the close adviser of Secretary Root throughout the whole inception and organization of the General Staff, and to him, more than to any other one officer, the United States is indebted for its adoption. It is the monument to his lifelong service for his country.

The Ludlow board submitted its report in October, 1900, which urged legislative provision for a General Staff at the earliest possible time. Meantime there was evident need for such a staff to supervise the instruction of the large increment of young volunteer officers who joined after the reorganization of February, 1901. The bill for the creation of a General Staff was laid before Congress on February 14, 1902. It was pending for a year, and during two sessions, becoming a law February 14, 1903.

The Senate Military Affairs Committee, which considered the bill, had on it two former Secretaries of War, and every senator on the committee had served either in the Union or Confederate Armies during the Civil War. There were many veterans of that conflict in both Houses of Congress twenty-three years ago.

Secretary Root Illustrates

The bill met with opposition from various agencies which saw their ancient powers threatened. Some feared friction in the War Department with a secretary, a commanding general of the Army and a chief of staff. Others believed the old controversies would be increased instead of diminished. Many questions were asked; many phantoms argued to dissolution. The most convincing witness was Secretary Root himself, then in the very height of his splendid powers. After praising the competence of the staff and supply bureaus, he said:

"When we come to the coördination and direction of all these agencies and means of warfare, so that all parts of the machine shall work together, we are weak. Our system makes no adequate provision for the directing brain which every army must have to work successfully. . . . The most intelligible way to describe such a body of men, however selected and organized, is by calling it a general staff, because its duties are staff duties and are general in their character."

The illustration used by Secretary Root is a very complete statement of the planning functions of a General Staff:

"It is easy for the President, or a general acting under his direction, to order that 50,000 or 100,000 men proceed to Cuba and capture Havana. To make an order which has any reasonable chance of being executed he must do a great deal more than that. He must determine how many men shall be sent and how they shall be divided among the different arms of the service, and how they shall be armed and equipped; and to do that he must get all the information possible about the defenses of the place to be captured and the strength and character and armament of the forces to be met. He must determine at what points and by what routes the place shall be approached, and at what point his troops shall land in Cuba; and for this purpose he must be informed about the various harbors of the island and the depths of their channels, what classes of vessels can enter them, what the facilities for landing are, how they are defended, the character of the roads leading from them to the place to be attacked, the character of the intervening country, how far it is healthful or unhealthful, what the climate is liable to be at the season of the proposed movement, the temper and sympathies of the inhabitants, the quantity and kinds of supplies that can be obtained from the country, the extent to which transportation can be obtained, and a great variety of other things which will go to determine whether it is better to make the approach from one point or another, and to determine what it will be necessary for the army to carry with it in order to succeed in moving and living and fighting.

"All this information it is the business of a General Staff to procure and present. It is probable that there would be in such case a number of alternative plans, each having certain advantages and disadvantages, and these should be worked out each by itself, with the reasons for and against it, and presented to the President or general for his determination. This the General Staff should do. This cannot be done in an hour. It requires that the staff shall have been at work a long time, collecting the information and arranging it and getting it in form to present. Then, at home, where the preparation for the expedition is to be made, the order must be based upon a knowledge of the men and material available for its execution, how many men there are who can be devoted to that purpose, from what points they are to be drawn, what bodies of troops ought to be left or sent elsewhere, and what bodies may be included in the expedition; whether there are ships to transport them, where they are to be obtained, whether they are properly fitted up, what more should be done to them; what are the available stocks of clothing, arms and ammunition, engineers' material and horses and wagons, and all the innumerable supplies and munitions necessary for a large expedition; how are the things to be supplied which are not ready but which are necessary, and how long will be required to supply them.

"All this and much more necessary information it is the business of a General Staff to supply. When that has been done the order is made with all available knowledge of all the circumstances upon which the movement depends for its success. It is then the business of a General Staff to see that every separate officer upon whose action the success of the movement depends understands his share in it and does not lag behind in the performance of that share; to see that troops and ships and animals and supplies of arms and ammunition and clothing and food, and so on, from hundreds of sources come together at the right time and places. It is a laborious, complicated and difficult work which requires a considerable number of men whose special business it is and who are charged with no other duties.

"It was the lack of such a body of men doing that kind of work which led to the confusion attending the Santiago expedition in the summer of 1898. The confusion at Tampa and elsewhere was the necessary result of having a large number of men, each of them doing his own special work the best he could, but without any adequate force of officers seeing that they pulled together according to detailed plans made beforehand. Such a body of men doing general-staff duty is just as necessary to prepare an army properly for war in time of peace as it is in time of war. It is not an executive body; it is not an administrative body; it acts only through the authority of others. It makes intelligent command possible by procuring and arranging information and working out plans in detail, and it makes intelligent and effective execution of commands possible by keeping all the separate agents advised of the parts they are to play in the general scheme."

Provisions of the Bill

The bill went to its passage a month later. The act abolished the office of commanding general of the Army, provided for a military chief of staff to the President, who, acting under the direction of the President or of the Secretary of War, representing him, should have supervision not only over all troops of the line but of the special staff and supply departments, which had

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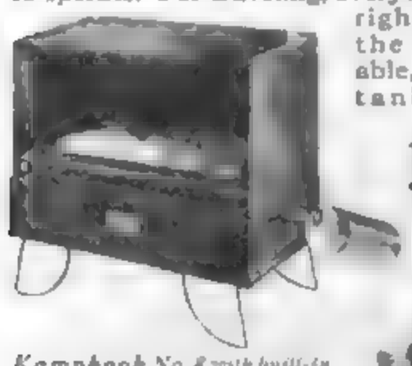

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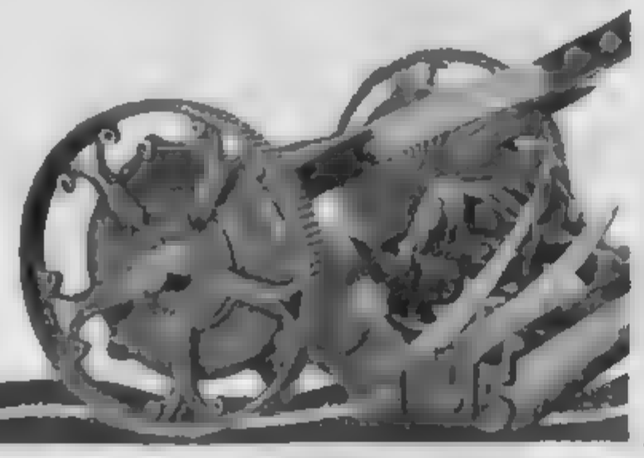

theretofore reported directly to the Secretary of War; and it created for the assistance of the chief of staff a corps of forty-four officers, who were relieved of all other duties. The function of this new corps was described by the statute as follows:

"Section 2. That the duties of the General Staff Corps shall be to prepare plans for the national defense and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war; to investigate and report upon all questions affecting the efficiency of the army and its state of preparation for military operations; to render professional aid and assistance to the Secretary of War and to General Officers and other superior commanders, and to act as their agents in informing and coördinating the action of all the different Officers who are subject, under the terms of this Act, to the supervision of the Chief of Staff; and to perform such other military duties not otherwise assigned by law as may be from time to time prescribed by the President."

In the regulations drawn by Secretary Root to carry this legislation into effect, he emphasized the "relation of absolute confidence and personal accord and sympathy between the Chief of Staff and the President, and necessarily also between the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War," and provided that the chief of staff should automatically go out of office with the President who appointed him. This requirement is still in force, and the resignation of his place is incumbent upon any chief of staff whose relations to his superiors cease to be those of personal accord and sympathy. The supervisory power vested in the chief of staff was defined as covering duties pertaining to the command, discipline, training and recruitment of the Army, military operations, distribution of troops, inspections, armament, fortifications, military education and instruction, and kindred matters, including also, in an advisory capacity, such duties connected with fiscal administration and supply as were committed to him by the Secretary of War.

The General Staff was made a detailed corps. Upon being relieved from duty in it, officers return to the branch of the Army in which commissioned, and no officer is eligible to redetail until he has served two years with his own branch of the service, except during actual or threatened war. Thus the General Staff Corps is a constantly changing detail of officers from the actual troops, with the purpose of having it represent the opinion of the Army upon technical military subjects, as that opinion is matured and developed by actual experience. The General Staff is divided between that in the War Department and that with troops.

Reined in by Congress

The first selections for the General Staff were made by an excellent board of high rank, sworn to recommend officers upon their merits as shown by their records. Indicating the character of that initial detail in 1903, a single office room of the new corps that year was occupied by Major Goethals, Captains Pershing, March and Dickman—all names forever linked with our success in the World War.

Any agency which exists to bring about unity of control, whether in civil or military life, incurs the criticism of the various entities which must surrender power and patronage if unity of control is to be had. The institution of the new coördinating corps was attended with some friction.

There was some duplication of effort and a tendency to absorb administrative functions. Being a constantly changing body, it was at some disadvantage compared to staff corps with continuity of personnel. New to its responsibilities and surroundings, it went so far in tact and diplomacy in its effort to avoid friction that its self-respect suffered, with some diminution of its legitimate influence.

Speaking only by the authority of the Secretary of War, the rank of the chief of staff as compared to the bureau chiefs was immaterial. But the prestige of rank is very strong in our Army, and when a chief of staff took office who found himself junior to a powerful and aggressive adjutant general, it was not long until efficiency suffered.

Then in 1916 the National Defense Act was passed. This act bore evidence that certain influential members of Congress believed that the General Staff had diverted itself from its proper duties, while it invaded and interfered with the jurisdiction of the several permanent bureaus of the War Department. The new law emphasized the distinction "administrative duties," and prohibited members of the General Staff from performing duties of that nature.

Such had been the intent of the law which created the General Staff, and that had been the understanding of the Army. Secretary Root's statement in 1902, "It is not an administrative body," was accepted as a part of the basic General Staff doctrine. There was before Congress at this time no catalogue of evils calling for remedy. No complaints of encroachments by the General Staff or of neglect of its proper duties had been made by the Secretary of War, who alone could speak with authority for the War Department. Doubtless individual officers had expressed adverse opinions to members of Congress.

A Wise War Secretary

That summer of 1916, however, was to witness a crisis in the history of the General Staff. The judge advocate-general of the Army, Brigadier Gen. Enoch H. Crowder, one of the ablest lawyers who has ever filled that place, and who a year later was to play one of the greatest parts on the stage of the World War by his administration of the Draft Act, rendered an opinion in construction of the new law which if adopted by the Secretary of War would have emasculated the chief of staff of all workable authority and would have sent our country into the World War with much the same lack of coördination we suffered in 1898.

The Secretary of War would have been bound to rely upon the uncoördinated advice of individual bureau chiefs, and though purporting to leave the chief of staff the duty of coördinating the functions of those bureaus, it would have prohibited that degree of supervision which was necessary to equip him with qualifying information. It would have inaugurated a race for power among the bureau chiefs and erected their departments into a system of coördinating impediments to one another.

Fortunately for the country, a great lawyer, Newton D. Baker, one of the ablest men who has ever occupied the position, was Secretary of War. Few single acts of his great career as a War Secretary meant more for our country than his complete disapproval of the destructive opinion rendered him, and his lucid interpretation of the law, preserving to him his military advisers in the conflict which was soon to demand the supreme efforts of the greatest military establishment that America has ever known. Secretary Baker thus sums up:

"The policy of the War Department, therefore, will remain as heretofore: The Chief of Staff, speaking in the name of the Secretary of War, will coördinate and supervise the various bureaus, offices and departments of the War Department; he will advise the Secretary of War; he will inform himself in as great detail as in his judgment seems necessary to qualify him adequately to advise the Secretary of War. Should any regulations or orders be necessary to place the determination herein

Continued on Page 197

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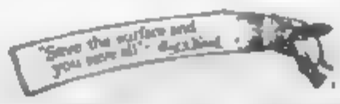

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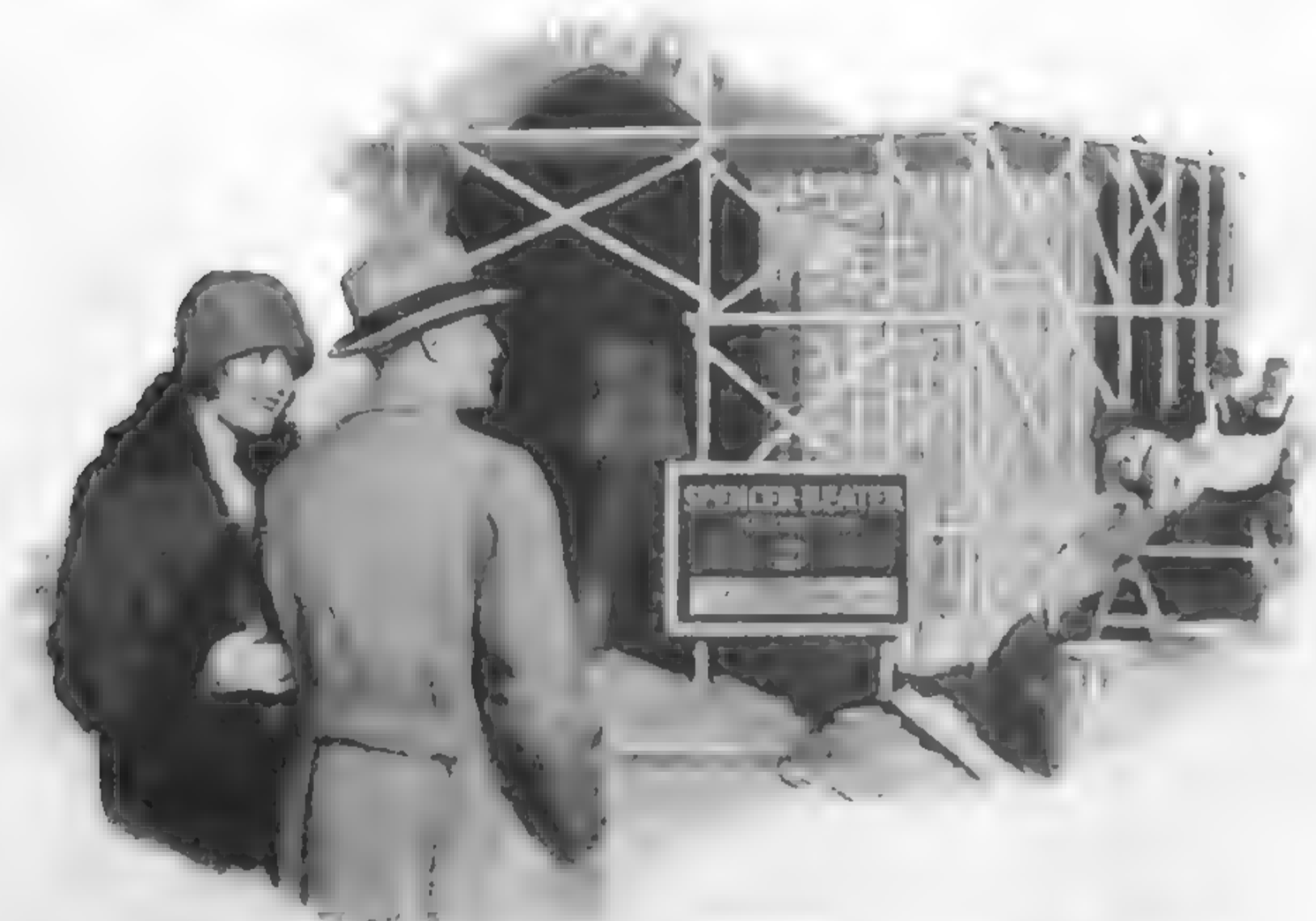

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YES, and in that big apartment house. The same economies and conveniences which so appeal to the home owner apply with equal force to the larger types of Spencer Heaters installed in churches, schools, office buildings, industrial plants, public buildings of every kind.

Any Spencer owner—any one of the thousands who have used them so successfully during the past thirty years—would tell you what these advantages are.

First of all, economy! The No. 1 Buckwheat Coal burned in the Spencer is exactly the same good anthracite that you are familiar with in the larger domestic sizes. Exactly the same number of heat units per ton. But there the likeness stops. At average retail prices, No. 1 Buckwheat costs an average of $6 less per ton than egg, stove or nut.

And then, comfort and convenience—an automatic magazine feed which not only does away with continual stoking, but keeps the fuel bed at that even thickness which ensures steady heat every minute of the twenty-four hours. Except for shaking and replenishing its magazine once in twelve to twenty-four hours, all the Spencer asks is to be let alone.

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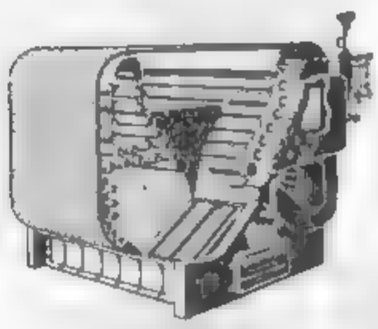

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No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor

Type for every need from small home to large building

No night fireman required in large buildings

Easily installed

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization

Baptist Church ... one of hundreds ... bills with Spencer

Home Residence of Mr. H. R. Boyce, 217 Eighty-... His Spencer Heater has been ... satisfaction for six years.

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal - $4 to $7 less per ton - - - Less attention required

(Continued from Page 194)

made in proper form, the chief of the General Staff will prepare them for my signature."

From its organization until the World War the General Staff had been confronted with no war emergency. The intervention in Cuba in 1906 was planned by it, and the chief of staff went to Cuba in command for a period. Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico after the Villa raid in March, 1916, was unaccompanied by members of the General Staff, though he had a chief of staff and certain other officers performing such functions. The War Department absorbed the best men and the greatest number of the General Staff, and its representation with troops was relatively small and unimportant.

In Washington it was divided between the Army War College and the War Department. Under the strong pacifist leanings of President Wilson, which had lost him his first Secretary of War, there was little real preparation for the war by anyone.

When the United States declared war, the planning members of the General Staff working at the War College were handed a few questions for study, practically none of which bore relation to the war as we later fought our part in it. The chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, was detached by the President in May, 1917, and sent to Russia with the Root Mission, and did not return until late summer, when on the eve of his retirement for age.

General Pershing was designated for the command in France about two weeks before he sailed on May 28, 1917. He was permitted to select two of the General Staff officers on duty in Washington, to whom was added a third officer intended for General Staff duty. Perhaps no one grasped the magnitude of General Pershing's undertaking. It was something to which we all had to grow, and the authorities in the War Department naturally grew more slowly than those of us confronted with the actual problem of organization in France. It was at once evident that the peacetime organization of our General Staff must give way to one based on the actual war experience of our Allies. Under our Field Service Regulations the General Staff had a combat and an intelligence branch. The studies of our military men, when they contemplated war with a European power, had always assumed it as taking place on American soil, with our armies disposed in defensive warfare, with lines of communication leading back to the sources of supply in our own country.

This war, on the contrary, was to be fought across 3000 miles of ocean, involving passage through a submarine menace, landing in the congested ports of an ally already at war, forwarding troops and supplies an average distance of 500 miles from the seaboard and engaging in war of a kind and scale contemplated by no peacetime plans that existed.

Pershing Takes Hold

In the light of war as our Allies knew it by 1917, the landing of General Pershing with but three General Staff officers must have been pathetic and very discouraging. It is not surprising that they dwelt on the difficulty of creating a trained staff and urged that our participation in the war be by supplying men and junior officers to their depleted battalions.

General Pershing, on arrival in France, sent selected officers to study the staff organizations of the British and French. An American mission which had been observing the war on the Western Front came at once under his command. Its members, particularly Majors James A. Logan, Frank Parker and Marlborough Churchill, had observed to advantage, and were of much use in developing plans for our staff. The commander in chief and his chief of staff visited both the French and British General Headquarters and studied their staff organization. It was realized that our situation differed from that of our Allies.

The French Army was at home and in touch with its civil government and War Ministry. The British were organized on an oversea basis, but were within easy reach of their base of supplies in England. Their problems of supply and replacement were simple. Their training could be carried out at home, with the experience of the Front at hand, while our men must come as ships were available and their training be resumed where it had been discontinued in America. Our available tonnage was inadequate to meet initial demands, so that priority of material for combat and construction, as well as for supplies not obtainable in Europe, must be established by those whose perspective included all the services and who were familiar with general plans. For the proper direction and coordination of the details of administration, intelligence, operations, supply and training, a General Staff was absolutely indispensable.

Five Functions of the Staff

After much consideration General Pershing made a tentative assignment of General Staff duties and created the appropriate agencies to handle them. This arrangement continued until March, 1918, when a board of officers was convened to study the system and recommend proper action. Under their advice General Pershing then allotted General Staff functions at his headquarters to five sections:

To the first, or administrative section, ocean tonnage, priority of oversea shipments, replacement of men and animals, organization and types of equipment for troops, billeting, prisoners of war, military policies, leaves and leave areas, welfare work and amusement.

To the second, or intelligence section, information regarding the enemy, including espionage and counter espionage, maps and censorship.

To the third, or operations section, strategic studies and plans, and employment of combat troops.

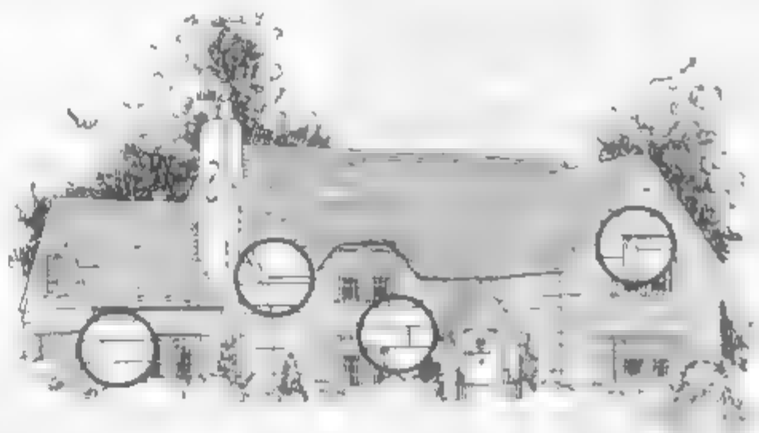
To the fourth, or supply section, coördination of supply services, including construction, transportation and medical departments, and control of regulating stations for supply.

To the fifth, or training section, tactical training, schools, preparation of tactical manuals and athletics.

This system was applied in the lower echelons of the command to include divisions, except that in corps and divisions the fourth section was merged with the first, and the fifth section with the third.

In the spring of 1918 matters of procurement, transportation and supply, and the chiefs of the several supply services, which had been centralized at Chaumont, were placed at Tours, directly under the commanding general, services of supply. General Headquarters thereafter concerned itself only with the broader phases of control. Under the supervision of the commander in chief, and pursuant to clearly determined policies, the assistant chiefs of staff—heads of sections—coördinated by the chief of staff, issued instructions and gave general direction to the great combat units and to services of supply, keeping always in touch with the manner and promptness of their fulfillment. This system of direct responsibility contemplated secrecy in preparation, prompt decision in emergency and coördinate action in execution.

To supply this staff the number of trained officers was inadequate. To meet the deficiency a General Staff College was organized at Langres in November, 1917. Student officers were carefully chosen for their suitability, and the short course of study was most intensive. This college graduated 537 officers, generally well equipped for staff duty, and imbued with the spirit of common service and teamwork. General Pershing is terse and direct, not given to volubility. His final report of



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"The Danger Points" on the outside of a home are: 1, Where Boards Lap. 2, Mitred Corners; 3, Joints; 4, Frames. Here your siding *must* be unfailing. Select Western Red Cedar and, even after many years of the most severe exposure, you'll find it snug, straight, tight and true.

Beveled wood siding will afford your new home a grace and charm befitting any setting. But, *make sure of your wood* by insisting upon Western Red Cedar Siding. It never rots; it repels insects. It contains no pitch to mar paint and its tremendous superiority stands out remarkably at "The Danger Points." Ask your builder to show you attractive house designs for Western Red Cedar.

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The Mark Below Is On Every Bundle

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For One Month's Work We Paid Ted Waldon $221.00!

A FEW years ago Ted Waldon of Minnesota was employed in a grocery store at $18.00 a week. Then he heard of our offer to ambitious men and women. He became our subscription representative. Today he is an upperclassman in the University of his choice. And he is paying his way largely with Curtis dollars. Last summer he *averaged* over $200.00 a month!

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You can patch holes and cracks in walls or ceilings easily and quickly with Rutland Patching Plaster. The patch will not shrink as plaster of paris shrinks. Neither will it crack, crumble or fall out. It's as lasting as the wall itself.

Easy for anyone to use because it does not dry or "set" instantly. You can paint or paper over it without shellacing and the patch *will not spot through.*

The handy cartons come all ready to use. Just add water and apply. Paint, wallpaper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage upon delivery. Rutland Fire Clay Co. Dept. B12, Rutland, Vermont.

A few of its many other uses

Mending outside stucco or cement walls.
Pointing brick work
Closing mouse or rat holes.
Sealing small cracks where insects or vermin enter
As a mortar to hold loose tiles in bathroom walls or floors

Rutland Patching Plaster

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Dept. B12, Rutland, Vermont
Send me 2½ lb. carton of Rutland Plaster.
Name.....
Address
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It's Dangerous and Nerve-Racking to Drive Blindfolded Like This

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Apply Twice a Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "Blindfolded" behind a rain-blurred windshield every time it

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the American Expeditionary Forces thus disposes of his General Staff:

"The duties of the General Staff, as well as those of the army and corps staffs, have been very ably performed. Especially is this true when we consider the new and difficult problems with which they have been confronted. This body of officers, both as individuals and as an organization, have, I believe, no superiors in professional ability, in efficiency or loyalty."

Meanwhile a new General Staff had been created in the War Department. In the summer of 1917 many valuable members of the existing War Department General Staff had been permitted to abandon their work and to accept commissions in the new National Army, leaving the War Department without them at the time they were most needed. It fell to General March, who became chief of staff in May, 1918, to recreate a General Staff for the War Department. Its purpose was, of course, to serve the American Expeditionary Forces. Organized at home and composed in part of officers who had not served on the Western Front, its development naturally took a somewhat different direction from the one organized by General Pershing abroad.

On the Eligible List

After the war ended and the part played by the General Staff in General Pershing's great accomplishment gradually became known, a sentiment began to crystallize in favor of organizing the War Department along the lines of the staff that had acquitted itself so well in France. The new National Defense Act, approved June 4, 1920, increased the numbers of the War Department General Staff to five general officers and eighty-eight other officers of grades not below that of captain. The General Staff with troops was increased to such number as might be necessary to perform that class of duties at the several headquarters. The law provided that no officer should be detailed to the General Staff unless his name were on the eligible list. The initial eligible list was to be prepared by a board consisting of General Pershing, the commandants respectively of the Army War College and the General Service Schools, and two other general officers to be selected by the Secretary of War who were not then members of the General Staff. This board selected and reported the names of all officers of the Regular Army, National Guard and Officers' Reserve Corps, of the following classes, believed by it to be qualified by education, experience and character for General Staff duty:

(a). Those officers graduated from the Army Staff College or the Army War College prior to July 1, 1917, who upon graduation were specifically recommended for duty as commander or chief of staff of a division or higher tactical unit, or for detail in the General Staff Corps;

(b). Those officers who, since April 6, 1917, have commanded a division or higher tactical unit, or have demonstrated by actual service in the World War that they are qualified for General Staff duty.

The initial General Staff list comprised 586 officers, of whom 305 were regulars and 281 were National Guard, Reserve Corps and former officers. The name of no officer has been added to this list unless, upon graduation from the General Service Schools, he has been specifically recommended as qualified for General Staff duty.

This provision is still the law. Officers thus selected represent the highest type that can be produced by our General Service Schools and War College, or that survived the experience of the World War. With this provision made as to the sources from which the General Staff shall be drawn, General Pershing was appointed chief of staff of the Army on July 1, 1921. Secretary of War Weeks gave him the specific task of organizing in the War Department a General Staff that should embody the results of our war experience, and provide against future emergencies a staff which could function well in both peace and war. The Secretary emphasized his desire that such a War Department staff should contain a nucleus for the general headquarters in the field in the event of mobilization.

General Pershing proceeded by convening a board of officers consisting of Major Generals James G. Harbord and William G. Haan, Brigadier Generals Henry Jervey and Fox Conner, and Colonels John McA. Palmer, Robert C. Davis and John L. DeWitt, to study and report upon the War Department General Staff, recommending such an organization as would meet the requirements laid down by Secretary Weeks. Of these officers the first named had served as chief of staff of the American Expeditionary Forces and later as a brigade and division commander, and was now assistant chief of staff; General Haan had been a division commander in France and was now an assistant chief of staff; General Jervey served during the war as an assistant chief of staff in the War Department and was still on that duty; General Conner had been assistant chief of staff of the American Expeditionary Forces; Colonel Palmer had served as a General Staff officer in France and later as adviser to the Senate Military Committee when the National Defense Act was drawn. Colonel Davis had been the adjutant general of the American Expeditionary Forces, and Colonel DeWitt a member of the General Staff at G. H. Q. and with troops.

This board, in addition to general consideration of the subject, endeavored to work out the relations that should exist between the personnel of the bureau of the adjutant general and the General Staff, and of the chiefs of combatant arms dealing with the same subject; the relation that should exist between the General Staff and the office of the Assistant Secretary of War in its duty of procurement of supplies; such a regrouping of the duties of the several divisions of the General Staff as would insure supervision of all staff activities of the War Department and eliminate overlapping of jurisdiction and duplication of effort; the advisability of changing the titles of the several divisions to conform to those used in the American Expeditionary Forces, and of authorizing shorter designations, familiar to many thousands of officers who had served abroad during the war; and such physical regrouping of the several offices of the General Staff in a systematic and convenient way as would facilitate business and lead to the reduction of commissioned and other personnel.

A New American Staff

This board approached its task by study of the laws creating the General Staff, and endeavored to adjust to its requirements the experience gained during the war. Before it made its report, repeated sessions were held with the several permanent staff and supply-bureau chiefs, discussing the proposed organization as it would affect them. Each admitted that the proposed relationships were workable as far as his department was concerned.

The present organization of the War Department is the one recommended by this board. In time it will become the American Staff, for the principles enunciated are to apply to all headquarters from the War Department down to a battalion. Under it the General Staff establishes policies and principles governing action on matters relating to the service, and studies important subjects and projects, especially those relating to defense and war plans. The branch concerned operates under these policies and principles announced on such broad lines that most cases can be disposed of without further consideration by the General Staff, and only special cases are referred to the chief of staff or the Secretary of War for personal action.

The divisions of the War Department General Staff are: First, or personnel;

(Continued on Page 201)

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Have well-kept nails always. They carry Gem to trim, file and clean busy [illegible] any time anywhere [illegible]

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MALLORY Soft Hats and Derbies are on sale at better hat shops. Watch local newspapers for announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats and ask for them by name.

A fine Mallory deserves a store service as fine as the hat. The merchant who offers Mallory Hats is picked for his special skill in knowing how to size up your type; play up your personality; grace your face. You will find him ready for you for Spring.

The "Century," $6 — The "Travenette" (Aristocrat Or Gold Medal), $7
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Find the Label

MALLORY Soft Hats and Derbies bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweatleather. It is important that you find the Mallory Label in the Hat you buy

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The Work Suit of the Nation

—Also Styles for Business and Sport

HUNDREDS of thousands of men—working men, business men, sportsmen—have found in NOGAR Suits the answer to their utility clothing problem. And note the astonishing prices below!

All over the country, men in occupations that ruin ordinary clothes in a short time, are loud in their praise of the protection, the economy, the good appearance that NOGAR Suits afford. *Every man* should have one for an extra-duty suit.

NOGAR Topcoats are just the thing for motorists.

NOGAR Clothes are made of NOGAR Cloth, a specially processed fabric of the most amazing strength. It is as near tearproof as cloth can be—resists water and sparks—won't show dirt. In pleasing patterns.

NOGAR *Clothes are sold direct* by our authorized representatives who will call at your home or place of business. These are high grade, competent men, through whom you may deal direct with the original and leading manufacturer of utility clothing to your complete satisfaction

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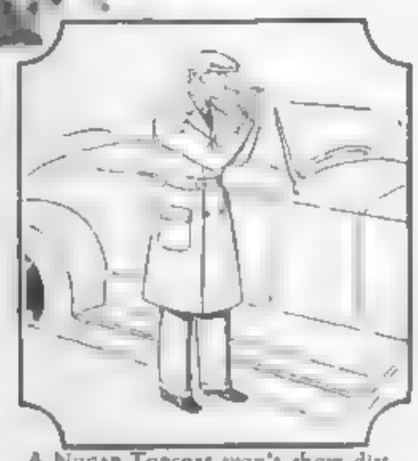
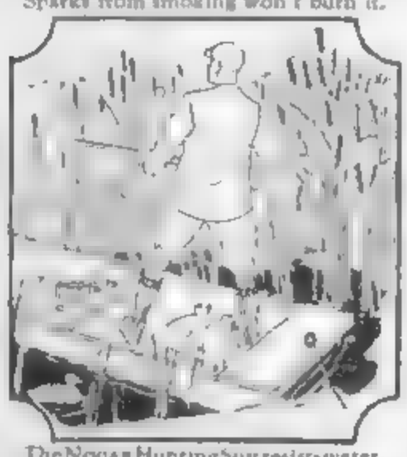
$12.50 to $13.50
Hunting Suits $15.50

Beware of imitations! NOGAR Clothes are *different* from all others and are *guaranteed*, so make sure it is a NOGAR man who calls on you.

Write for further information about these wonderful garments.



A NOGAR Topcoat won't show dirt and light rain won't penetrate it. Sparks from smoking won't burn it.



The NOGAR Hunting Suit resists water, briars and dirt and the color blends with grass and underbrush.

For any work that is hard on clothes, NOGAR Suits give wonderful service and always look well.

Read what NOGAR wearers say

A few extracts from the hundreds of appreciative letters we have received from pleased customers:

"The . . Automatic Oil Burner Co. is 100% NOGAR. Every man is wearing a suit or a pair of trousers

"One of our men, who fell from a height of eight feet, says he might have broken his neck if his trousers had not caught on a nail and broken his fall, and the only damage to the trousers was an inch rip in the leg.

"We find these garments keep the oil and grease from getting on our underclothing and bodies, as it does not work through."

"Having recently returned from a long auto trip on which I wore a NOGAR suit purchased two years ago, I cannot refrain from telling you how much wear and service this has given me during these two years, and especially on this trip.

"The NOGAR suit proved ideal for my purpose because it is waterproof, does not wrinkle or pick up dust. I have found it just the thing to slip on to do the thousand and one little jobs a married man is called on to do about the home. I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I am with it."

"I have worn NOGAR clothing and find it absolutely satisfactory. In fact, there is no wear-out to it."

"I hope you can sell to every man in the U. S. A. They need them."

Our agents make good money and we can use men wherever territory is open. Write at once to secure district.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Toledo, Denver, Washington, D. C.
Houston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Vancouver, B. C.

Mail this coupon today

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
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Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothing.

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If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

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CLOTHES
MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
Drivers	*Farmers*
Mill Workers	*Motorists*
Engineers	*Gunners*
Chauffeurs	*Fishermen*

—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

R for every Automobile Chassis

A tablespoon of oil a day!

Packard chassis are long lived. They have the Bijur System of lubrication. A daily pull of a plunger divides a tablespoon of oil among the bearings—each bearing gets the correct number of drops. Life of wearing parts is trebled.

Every modern car needs the Bijur System. Every owner will want it. Cannot be attached—must be built in by the manufacturer.

BIJUR
LUBRICATING CORPORATION
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Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

Makes Driving Easier

Improves Appearance of all steering wheels—Wedford Rid-Ged Grip Steering Wheel Tire.

This attractive grip of soft, safe, high-grade corrugated rubber should be on every steering wheel—warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer. Black and Tan $2.25; Blue Grip, $1.25—your dealer or postpaid. State wheel size.

Cut down tire bills with
WEDFORD KEX PLUGS

Save money—add 500 to 1,500 miles to your tires. Easily inserted in puncture hole of casing. Keep out sand, mud, water and gravel—stop tire rotting. Most practical repair kit—complete with tapered needle 8 plugs cement and patching rubber; year's supply only $1.00. And it's the only repair kit that contains casing repair plugs in addition to patching rubber and cement.

The original and genuine packed in black and yellow box—get yours today—at your dealer's—or write, us.

THE WEDLER-SHUFORD CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

BOWS & ARROWS
Fine as Robin Hood's

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Dealers—write "America's largest exclusive makers of archery tackle."

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR; $718 machine $1448 $760 machine $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $4000. One man placed 500. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $1000 to $5000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI LAC CO., 320 N. 15th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 198)

second, or intelligence; third, or operations and training; fourth, or supply; fifth, war plans. For the first four divisions there are used the old A. E. F. abbreviations, known to so many thousands of our great Army in France—G-1, G-2, G-3, G-4, and for the War Plans, WPD.

G-1 is charged in general with those duties which relate to the personnel of the Army as individuals, such as procurement, assignments, promotions, retirement, transfer and discharge, replacements, regulations, uniforms, decorations, morale work, Red Cross and similar agencies, enemy aliens, prisoners of war, and so on.

G-2 is charged in general with collection, evaluation and dissemination of military information, and specifically with military topography maps, custody of General Staff maps, military attachés and observers, liaison with other intelligence agencies, codes and ciphers, translations, press relations and censorship during war.

G-3 is charged in general with organization, training and operation of the military forces, and specifically with the preparation of plans and policies and the supervision of activities concerning organization, assignment of units to higher organizations, distribution and training and location of units, drill and service regulations, special-service schools, military training in civilian institutions and training camps, priorities in assigning replacements and equipment and effecting mobilization, movements of troops and military police.

G-4 is charged with those General Staff duties relating to supply, and specifically with the preparation of basic supply plans on which the several supply branches may prepare their own plans in detail. It is also charged with preparation of plans and policies for and supervises distribution of storage and issue of supplies, transportation by land and water, including ports for embarkation and their auxiliaries, traffic control, tables of equipment, inventions, leasing of War Department facilities and revocable licenses, hospitalization of men and animals, distribution and movement of supply troops, property responsibility and accountability. This division also has the determination and statement of plans and policies governing the preparation of estimates for funds for military purposes and priorities relating thereto, as well as the procurement of real estate in connection with various purposes.

Success Through Coöperation

WPD has to do with the formulation of plans for the use in war of the military forces, separately or in conjunction with the naval forces, in the national defense. Its specific duties are those which relate to the general preparation of plans and policies for war, the instruction in service schools, estimates of forces needed, initial plans for their employment, actual operations in the theater of war. This division is so organized as to enable it in the event of mobilization to furnish a nucleus of the General Staff personnel for each of the divisions required at the general headquarters in the field.

On the report of this board, General Pershing directed the adjutant general as follows:

"Please file the following statement with the original proceedings of the Board on Reorganization of the War Department, of which Major General J. G. Harbord was president, and Colonel John L. DeWitt was recorder, viz:

"All papers submitted by this board, including the proposed General Orders No. 41, War Department, August 16, 1921, were carefully gone over by me. I am in entire accord with them and the proposed order and submitted them without change for the approval of the Secretary of War. They accurately represent my judgment as to the proper organization of the War Department, based upon my experience as commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War. They crystallize our war experience. I recommend that there be no departure from the principles therein enunciated without the most serious deliberation and consideration."

Under this reorganization, without substantial change, the General Staff of the War Department operates today. Its success would hardly have been possible without the coöperation of the permanent bureaus, the chiefs of which are all officers of notable record during the World War. They are in many respects the best group of War Department bureau chiefs that has ever served our country. The adjutant general, Robert C. Davis, perhaps the most efficient officer who has ever held that place of power, never himself a member of the General Staff, though on its eligible list, has, from strong conviction of its necessity and its correct organization, done as much as any individual to make its functioning a success.

There is no other corps of the Army so well guarded as to character and attainments as the General Staff. Detailed from every branch of the Army, its members reflect the composite voice of the service, the best American military opinion of the time. Constantly returning to the units from which they came, they carry back to the troops in distant stations and dependencies the latest interpretations of the national-defense policy. Discussed and tried out in stations remote from the capital, these receive the corrective of Army public opinion through officers who, in turn, newly join the General Staff from the line.

Worthy of Our Confidence

Military doctrine is in, from and of the line of the Army—the fighting men. Safeguarded by its method of appointment, the General Staff is neither ossified by permanence nor hidebound through isolation and lack of touch. Its strength is also its weakness, in its relations with Congress and the press. The lack of continuity of personnel makes it impersonal as far as those relations are concerned.

The General Staff man surrenders his individuality and merges it into the composite corps which studies and recommends policies. Nor is such a corps capable of organization against individuals or arms. Its greatest interest is to identify and secure the latest and best for war; its greatest problem is to find the right men—as is the case in every other trade or profession. Its life depends upon the efficiency of its work, the accuracy of its information and the soundness of its conclusions. But as long as there is resistance to authority in educational institutions and in business, there will be complaints against a General Staff or any other agency that exercises control.

The General Staff eligible list, as constituted today, contains the very élite of the officers who led our armies in France, and those who by severe scholastic test have since earned association with them on that list. They are worthy of the confidence of every patriotic American.

While he is yet spared to us, our country can have no safer, wiser military counselor than John J. Pershing, our great commander in chief on the western front. I commend to my countrymen these words from the final report he made in September, 1924, when by operation of law he passed from the active to the retired list:

"Not since the creation of the General Staff has there been more helpful cooperation and mutually cordial understanding than now exist between the General Staff and the various branches of the War Department. I believe the present General Staff organization, its methods and its relation to the War Department are as contemplated in the organic law creating the General Staff, and as this development is largely based on our World War experience, I sincerely hope that in all essential particulars it will remain unchanged."

. . . take your faded shoes . . . and your bottle of Dyanshine . . . just touch the shoes with the magic dauber . . . presto . . . again they are like new . . . scuff concealed . . . rich, lustrous color completely restored.

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DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

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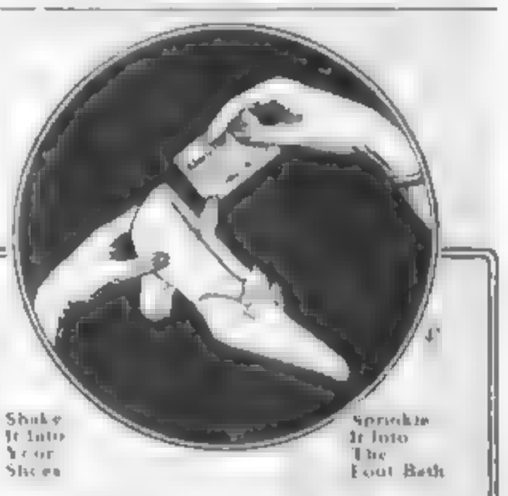

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Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, calluses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

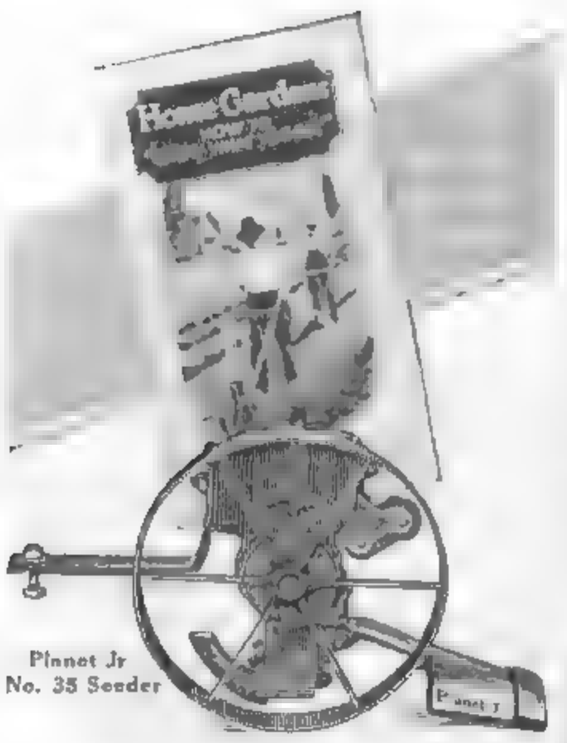
MAKES TIGHT OR NEW SHOES FEEL EASY

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from excessive dancing or walking, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath *and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.*

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent *FREE.* Address,

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.
In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

CUT ME OUT



Have a Planet Jr. Garden

You don't know until you taste your own, right straight from the garden how wonderfully delicious *really* fresh vegetables can be.

Why not grow your own this year? So easy, when you have a Planet Jr. Seeder and Wheel Hoe to relieve you of the hard work. Such fun, too, and so economical.

The little Planet Jr. No. 35 Seeder will do the [illegible] for you, straight and even, just right, [illegible] the tiniest seed. This free Planet Jr garden handbook tells you how. Mailed with catalog on request.

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Planet Jr

Do you realize what 17

VENUS PENCIL

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VENUS 6B is as soft as crayon, while VENUS 9H is so hard it will write on stone.

The 17 degrees of VENUS Perfect Pencils meet every writing or drawing purpose.

Plain Ends
$1.00 per doz.

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Ask for VENUS B—a soft Pencil for general use.

If your dealer cannot supply you—write us.

American Lead Pencil Co.
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VENUS—The largest selling Quality Pencil in the world

17 black—3 copying degrees

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Fish? Hunt? Camp?

Wear comfortable, lasting rainproofed DUXBAK clothing. Leader for 22 years. Catalog free. Write today.

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OUTING CLOTHING

WANT WORK AT HOME?

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[illegible] Write today. Artcraft Studios, Dept. J, 3601 Sheridan Road, Chicago

MAIL-ORDER LEGISLATION

(Continued from Page 7)

through the halls of Congress. It is all very simple. The Washington representative writes to his organization, saying: "Turn as many letters as possible on Senator Bluddle." A few days later Senator Bluddle receives 376 letters squealing for something or other, and interprets the 376 letters as the voice of the people. There are those who complain fretfully that the voice could only be the voice of 17,000,000 people, even though it should be a unanimous voice, which it never is; that since it is divided, it seldom amounts to the voice of more than a few hundred thousand people, or at the most a couple million; and that this, by comparison with the 93,000,000 voices that remain silent while only a small portion of the 17,000,000 are in action, doesn't amount to shucks.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is the best voice of the people that the halls of Congress know anything about. The halls of Congress have little regard for the voices of 100,000,000 people, so long as those voices are kept bottled up in the chests or larynxes of their owners, but they have a deep, reverent and abiding regard for fifty or a hundred voices that are lifted up in strident admonition or warning.

In the early days of the present century and in the comparatively calm and restful days of the last century, the mail of a senator or a representative could usually be carried comfortably in an overcoat pocket and handily opened, read and answered in an hour by any senator's secretary or congressman's wife. This left the remainder of the legislator's day free for perusing the Congressional Record, listening to a few good ones in the cloakroom, and posing impressively on the floor of the Senate or the House for the benefit of the fat-headed constituents and honeymooners in the gallery, who can be depended on to mistake voice and vanity for statesmanship and dignity.

Letter Pressure

The mail usually contained modest requests for free seeds and communications concerning the status of Civil War pensions. Constituents wrote very few letters urging legislators to vote for certain measures: for the constituents knew next to nothing about them, and expected the legislator to find out about them and vote right. Questions were frequently decided by debate on the floor of the Senate and the House and by the arguments and facts presented in debate—a state of affairs that seems as ridiculous and archaic to modern observers of legislative proceedings as the settling of a coal strike by pulling daisy petals.

Today a senator's mail or the mail of a congressman who is a member of an important committee is completely filled with clear, concise and pregnant demands for him to cast a favorable vote for the McCucumber-Bolony Bill for the imposition of a protective tariff of seven cents on asparagus forks; with passionate epistolary screams demanding that he throw a vote against the entry of the United States into the Mediterranean Olive Growers' Congress; with feverish resolutions signed by several thousand people, in lead pencil, demanding a law to prevent the United States Government from operating restaurants in the Capitol in Washington and permitting French rolls to be sold therein; and with some fifty-seven other matters that call for immediate obedience on the part of the legislator.

The letters come in by the sackload, by the truckload—nearly by the carload. Every letter demands that the senator vote in a certain way on a certain question that has neither been considered by the senator nor made available to the senator for study. Telegrams of similar import come in to the senator in sheaves. Senators from the heavily populated states are most violently afflicted in this regard.

When the office staff of Senator Fess of Ohio came to work one pleasant morning in 1925, 2600 telegrams were awaiting their pleasure. The staff worked until noon at the important task of opening the 2600 telegrams, and found that all 2600 of them were couched in practically the same phraseology, and demanded in no conciliatory language that Senator Fess vote favorably for a measure which had not yet been debated on the Senate floor—the implication being that if Senator Fess did not vote as requested he would be the recipient of a brisk kick in the nether garments at the next election from each and every one of the 2600 telegram senders.

Of all the magnificent growths that have taken place in Washington during the past quarter century, human, departmental and architectural, there is nothing to compare with the growth in the number of representatives whose business it is to set the voice of the people to squawking and yowling for favorable legislation.

The Voice of the People?

Ten years ago there was little talk of propaganda in the American Congress. In spite of the large amount of biased and untrue information that was poured into eager American ears by the agents of allied nations. There was more mention of it five years ago, and a little more three years ago, and still more a year ago. Today there is scarcely a speech made in the United States Senate in which there isn't some mention—and usually rather protracted and peevish mention—of the tons of propaganda that are being poured into the Senate and House by every mail on every conceivable subject.

An examination of a senator's morning correspondence early in 1926 showed shoals of letters for and against an entry into the World Court, a thin trickle of letters for and against a loosening in the restrictions in the Immigration Law, a similar trickle for and against a separate department of education, a scattering of letters demanding action on a separate department of aviation, a few cries in favor of soaking the state of Florida for her carelessness in refusing to impose an inheritance tax on her citizens, a well-organized protest from publishers and printers against the cruelty of the Government in printing a certain type of envelope in Government offices and thus taking bread from the mouths of commercial printers, a wild telegraphic scream from the motor-truck industry against the proposed tax of 2 per cent on motor trucks, a passionate protest from various labor organizations against the creation of a bread trust, a frequently recurring yelp against the tax on industrial alcohol, and several minor moans, murmurs and complaints.

Next month the letters may change. Other great, sacred causes may be filling the letters that pour into the offices of United States senators; but day after day and week after week and month after month they will continue to pour, telling the Senate of the United States exactly what to do and how to do it and otherwise parroting the phrases that are pushed into their mouths by the Washington cause representatives.

A brief examination shows that a large part of the communications that are popularly supposed by the bulk of American legislators to represent the voice of the people are obviously about as important and worthy of consideration as the letters that a teacher might dictate to a flock of kindergarten pupils.

The office of Senator James Reed of Missouri, for example, received some two hundred letters one morning from residents of a town near Philadelphia. A brief examination of the letters showed conclusively that their writers were under the impression that they were communicating with the senator from Pennsylvania—whose

(Continued on Page 204)

It's New, keeps your skin CLEAN!

WHITE WITCH cleans the skin like magic—but it's the practical magic of modern science.

Dirt, grease and stains quickly wash off without irritation, leaving a soft, clean feel to the skin.

WHITE WITCH deodorizes—removes all trace of perspiration and tobacco odors.

Softens Hard Water—lathers freely in hot or cold water.

White Witch is fine for regular use on face, hands and in the bath. Doctors, dentists and nurses find it very convenient and a great relief to skin made oversensitive by chemicals and germicides.

Handy WHITE WITCH can is sanitary—

"Every Shake a Fresh Cake"

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply, send us his name and 25c. for full size can.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Makers of the famous Sunset Dyes
Dept. S, Mt Vernon, N Y

25¢

YOU Win!!

YES, SIR, it's a fact! If you have a mind to make some extra cash in odd moments without going too far from your own front door, and if you will send us the coupon below, we will promptly tell you the whole story of our plan.

You won't be "pestered" in the least. You'll simply receive all the details, presented so clearly you can't help but see how it's done. From that point on, it's up to you—to accept or reject.

Just take our word for it, you can't lose. You'll win if you will. How much? Well, we'll show you how many *Post* readers are making

$5.00 to $25.00
a Week Extra

Clip Here

Box 1624, c/o The Saturday Evening Post
293 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

What's your cash offer?

Name

Street

City

RANGER DELIVERED FREE

[illegible] on approval and 30 days' trial, express [illegible] $21.50 [illegible] today [illegible]

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. A55 CHICAGO

POULTRY (Miller's American) GUIDE

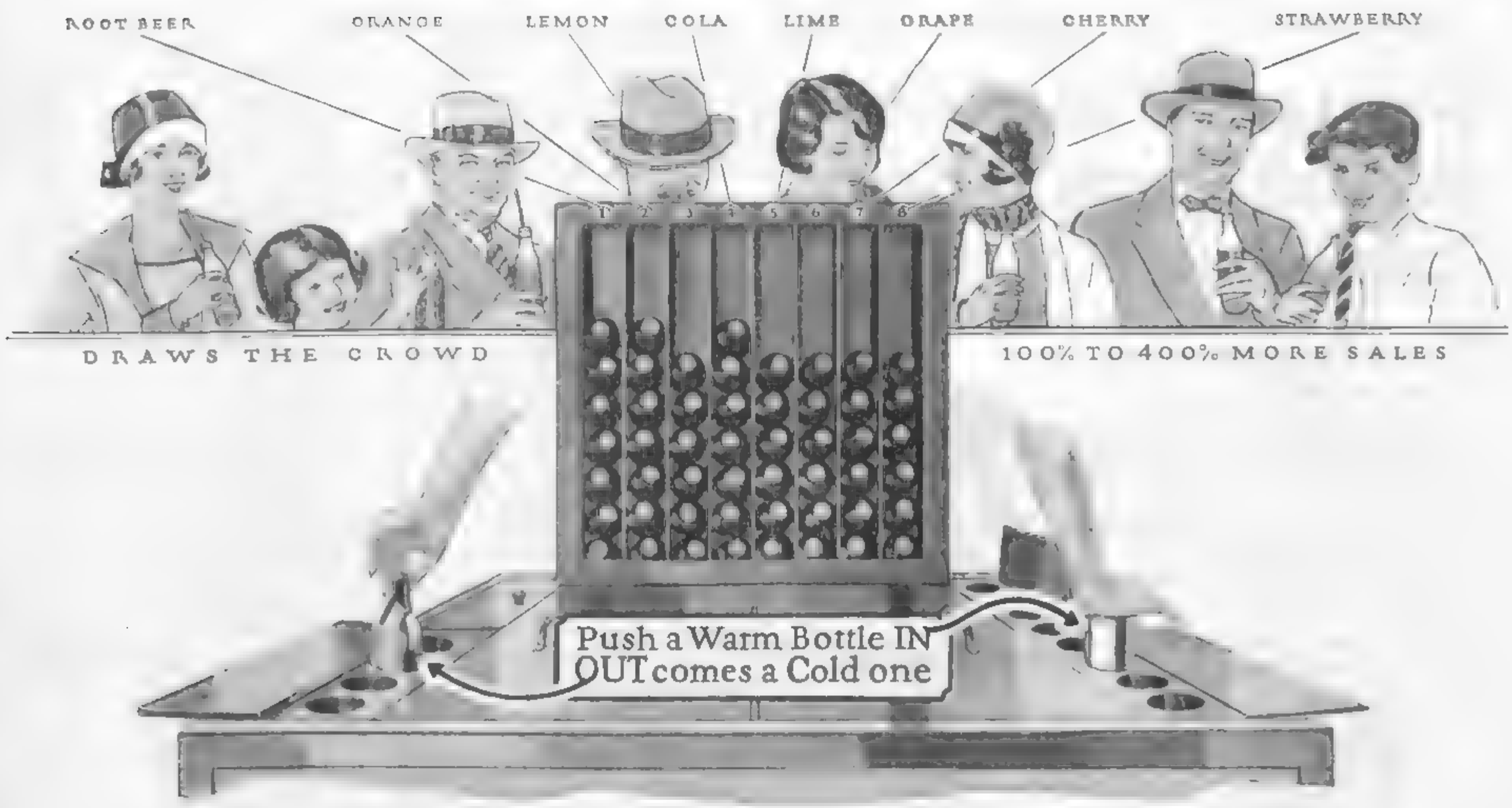
[illegible] Contains all information—Many [illegible] Eggs for Hatching Special LOW PRICES

FREE

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 22, Rockford, Ill

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write

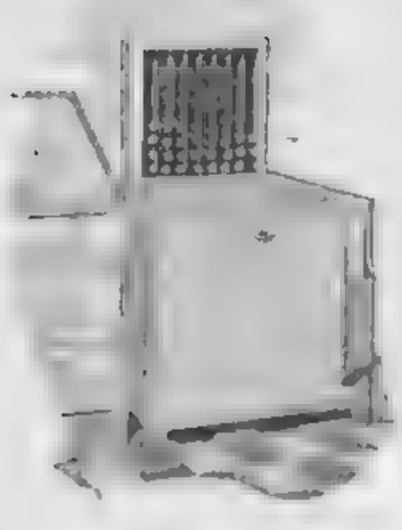
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.



Sell cold Bottled Drinks through this new Servitor

the clean, quick, money-making way

Up to $675 monthly profit and more from a little waste floor space 30 x 35 inches



What's Your Business? Is it Here?

Drug Stores, Cigar Stores, Groceries, Clubs, Theatres, Pool Grounds, Candy Stores, Fair Grounds, Amusement Parks, Railroad Stations, Office Buildings, Chain Stores, Bowling Alleys, Billiard Parlors, Gas Filling Stations, Waiting Rooms, Roadside Inns and Stands—many of which never sold bottled drinks before—report $10 to $90 profits a day. Mail coupon for full details and easy terms.

THIS sensational innovation—the Liquid Bottle Servitor—is opening up a rich vein of profit for stores and stands of every description through the sale of cold Bottled Drinks. The Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas, cleared $26.10 in a day. Breymaier & Marx, Schenectady, N. Y., sold 4800 bottles in one day with two Servitors and made $90 profit. The Servitor profits of M. B. Siegel, Chicago Cigar Merchant, averaged $22.81 the first ten days.

A Trade Magnet

Actual records like these are pouring in from all points of the country, regardless of size or location of stores. You can't compute the money that is waiting for you until you operate this little treasure chest. Its novel operation excites interest and draws the crowd. It serves perfectly chilled Bottled Drinks, *cold* and *appetizing*. It does this *quickly* and *cleanly*. People *always* get the flavor they first ask for.

Waste Space Becomes Money

The Liquid Bottle Servitor is attractively finished in gray enamel with nickel trimmings. Eight cooling tubes for 8 different flavors hold 9 bottles each—72 in all. A reserve rack above holds 72 more, making a total of 144 bottles within arm's reach. Yet the actual space occupied is only 30 x 35 inches—and this returns profits up to $675 per month and higher.

3 Seconds Serves a Drink

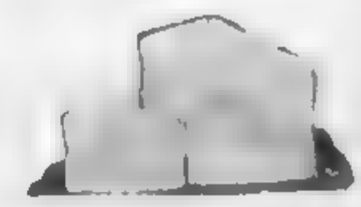
All you have to do to serve a drink is—(1) Take a bottle of the flavor ordered from the reserve rack above. (2) Push the warm bottle into the cooling tube containing the same flavor, and out comes a cold one on the opposite side. (3) Uncrown and serve. Three seconds and a drink is served, another bottle is being chilled, and a repeat customer is made.

Easy Terms—Pays for Itself

Over 5,000 Servitors are now earning amazing profits. The price is only $100 and plenty of time to pay. Many have paid for the Servitor right out of the money it brought them. 3 Days' profits did it for one owner. Another paid for his from the saving on ice.

Find Out NOW

Send for our descriptive book, "Buried Treasure." It tells how this lightning dispenser is increasing the sale of Bottled Drinks from 100% to 400%—at the same time boosting the sale of other merchandise. It will be sent to you FREE, provided you give us the name of your local bottler. Mail the coupon NOW.



"Saves 50% of the ice formerly used."—C. T. Dietrich, Defiance, O
"Will soon pay for itself in ice saved."—Woodlawn Recreation, Chicago.

No plunging arms into ice water and fumbling among unassorted bottles only to find the flavor called for is not there.

"One man with a Liquid Bottle Servitor can handle as much trade as six men without it."—John Krueger, Chicago

The Liquid BOTTLE Servitor

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO., Dept. 3-S, CHICAGO, ILL.

Manufacturers also of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the zim and sparkle in soda water

BRANCHES IN 13 CITIES

MAIL THIS COUPON

Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept. 3-S, Chicago, Ill.

Send your FREE book, "Buried Treasure," and easy payment plan on Liquid Bottle Servitor.

*Name*_____

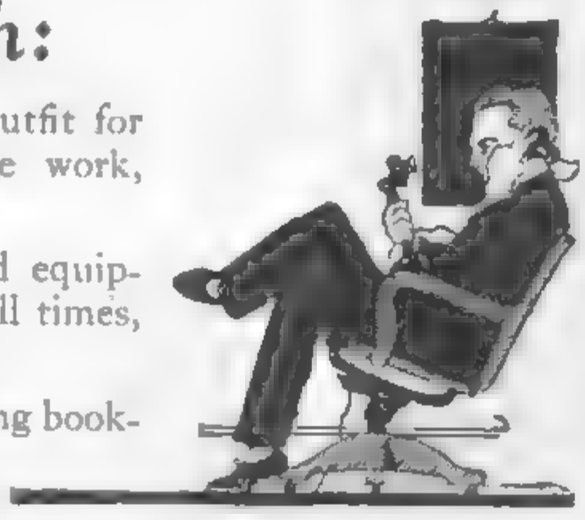
Address

Local Bottler's Name

Now Let Us Establish You in a Well Paying Business

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.



You furnish:

Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment
No Experience Needed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

$25.00 a Week EXTRA

Clip Here for Details

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
294 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own?

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 202)

name happens to be David Reed instead of James Reed. The blunder, of course, was made by whoever incited the residents of the town to instruct their senator as to the proper course of action to follow.

Most senators claim that they are not influenced by the floods of propaganda letters that pour in on them. All of them, however, are elected by direct vote of the people, and most of them have an earnest and profound desire to retain their senatorial dignity and prerogatives for the remainder of their days. Consequently, there are only a few senators who are sufficiently brave to instruct their secretaries to dump all form letters and telegrams into the wastebasket, where they belong, as soon as they arrive, and to proceed to the consideration of all important measures with open minds.

Many of them listen with the keenest attention to the strident clamor of the letter writers, make a number of speeches calculated to show that they are as much braver than a lion as a lion is braver than a chipmunk, and then cast their votes on any piece of legislation along the lines dictated by the greatest number of letter writers. They apparently are not anxious to listen to the arguments for or against the subject under discussion; and the more independent senators frequently make the claim that many of their colleagues won't even take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the details of proposed legislation.

"If we continue truckling to this sort of propaganda," protested the Senate's most prominent protester, Senator Reed of Missouri, during the so-called debate on the World Court, "this Senate will become so contemptible that it won't be worth while for the Vice President to criticize it."

It is not safe to attach undue importance to the utterance of any senator during the present age or era of great burning causes, but an examination of one or two of the most prominent arguments that were being bandied about by senators during the World Court fight seems to bear out the contention of Senator Reed.

Some senators wished to stop all debate so that the measure under consideration could be passed before a great many more letters poured in and caused senators to change their minds.

Other senators wished to continue the debate indefinitely on the ground that if it could be continued for a sufficient length of time enough people would write to senators to make them alter their opinions.

Commissions and bureaus increase with equal rapidity under Democratic and Republican Administrations, in spite of the windy assurances of the so-called leaders of both parties that a bureaucracy is a terrible thing, directly opposed to the well-being of a republic, and that something ought to be done about it.

It is therefore apparent that the representatives of great burning causes will continue to flock to Washington in greater and greater numbers, and that the Congress of the United States will continue to busy itself in framing laws to appease one group of letter writers, and then in framing more laws to appease a second group of letter writers, and then in passing a whole flock of laws to quiet the mad cries of all the other letter writers in the country.

If there exists in the nation a great organizer who wants to confer a lasting benefit on his fellow citizens, he might organize the unorganized 93,000,000 Americans into a letter-writing organization that would deluge Congress with letters urging a law forbidding all legislators to read propaganda letters during the consideration of any piece of legislation. This would force them to consider all bills on their merits and to decide them on the basis of what the people ought to have instead of what the letter writers want.

This might be pretty hard on the United States Senate at first, but its brain would probably begin to function normally in the end.

Sunset on Lake Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park

Sauerkraut

Healthful
Delicious
Economical

Send for FREE Book "Sauerkraut as a Health Food". It tells all about this wonderful food and gives 49 delicious recipes for serving.

The National Kraut Packers Ass'n.
Dept. P-6 Clyde, O.

Make Your Roofs Last a Lifetime!

Positively that! The [illegible] Seal-rite process, goes [illegible] and makes your old worn-out roofs watertight. One application does it [illegible] Write today for [illegible]

Not a Paint

NO Money Asked

Roofers [illegible]

We send you everything you need to stop all roof [illegible] Send a single penny. No C.O.D. No notes. Pay [illegible] out of our material saves [illegible]

FREE Sample! Write at once for a free sample [illegible] the use of Seal-rite. See for yourself [illegible] Write us today.

Monarch Paint Co. Established 1903 Dept. 18-13 Cleveland, O.

Let These Famous Sluggers Improve Your Batting

The bat really does make a difference in batting. The Louisville Slugger, made of selected second growth ash, naturally seasoned, modeled for the great sluggers, used by [illegible] professionals, has a distinctive balance and feel that mean more hits. *Improve* your batting by its use. Autograph models used by these twelve leading batters, and many other models, at your dealer's. Know the genuine by the facsimile signature of the player burned in barrel end and by the Louisville Slugger oval trademark.

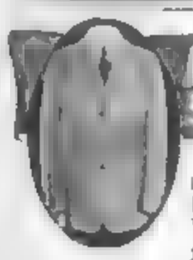
THIS BOOK free

Tells how to use your Louisville Slugger. Write for free copy today. *Address Dept. F.*, HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS



ALL-WOOL Suit Only $23.50

Think of being able to offer a suit or topcoat made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 826.

William C. Bartlett, Inc., 850 Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen: I'm interested in the opportunity you offer. Please send the facts without obligation to me. 826

Name .

Address

Town . State .

One of the Big Books of the Year!

HEARTS of HICKORY

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

An historical romance—*Andrew Jackson:* The Creek War, War of 1812, and Battle of New Orleans. Big and sweeping in scope as "The Covered Wagon" [illegible]

At all good book stores—$2.00

COKESBURY PRESS *Nashville, Tenn.*

Better Boats

At Lower Prices

Inboard and Outboard Motor Boats, Canoes, Rowboats and Dinghies. Catalog free. Save money—order by mail. Two factories. Write to either one. State what interests you.

416 Ella Ave., PESHTIGO, WIS.
1216 Elm St., CORTLAND, N. Y.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues. Minstrel Opening Choruses. Darky Plays. Catalog FREE.

PLAYS How to Stage a Play. Make-up Goods

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 156, CHICAGO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir. *(Exits and returns with cigars.* ROSENBERG *and* MORIARTY *each select one.* ROSENBERG *signs the check. Exit* ATTENDANT.)

MORIARTY: Have you heard about the joke on Parker? He was out with a party of friends last night and when he got back the gates were locked.

ROSENBERG: What did he do?

MORIARTY: The poor fellow had to spend the night at a hotel. And you know how fussy Parker is about his bed.

ROSENBERG: I think it's a rotten shame. Out in the Gaolsburg Penitentiary—you've been there of course.

MORIARTY: Spent the winter of '22 there. I was convalescing from a little check-raising affair.

ROSENBERG: Well, out in the Gaolsburg Pen every new arrival is given a latchkey as soon as he arrives.

MORIARTY: That's the way it should be. Ah, here's the warden.

(Enter the WARDEN, *a meek, mild-mannered little man. He is bald and wears tortoise-rimmed spectacles.*

WARDEN: Hello, boys. Everything satisfactory?

ROSENBERG: No. This place is being run to the dogs.

WARDEN: I'm sure I'm doing everything in my power to make this prison comfortable and homelike.

MORIARTY: It isn't your fault. It's that new bunch that's coming in. Ever since they started sending bootleggers and bucket-shop keepers here the tone of the institution has deteriorated.

ROSENBERG: That's a fact. It's lost its exclusiveness. They're all over the place, warden.

MORIARTY: Only yesterday I was playing a match with MacPherson, and we were held up all the way by a foursome of bootleggers. They didn't have the decency to let us play through them.

(Enter BEAMISH, *a tall scholarly-looking convict.*

BEAMISH: Just the men I want to see. You fellows are on the House Committee, aren't you?

ROSENBERG: Yes. Moriarty's chairman, and the warden is a member ex officio.

BEAMISH: Well, I have a serious complaint to make. There's a thief in this prison.

ROSENBERG, MORIARTY, WARDEN } No!

BEAMISH: Yes. It's a fact. You know little Bradley—the chap that's in for wife beating? *(The others nod assent.)* Yesterday I went up to my room unexpectedly and I found him rifling my bureau drawer. When I accused him he admitted taking the platinum studs that go with my evening clothes.

WARDEN: Good heavens! This is scandalous. Where is he now?

BEAMISH: He's waiting outside.

WARDEN: Call him in.

*(*BEAMISH *goes to the door and returns with* BRADLEY, *who looks extremely shame-faced and frightened. He stands before them, twirling his cap awkwardly.*

MORIARTY *(sternly):* I suppose you know, Bradley, what charge has been made against you.

BRADLEY: I didn't mean to do it. Honestly, I didn't. But I was desperate. I was in a poker game last Saturday night with some of those new bootleggers and they cleaned me out.

ROSENBERG *(to the* WARDEN): I told you that riffraff was demoralizing this prison. *(To* BRADLEY): I'm sorry for you, son.

He Got the Job

Of course, nobody ever buys a hat because of what others may think of him. But a man whose wise decision has been fastened on a Knox cannot be the least disturbed, when others, catching a glimpse of the KNOX* *label*, judge him to be a judge of hats!

KNOX

*Your judgment will be well founded when you select the Knox "Fifth Avenue" for Spring, with its sensible economy price of eight dollars.

TO EUROPE With the Worry Removed!

Think of a trip to Europe—to all the unique spots in the Old World—*without* any of the exasperations of matching your wits with foreign transportation or customs problems! Think of knowing before you start *exactly what your trip will cost*—including every possible accommodation!

This is not just an idle dream—it is possible here and now. And at a cost far below what the uninitiated traveler would spend in going over the same ground! Check off any of the booklets listed below and learn for yourself what joys can be yours—within your reach—and with all the worry removed!

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Travel Department

65 Broadway, New York

Always Carry American Express Travelers Cheques

Send for FREE Booklets

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO
Tours Dept. No. 2
New York, N. Y.

Please send me booklets giving details of tours as checked below

[ ] Vacation Tours $310 to $755. Tour in Third Class. [ ] Special Summer Tours $830 to $985. [ ] Cabin Steamers. [ ] Six Weeks Vacation Tours $497. [ ] Cabin Steamers. [ ] To Europe in 47[illegible]. [ ] Tours from $1295 to $1800. [ ] 1st Class. [ ] Paris Summer School $425 up. [ ] Special Tour for Members of Women's Clubs $1095

Name

Address

The Country Gentleman's Leadership

speaks again in the following figures showing total advertising lineage carried in each of the six leading national farm papers for the month of January:

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN	Farm Paper No. 1	Farm Paper No. 3	Farm Paper No. 4	Farm Paper No. 5	Farm Paper No. 6
Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines
59,127	32,661	25,511	17,692	15,774	14,009

In other words, *The Country Gentleman* carried more advertising than the two next papers combined. Nor is this all, for *Country Gentleman* leadership is preëminent in the advertising of those products that are sold only to farmers for use on their farms:

	The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN	Farm Paper No. 2	Farm Paper No. 3	Farm Paper No. 4	Farm Paper No. 5	Farm Paper No. 6
	Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines	Lines
Farm implements and machinery	9,194	3,277	2,475	1,551	806	783
Nursery stock, seeds, etc.	5,427	2,969	2,716	380	1,969	1,251
Poultry feeds, remedies and supplies	4,496	2,312	2,128	1,239	1,012	860
Light plants, heating and water systems and equipment	2,643	1,555	656	446	347	227

Advertisers who are seeking to extend their markets to the millions of families in rural America will find *The Country Gentleman* the leading publication through which to reach those whose homes or whose interests are in the country.

The Country Gentleman

more than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

This is the first bit you've ever done, isn't it?

BRADLEY: I was in the Protectory when I was a kid.

MORIARTY: I know. But you're a man now and must be treated like a man. You know what the penalty is for what you've done.

BRADLEY *(pleading)*: Don't tell me you're going to expel me. I couldn't stand that.

ROSENBERG: We can't tolerate thieves around here.

BRADLEY: Please don't expel me. I've got three years more to go. I couldn't stand the disgrace if you fired me out.

WARDEN: Oh, let's give the kid another chance.

BRADLEY: My old father is very proud of me. He's been in every prison in the United States. It would break his heart if he ever learned that I was expelled from prison.

ROSENBERG: Who's your father?

BRADLEY: They used to call him One-Eyed Bradley.

MORIARTY: Not old One-Eyed Bradley who stuck up that big Chicago bank in 1910?

BRADLEY *(proudly)*: Yes, that's my dad

MORIARTY: Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? He and I put in five years together out in Lockit. *(To* BEAMISH*)*: You knew old Bradley.

BEAMISH: I'll say I did. He had the suite adjoining mine at Bide-a-Wee Penitentiary a couple of years ago. One of Nature's noblemen.

MORIARTY: It's a small world after all. *(To the others)*: How about it, fellows? For the sake of old Bradley, how about giving his boy another chance?

ROSENBERG: Suits me.

WARDEN: All right.

BRADLEY *(tearfully)*: Oh, thank you, thank you. I'll never forget your kindness.

ROSENBERG: I hope this will be a lesson to you. *(He rings the bell.)*

WARDEN: No. I insist. This is on me. [*Enter* ATTENDANT.

WARDEN: Bring me the menu card. We're going to have a little party to celebrate.

(CURTAIN)

—*Newman Levy.*

Extension Lines

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
U'pon the distant mountain height;
"Sweet solitude," I cried aloud,
"Thy healing fills me with delight!
How restful yon secluded road -"
But as I soothed my spirit thus,
Upon that trail where none abode
I saw a yellow motor bus.

Along the far-flung coast I strayed,
Self-exiled from the haunts of man;
Deserted in the sand hill's shade,
One empty, ancient roadway ran.
With Nature's mood I seemed in tune,
Removed from mortal fret and fuss,
When, rumbling briskly round the dune,
I saw a yellow motor bus.

My peace of mind is lost to me;
The open road I woo in vain,
The solitudes so wild and free,
The nooks removed from every train.
Oh, when my weary soul shall seek
Escape from earth iniquitous,
Will Charon scrap his boat antique,
And drive a yellow motor bus?

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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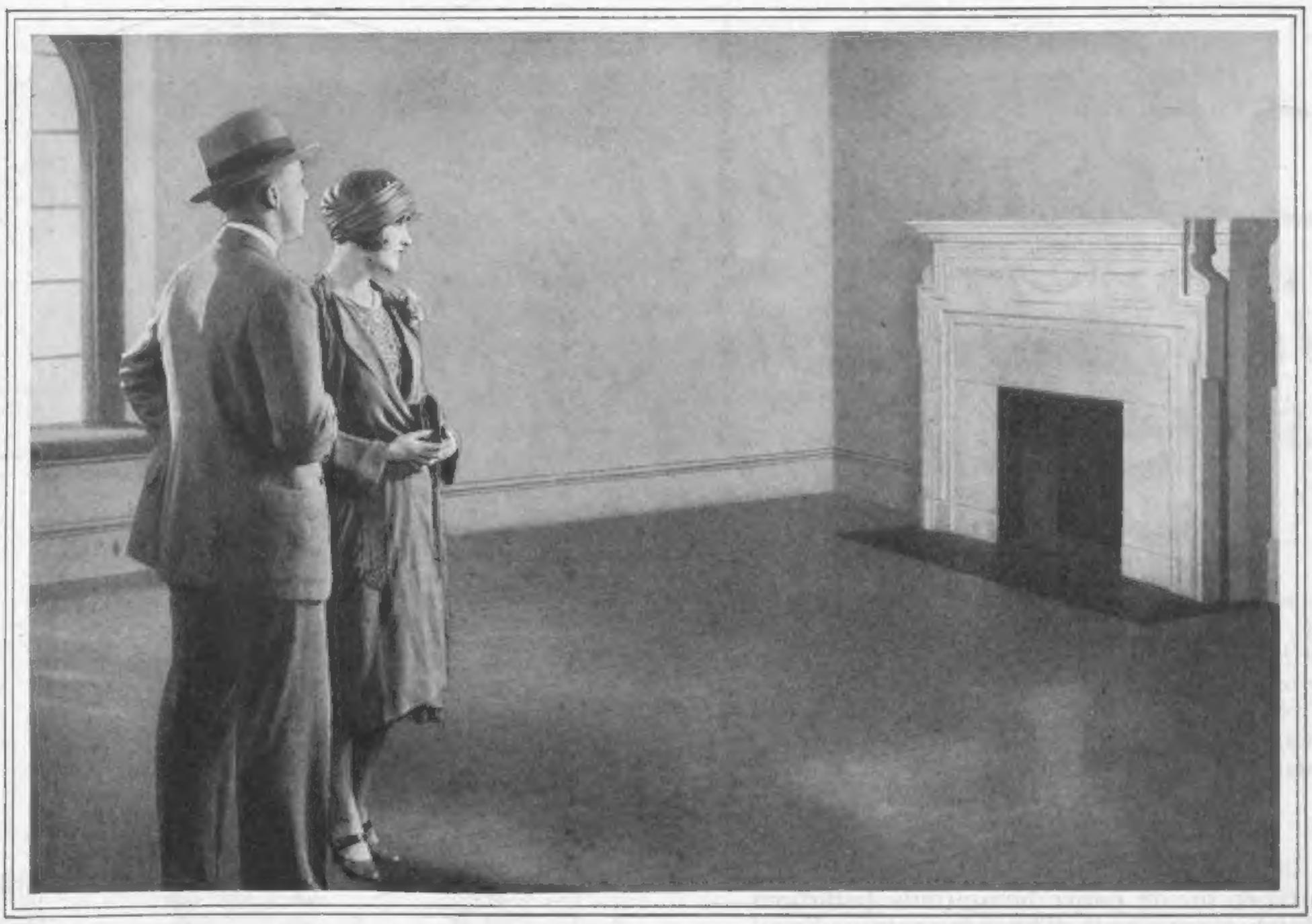
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



YOUR CUSTOMER IN THE MAKING

THE big events in every life are more or less unexpected. Building booms do not come because people have been planning to buy homes for years. They come because a number of people suddenly find they must buy or build at once.

Your customer of next year may not realize today how near he is to needing your wares. But you *know. And your printer can help you spread the messages that will bring this suddenly maturing business to your doors.*

Houses are bought EMPTY

The new owners must buy many things they never thought of needing before

THE man who buys a house for the first time finds a vast new field in which he must have specific information. Goods and brand names that formerly meant nothing take on a sharp new significance.

What is the best roofing? Who makes the good furnaces? What gas stove to buy? Hinges, door-knobs, wall-paper, woodwork, plumbing, paint—all kinds of things that go into the building of a house loom up as something one must know about.

And the house must be furnished. Rugs, a piano, an ice-box, lamps, chairs, tables, beds, clocks, a kitchen cabinet—there are too many to name, but nearly all of them must be bought.

Which are the fine ones? Which are the good ones? The new householders must spend their money wisely. They want all the information they can get. Man and wife will read all the booklets they receive. They will thumb over catalogs and study pictures, and they will try to remember everything they ever read and everything they were ever told about all the things that they must buy.

To people about to buy something they know little about, the printed booklet is a blessing. People do not think of this printing as "Advertising." It is *information* that they want, and the question of the *quality* of the message arises only if it is poorly expressed or imperfectly printed on an unsuitable paper. That is why the good printer who is able to prepare good printed pieces is one of the greatest business-building forces in America today.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The production of printed pieces that contain all the elements of success is dependent upon the recognition of certain well-defined principles.

These principles are laid down, discussed and illustrated in a series of books to be issued by the S. D. Warren Company during 1926. Copies of these books, as issued, may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or direct from us. S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
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Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

$100 worth of Riddle Fitments for $75 and your old fixtures

Why not take advantage of this unusual opportunity and have Riddle Fitments throughout your home? The saving is so great that you can now feel well warranted in replacing all your old fixtures—the cost is even less than you would ordinarily have to pay for new pieces for the downstairs alone.

How It Works Out

The illustrations at the right show a suggested installation for an entire home (only bathroom and kitchen excepted). These fitments are listed below, showing the regular nationally advertised price and the reduced price available if you trade in your old lighting fixtures. And other complete installations—or single pieces—may be had at the same proportionate saving—25 per cent.

Fitment	Location	Price	Trade-In Price
No. 2523	Living Room	$23.50	$17.62
No. 2524	Dining Room	23.50	17.62
No. 2508	Living Room	6.50	4.88
No. 2508	Living Room	6.50	4.88
No. 2550	Sun Parlor	6.00	4.50
No. 2549	Lower Hall	4.50	3.38
No. 1004	Porch	5.00	3.75
No. 2549	Upper Hall	4.50	3.37
No. 2510	Bed Room	10.00	7.50
No. 2511	Bed Room	5.00	3.75
No. 2511	Bed Room	5.00	3.75
	TOTAL -	$100.00	$75.00

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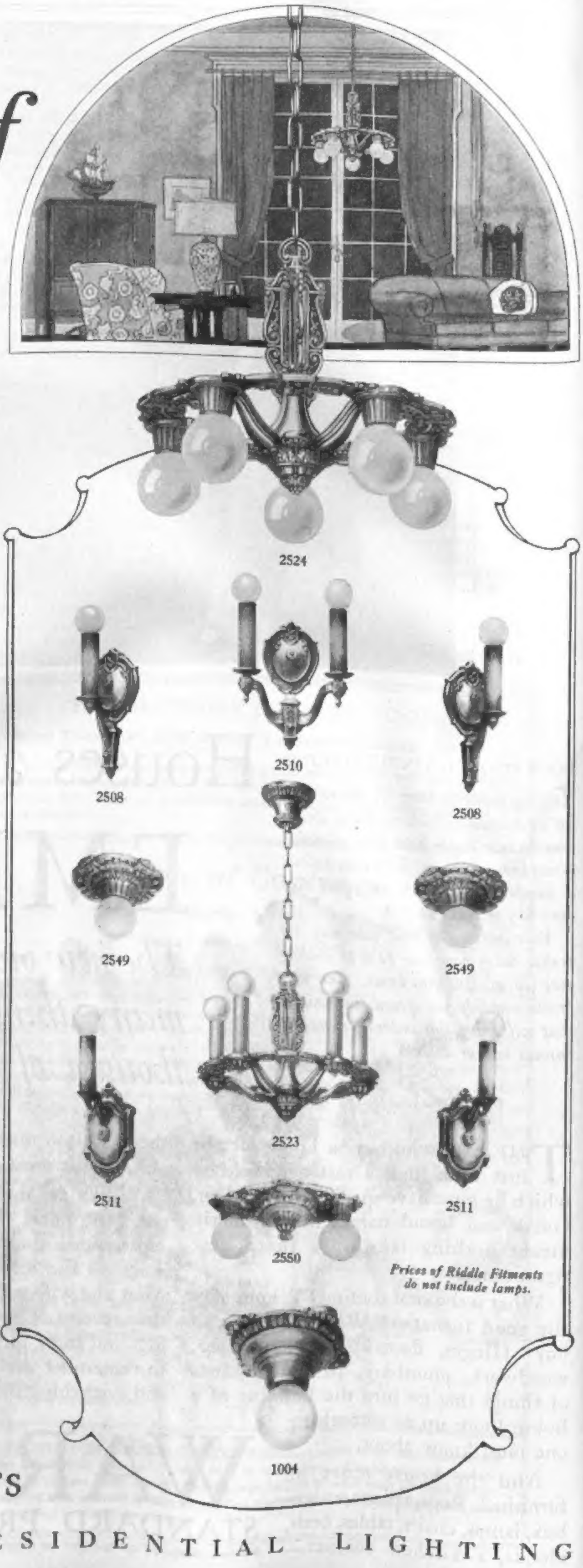
THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO



Prices of Riddle Fitments do not include lamps.

Riddle

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THE STANDARD OF RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING

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